THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.
BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.
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THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

EDWARD DERWENT had been married only three weeks when a cloud came over his sky. His bride was so beautiful, and possessed so many attractions, that he could not see how it was possible for any one to look at her without, at the same time, falling in love. If, therefore, any person belonging to the masculine gender, was observed to gaze with apparent earnestness at his Theresa, Derwent instantly became uncomfortable, and his imagination, excited by his feelings, pictured events of a most distressing and terrible nature.

"I'm a fool!" he would say to himself, in moments when he was less under the influence of his peculiar temperament. And yet, though conscious of his folly, he continued none the less a fool. It only required a good-looking young man to sit by the side of Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her, in order to arouse from its temporary repose the green monster within him.

A part of the honeymoon was spent at a summer retreat, a few miles from the city, where a pleasant company of about a dozen were enjoying the luxury of cool, fresh airs, and all the choicest fruits of the season. Among those present was a young man of fine person, good address, and well cultivated mind, who was a favorite with all. His name was Edmonds. As soon as the young bride arrived, she was received with marked attention by all; for, with those who knew her, she was already a cherished companion; and those to whom she was introduced, soon perceived in her qualities to admire or love. From the day of her arrival, much to the disquietude of Derwent, Edmonds was particular in his attentions; and it not unfrequently happened that the jealous young husband came upon this young man and his wife when sitting alone in the parlor, under the portico, or in some one of the pleasant arbors or summer-houses that were scattered over the lawns and gardens. On such occasions, it was plain to him, that Edmonds looked confused; and he was much mistaken if the bloom on the beautiful cheeks of his wife did not take a deeper hue.

At first Derwent tried to think this all an idle fancy; but his jealous heart gave the thought an emphatic contradiction. How was it possible for any one to look upon Theresa and not love her? And was she proof against all the appeals of a fervid admiration? The more he saw, felt and thought, the more uneasy did the young man become; and the more certain was he that Edmonds entertained the purpose of winning from him the love of his wife.

Thus matters stood on the fourth day after Derwent's arrival in the country; when an incident occurred that painfully corroborated, in his mind, all his fears. He was sitting at a window of the room they occupied, thinking of the danger that surrounded his bride, and meditating a speedy return to the city in order to escape them, when he observed Theresa walking along just below him, in a thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from his sight, a servant stepped up and handed her a letter. She looked eagerly at the address, and, as she did so, a flush of surprise went over her face. Then hiding the letter in her bosom, she disappeared around an angle of the house. Crossing the room with a fluttering heart, Derwent passed quickly to another window, near which he rightly conjectured Theresa would go to read her letter. In a few moments he saw her glide forth from a mass of shrubbery, and sit down on a rustic seat beneath some old oak trees that had known the sunshine and storms for at least a hundred years. Here she drew the letter from her bosom, and, while he was gazing down upon her, became absorbed in its contents. Evidently, from her manner while reading, the letter produced a vivid impression on her mind; but, as her face was turned so far away that her husband could only see a small portion of it, he was unable to determine the character of her emotions. But he did not in the least doubt that the communication was from Edmonds, and meant to win from him the love of his wife.

Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent could with difficulty restrain himself from going to the young man, and charging upon him the crime of attempting to destroy his happiness. A little reflection taught him the folly of this; and he concluded that it would be more prudent to wait for a time to see the development of things. It might be that the letter Theresa had received was not from Edmonds; and that, as soon as he saw her, she would show it to him. In this latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to be mistaken. Hoping that she would come up to their room, he remained there for half an hour in momentary expectation of seeing her enter; but he awaited in vain. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Derwent descended to the parlor—no one was there. He passed out into the portico; but saw nothing of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he asked, of a lady.

"Yes," was replied; "I saw her walking toward the garden, some ten minutes ago, with Mr. Edmonds."

"With Edmonds!" ejaculated Derwent, thrown off of his guard by this intelligence.

The lady looked curiously after him as he strode off, hastily, toward the garden. On opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the young man moving slowly down one of the walks, engaged in earnest conversation. They did not observe his approach. Twice, before he reached them, Edmonds stooped to pluck a

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flower, which was presented to the lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it. Before he was near enough to hear the sound of their voices—for they conversed in a low tone—his foot rustled among the dry leaves of a fallen branch, and warned them of his presence.

"What's the matter, Edward? Are you sick?" asked Theresa, with much concern in her voice, the moment she looked into her husband's face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent, evasively.

"You look far from well," said Edmonds, with apparent sympathy.

"Why, Edward! You are pale, and your lips tremble as you speak! What has happened?" The young bride seemed frightened.

"Nothing—nothing," returned Derwent, who felt his position to be an awkward one, and was, strange to say, more anxious to conceal his suspicions than he had been, a few moments before, to let them be seen.

Theresa drew her arm within his, and said—

"Come! You must go back to the house and lie down. You are sick."

As Theresa thus spoke, Edmonds bowed rather formally, and turned down one of the garden walks, leaving the husband and wife alone.

"What *is* the matter, Edward?" asked Theresa, anxiously, as soon as they were entirely by themselves.

"Nothing particular—only—I feel well enough now," awkwardly stammered the young husband.

"You don't look well," replied Theresa, to this, her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's face while she spoke. "What is the matter? Do tell me, Edward."

There was so much of real tenderness in the young wife's voice, as she spoke, that Edward's heart smote him for the suspicion he had permitted to enter his mind.

"I haven't felt perfectly well for a day or two," said the jealous spouse. And in this he did not go very wide of the truth.

"You didn't mention this before."

"No; for it would only have disturbed your feelings. But I'm better now."

And the returning color to his face and light to his eyes, attested the truth of his words.

In silence the young couple returned to the house, and went up to their room. Theresa had proposed a walk as likely to refresh her husband; but his mind was on the letter, and he could not rest until he was alone with her, in order that she might have an opportunity to show it to him; so he objected to the walk, and thought he would feel better to lie down for half an hour.

But though they remained alone during the rest of the afternoon, not a word did Theresa say about the letter she had received; and this re-awakened all of Edward's most distressing doubts. At tea time, Edmonds took his usual place beside Theresa, and kept her in animated conversation, while her husband sat silent and moody, forcing himself, for mere appearance sake, to swallow the tasteless food he put into his mouth. He complained, on rising from the table, of continued indisposition, and went back to his room, accompanied, of course, by his wife. After awhile the headache, with which he had been affected, according to his own averment, passed off, and he entered into a conversation with Theresa, in which he endeavored to lead her to think of that particular time in the day when she received the letter. He even spoke of the seat under the old oak trees; but not a word was said by Theresa on the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"Why should she conceal from me the fact of her having received a letter?" Derwent asked of himself, over and over again; but no answer came to the question, and the doubts awakened grew more and more troubled. For half the night that followed, the jealous husband lay awake, a prey to the most harrassing suspicions, while Theresa slept calmly by his side. At last, it was long after midnight, he resolved to end this state of suspense. The moon was shining brilliantly, and pouring into the room a flood of light, making all objects distinctly visible, and rendering the aid of a lamp in the search he contemplated, altogether unnecessary. Quietly slipping from the bed, Edward went to the chair over which Theresa had thrown her dress on retiring for the night, and searched in the bosom for the letter. But it was not there. He then lifted the garment in his hand, and shook it carefully. But the object for which he sought so anxiously did not fall upon the floor. Might there not be a pocket in the dress? Yes, that was altogether probable; and there, no doubt, would be found the missive that was to remove his fears or blast his happiness forever. Such was the conclusion of the young man's mind. For the pocket he now commenced an eager search. But any one who has been commissioned by his wife to go to her wardrobe and bring her something from the pocket of a dress—of course no man would think of inspecting his wife's pockets unless specially commissioned to do so—can form a pretty clear idea of the difficult task Derwent had upon his hands. He pulled open the folds of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket opening could he find. While thus engaged, he felt something hard, and his ear caught, at the same time, the rattling sound made by paper when crumpled in the hand. An electric thrill passed through the young man's frame. Here was the letter! More hurriedly, and with a nervous trembling, he sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But, in his eagerness, he failed, each time he revolved the dress in his hand, to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening.

Impatiently he thrust his arm through the dress, and at a single sweep turned it entirely inside out, making unconsciously to himself, as he did so, a loud, rustling noise. The pocket was easily found within; but the entrance thereto was as far as ever from being discovered; and two or three minutes more elapsed in a vain search, when desperately grasping the pocket with one hand, he carried the other along on the outside until at the corresponding part of the garment, where after a few ineffectual trials he found the long hidden opening. A moment more, and the letter was

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in his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, and was endeavoring by the moonlight to obtain a knowledge of its contents, when a movement in the bed caused him to glance around. Theresa had risen from her pillow, and was bending forward and stareing at him, her face looking agitated and pale in the dim moonlight. Before he could speak she uttered a wild scream, and fell forward upon the bed.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma; and more than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's worst fears. His indiscreet haste in searching for the letter had betrayed him into making noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife; who, seeing that he had obtained possession of her secret of unfaithfulness, was frightened, as well she might be, into a swoon. This was the natural inference of the husband's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thrilling scream died along the passages, ere sundry movements above and around were heard; and by the time Edward Derwent had drawn on his pantaloons a hand was on his door, and a frightened voice called out to know what was the matter. Edward, already aware that his wife had fainted, opened the door, after having hidden the letter in his own pocket, and admitted the hostess, who had been first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream, and her fainting condition, Edward could give only confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other members of the family soon after appearing, active efforts were made to restore the swooning bride, who, in about an hour, was so far recovered as to open her eyes and answer a few questions. But she said nothing of the cause of her fright; and delicacy prevented those around her from making inquiries.

Day had began to dawn ere Theresa was so far recovered as to be thought in a condition by the family to be left alone. Then Derwent, who had remained aloof nearly the whole time that efforts were making for her restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked a lady who had come in if she would not remain with his wife for half an hour. Escaping from the room, he hurried out into the open air, and as soon as he had reached a place where no eye could be upon him, he drew the letter he had obtained from his pocket. Opening it once more, he devoured, so to speak, almost at a single glance, its contents.

Here they are:—

"Dear Madam—I regret extremely to have to inform you that your new pearl colored silk, which you sent me to be altered, has been totally ruined through the carelessness of one of my girls, who overturned a lamp and spoiled nearly a hundred dollars worth of goods. No help remains but for me to make you a new one; which I will do as soon as you return to the city, and give me an opportunity to fit you. I feel terribly mortified about it; but it is one of those accidents against which we cannot provide. Hoping that you will not be greatly annoyed by this mishap, I am

Very respectfully yours,

MARY MODE."

If the green-eyed monster did not die under that blow, he expired half an hour afterward, when Theresa, with her arm around her husband's neck, told him of the frightful apparition she had seen in the night; and then, trembling from a recollection of the scene, shrunk still closer to his side, and laid her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of himself, that man was Edward Derwent. Months were suffered to go by ere he ventured to disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in regard to the apparition she had seen, and then he concealed so much of the truth that she never more than half suspected the weakness which had nearly betrayed him into wounding a heart that loved him intensely, by the avowal of a blasting suspicion.

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THE LINWOOD FAMILY.: CHAPTER I
BY CAROLINE ORNE.
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THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG man and his wife sat in the porch of their neat, log-house, situated in the centre of a clearing in the Western wilderness. It was sunset, and the labor of the day was finished. Not a single roof but theirs rose near, and as the gloom of twilight deepened, and the wind swept through the dim and dreamy aisles of the forest, now rising and swelling like the organ notes of some grand, cathedral hymn, and anon dying away to a scarcely heard murmur, an unwonted feeling of loneliness fell upon the spirits of the young wife. Not that she was homesick, but her heart yearned to have this lonely forest-chant continually floating around, broken by such sounds as rise from the haunts of men; such as she was accustomed to hear in her New England home. In such a state of feeling, which was in some measure shared by her husband, a horseman was descried in the distance advancing along the rough and broken path. He checked his horse as he drew near the house, and inquired if it was the residence of Mr. Rufus Norman.

"It is," replied the young man, who had stepped from the porch to welcome him.

"Here is a letter then for your wife, Mrs. Lucy Norman," said the horseman.

Mr. Norman and his wife both urged him to spend the night with them, but he declined their invitation, being on his way, he said, to visit a brother, who, he understood, was their next neighbor. Finding that he had been rightly informed, and that the distance was only two miles, he bade them good night, first telling them that he should return in a few days, when he could take an answer to the letter.

"It is Emily Fielding's writing," said Mrs. Norman, as she opened the letter and sat down by a table, on which her husband had placed a light. "It is so long since she wrote, I began to think that she had forgotten me."

She ran her eye over the few first lines, then recommenced them, reading aloud.

"This is the last letter, my dear Lucy, that I shall ever write you. I have, for several months, been very ill, and my strength has declined rapidly within a few days. I have a secret to disclose to you and your husband, Lucy, as well as a favor to ask, as you are the only persons with whom I am acquainted on whose discretion I dare depend, or to whose friendship I can with full confidence appeal.

"I am a wife and a mother, and it is in behalf of my child that I now address you. When I am gone he will have neither friend nor protector; his father, a few months after our clandestine marriage, being obliged to go to France, in order to fill the place in a large commercial establishment, made vacant by the death of an elder brother. Let him then, I implore you, find a home with you. You have both of you seen my husband, Wilfred Dormer, and by re-calling to mind his noble person, the dark beauty of his expressive countenance, and above all, his fascinating manners, you may find some excuse for the imprudent step which I consented to take. Mr. Dormer, a stern and unyielding man, had for several years set his heart on seeing Margaret Dormer, the orphan heiress of a deceased brother, the wife of Wilfred, as the only means of retaining a large and valuable estate in the possession of the family. When my husband ventured on one occasion, soon after our marriage, to mention me as one whom he should prefer to his cousin, his father told him at once that a girl without a cent, and totally unacquainted with the stern realities of life, was no person for him as a wife, and that if he did not choose to marry his cousin, he should find some better way of disposing of his property than to give it to a disobedient son.

"'For your own sake then, Emily, as well as mine,' said Wilfred, during our last interview, 'I, for the present, entreat your forbearance. Something, I am confident, will soon turn up, that will render concealment no longer necessary. My cousin may marry, or my father may change his mind. If neither of these should happen, at the end of three years at the furthest, I will relinquish all expectations from my father by informing him of our marriage, as by that time I hope to obtain such experience in the business I am about to undertake, as to enable me to carve my own way to a competence, if not to affluence.'

"His request seemed reasonable, and I could not deny him, and when some months afterward, I for the first time looked upon the face of my infant son, I felt that I had another and still stronger motive to preserve the secret of our marriage. This secret I now bequeath to you and your husband, in full confidence that you will consider it as a sacred trust, received from one who guarded it even at the expense of life, for the sake of those still dearer than life. Yes, Lucy, while my lips remained silent, my heart was breaking beneath the load of shame, reproach and contumely which has been heaped upon me with no sparing hand. If after I am gone, circumstances should still prevent my husband from acknowledging his marriage and claiming his son, you can then, when you think he is old enough, so that you can depend on his discretion, reveal to him his real name, and tell him something about his mother. It seems very bitter to me to think of his passing through life without ever hearing me mentioned. There are many thoughts and prayers in my heart for him as he lies sleeping near, which my exhausted strength will not permit me to write. Your own heart, my dear Lucy, will, in part, tell you what they must be.

"I call him Wilfred, and while he is prohibited from bearing his other name, perhaps you will call him by yours. He will soon learn to smile on you as he now smiles on me. And now, my dear Lucy, with fervent prayers for the happiness of both you and your husband, receive the last farewell of EMILY."

"Poor Emily! We cannot think of denying her request," said Mr. Norman."

"No indeed," replied his wife. "I have for several days past felt more lonely than usual, and have sometimes thought that I would give a good deal if I could have some person to speak to when you are obliged

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to be absent during these long days, if it was only a child, and now there is an opportunity for my wish to be gratified."

Mrs. Norman's letter was ready for the man when he returned; and in a few weeks afterward Emily Dormer was resting quietly in the grave, while her child had found a second mother in Lucy Norman. His bright, joyous face, and his merry, ringing laugh, sweet as the melody of the birds with which it mingled, were the light and joy of her home when her husband's business obliged him to be absent.

Mr. Norman took the earliest opportunity to forward a letter to Wilfred Dormer, the child's father, to inform him of his wife's death, and the situation of his son. He received an answer to this letter expressive of passionate grief for the loss of his wife, and the most fervent gratitude to him and Mrs. Norman for the care and protection conferred on his child. It was a vivid transcript of a heart naturally warm and generous in its impulses, struggling with the fear which was daily gaining strength, of forfeiting by any premature disclosure the wealth, which increasing worldly knowledge showed him was the easiest and surest ladder to distinction and power. Subsequently several letters passed between him and Mr. Norman, which on the part of the former exhibited a perceptible falling off as regarded the interest he felt in his son. At last he ceased to write, and all that Mr. Norman was able to learn respecting him, was that he still remained in France. His delinquency was a source of pleasure rather than regret, especially to Mrs. Norman, who had begun to dread that something might occur which would induce his father to claim him. One thing, however, gave them considerable uneasiness. There was as yet no school near enough for him to attend, where any higher branches were taught than reading, writing and arithmetic. They, therefore, though with no little reluctance, decided to place him at some distant school as soon as he had arrived at a suitable age. This decision was partly induced by a passage contained in one of his father's earlier letters, in which he mentioned that he intended to send him to college, after which he hoped inclination would prompt him to study law.

When twelve years old, though by no means handsome, Wilfred was a fine-looking, spirited boy, with a clear, dark complexion, and eyes that seemed to change their color as well as brightness, with the changing moods of his mind. In winter the evenings were devoted to study, and in the summer, the mornings—the evenings really, the mornings ostensibly, for if any one could have had the privilege of examining his slate, as he reclined on the flowery herbage in the shade of a tree, it would, nine times out of ten, instead of the numerical figures which his parents imagined him to be poring over, have been found filled with the figures of the domestic animals cropping the dewy grass, or the untamed inhabitants of the forest.

From the first, Mr. Norman had prospered in all his undertakings, and he was now what might be called a rich man. They had continued to live in their log-house, for Mr. Norman had been too busy to think of building a better. It still stood almost alone, though a village had grown up a few miles distant. A building spot was already selected for a handsome and commodious dwelling, where Lucy Norman would be able to gather around her some of those luxuries to which she had been accustomed in her New England home, when, like her friend Emily, she left all hopes and regrets behind, and found a resting-place beneath the green and flowery sod, which her light footsteps had so often pressed.

Mrs. Norman had not been unmindful of what Emily had said in her last letter, and as soon as Wilfred was old enough to understand the distinction, she told him that she herself was not his mother, and described to him his own, and taught him to love her memory. She was careful, however, never to call her by any name except Emily, and though he had on a few occasions expressed a curiosity to know her other, it was not of that pressing and eager kind to be at all troublesome. This was not unnatural at his age, and in his situation, for he felt no need of real parents while their place was in every respect so fully supplied by those who had the care of him from early infancy.

A few months after his wife's decease, Mr. Norman placed him at a school in one of the New England states, which, though in a retired situation, had gained some celebrity.

CHAPTER II.

It was Wednesday afternoon, the school-children's half holiday, and on a round, breezy hill, crowned with a single magnificent oak, were gathered groups of bright and happy-looking faces. On every side except one, the full and bold swell of the hill as it descended toward its base, gradually melted into a gentle slope of the freshest green, which was sprinkled all over with wild flowers, among which the butterfly and bee found their choicest food, and held their gayest revels. The remaining side was merely a ledge of rocks broken into rude cliffs; its aspect, which otherwise would have been wild and desolate, being softened into beauty by numerous wild grape-vines, which loaded with heavy clusters of purple fruit, had woven over it a verdant drapery, or hung waving like a graceful banner from some projecting crag.

A clear stream, nearly concealed by this abundance of foliage, yet in some places throwing out gleams of sparkling radiance to the prying sunbeams, dashed impetuously down the abrupt declivity, and then after half circling the hill turned aside, and was lost in the shades of a neighboring forest. A small basin of pure, pellucid water, on a level with the brow of the hill, and fringed with luxuriant shrubbery, was the never-failing source of this bright and coquettish stream.

While several of the younger girls were gathered round a large rock under the oak, smooth as a marble tablet, and so deeply imbedded in the soil as to be elevated only a foot or two above its surface, arranging the acorn cups preparatory to making believe to take tea; the boys of a similar age were engaged in what they considered the more manly employment, of enclosing miniature fields and pastures with miniature stone-walls. The larger children laughed and

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chatted, or amused themselves by gathering the flowers that thickly starred the greensward.

All seemed happy but one. Wilfred Norman took no part in the simple pastimes which amused his companions, but half reclining in the shade of the flowery coppice sheltering the tiny fountain which fed the rivulet, he kept his eyes perseveringly riveted on a book he held in his hand, except that, now and then, with a perplexed and bewildered air, he referred to one that was lying open by his side. Though he might have been called a handsome boy, his beauty consisted in the fine, open expression of his countenance, shaded by an abundance of wavy hair of a glossy black, rather than in the form of his features. In this respect he did not compare with Sedley Bellamy, a boy about his own age, who formed one of a group at a little distance.

Sedley Bellamy's extreme beauty attracted every eye, yet it was not of a kind to be coveted by one who looked forward to the ripe years of manhood. At this early period, however, his delicate features, smooth, white skin, cheeks like the crimson of a ripe peach, eyes blue as violets, and clustering locks of gold, were sometimes regarded with envy by his plainer companions. His sister Emilia, two years younger than himself, was likewise a beauty, having the same brilliant complexion, and features of the same delicate mould.

She now sat beside Alice Linwood, whose little gipsey hat lay at her feet, piled high with violets and other wild flowers, with which her small, delicate fingers were busily employed in arranging a bouquet. As she bent to her graceful task, a cloud of dark brown curls, now and then throwing out gleams of gold as a sunbeam which had found an opening in the swaying foliage of the oak quivered among them, nearly veiled a face, which, though fresh and bright as a half-open rose, with every line full of sweetness and gentleness, was far from being regularly handsome.

"Alice," said Emilia, bending forward so that her coral lips nearly touched the blooming cheek of her companion, "do look at Wilfred Norman, he is poring over that parsing lesson the preceptor gave him yesterday. Sedley told me that he could not recite a word of it this morning. I never saw such a stupid boy—I should think that his skull might, at least, be an inch thick."

"Hush!" said Alice, "you speak so loud that I am afraid he will hear you, and if he does, it may injure his feelings."

"I will venture the feelings of such a dunce as he is," replied Emilia.

"So will I," said her brother. "Jeffrey Larpent says he don't know, for his part, what his father was thinking about to send him here to the academy when he never studied geography or grammar or rhetoric."

At this moment the attention of Emilia was diverted toward a large butterfly which had lit on the flowers in the gipsey-hat, and sat lazily fanning them with his gold and purple wings. She attempted to catch it, but the glance of its bright eyes was quick enough to enable it to fly in season to elude her grasp. As Emilia and Sedley, joined by those of their age who stood near, together with the whole troop of the younger children, started in pursuit of it, Alice involuntarily directed her eyes toward Wilfred Norman. He had heard the remarks of Emilia and Sedley respecting him, and the reply made by Alice, and without looking directly toward her, he was aware that she was regarding him. He was far from home and among strangers, and those feelings of pride and resentment which, a minute before, had made his eyes flash, and his lips press themselves more firmly together, gave way at this manifestation of sympathy. Though he struggled hard to prevent it, a slight tremor visible for a moment about his mouth was followed by a gush of tears. Alice was by his side in an instant.

"I would not try to study now," said she. "I could not remember a word out here in the cool, fresh air and bright sunshine, with so many birds singing all around, and so many flowers blooming in the grass."

Wilfred covered his eyes with his hands a short time, and succeeded in forcing back the tears.

"I must study," he then said. "Emilia Bellamy told the truth when she said I could not recite my lesson this morning. What her brother said was likewise true. My parents taught me reading, spelling and arithmetic, yet, for all I am so old, this is my first parsing lesson. The preceptor told me that the grammar would make all necessary explanations, but there are some things I cannot find out."

"It would have been the same with me at first," said Alice, "if my father and mother had not assisted me, so don't be discouraged. If you will come to our house after tea, I will show you all about your lesson."

Wilfred closed his books, and for the first time since he ascended the hill, looked abroad over the lovely prospect. The spire of the village church, and the modest cupola of the academy, together with a few elms and maples, rose above the roofs of the white houses, gracefully varying the monotony of their outline. Numerous farm-houses, some pressing closely on the skirts of the village, others so distant that they seemed blending with the purple haze of the atmosphere, together with a range of distant mountains, and a sheet of chrystal water reposing at their base, added beauty and variety to the scene.

"Is that where you live, Alice?" said he, pointing to a handsome farm-house, half hidden by the foliage of vines and trees.

The yes of Alice was scarcely pronounced, ere a piece of paper that had been reposing in the crown of his palm-leaf hat was spread upon one of his books, and a pencil produced from his pocket. His cheeks flushed, and the starry brightness of his eyes kindled, as with his finely-shaped head thrown a little back, and his lips slightly parted, he gazed for a few moments on the farm-house, and the picturesque scenery by which it was surrounded. He then commenced sketching rapidly on the piece of paper spread on the book. The sketch, which was soon completed, he handed to Alice.

"What a dear picture you have made!" she exclaimed. "There is the house, and, close by, the old

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elm, with the seat beneath it, where we all sometimes sit after tea, and there is the rivulet breaking out into the sunshine again, after having been lost in the woods, and there is the—but Emilia and Sedley are coming—shall I show it to them?"

"No," quickly replied Wilfred. "You may keep it if you would like to, but never let either of *them* see it."

"I never will," said she, "though I shall keep it as long as I live. How came you to know how to draw so beautifully?"

"I have always been fond of drawing," he replied, "ever since I can remember, and I sometimes think, if I live, I may one day be a great painter, like those I have read about."

From this time, almost every day during several weeks, Wilfred called at Mr. Linwood's a little before sunset, to request Alice to assist him in committing his parsing lesson. This soon came to be the work of only a few minutes, and then the rustic bench in the shade of the graceful old elm, which he introduced into his sketch, was the scene of rendezvous for them and the younger Linwoods. Sometimes even Mr. and Mrs. Linwood joined the group, much to the delight of all, there being a tacit understanding that their presence was never, in that favorite place, to be felt as a check on the innocent hilarity and mirth in which they might be disposed to indulge. Frank and Mary, and Emma, and, above all, little Charles Linwood, soon became Wilfred's fast friends. The same accurate eye and skilful hand which enabled him to draw with facility, enabled him likewise to construct for them various toys, which, as on account of their remoteness from the city, they seldom had opportunity to purchase, were in their estimation of almost priceless value.

It only required a few months for Wilfred to make such progress in his studies, particularly what had at first seemed to him the mysteries of parsing, as to enable him to take a higher stand than even Sedley Bellamy, for he had already acquired that which Sedley had not—the art of thinking. He knew it was Mr. Norman's wish that he should enter college; and that, after obtaining his degree, he should engage in the study of the law. This wish was law to him, for though he had been told that Mr. Norman was not his father, he felt himself none the less bound to obey him. It was, in truth, difficult for him to realize that he was not his parent, and the information to the contrary which, at first, had given him some pain, began gradually to make a less sensible impression on his mind, so that the subject now seldom occurred to him. The idea which he had expressed to Alice of some day being a painter, was, therefore, a misty, iris-hued dream, rather than a palpably formed wish.

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed on, and Wilfred was nearly prepared to enter college, when he received a letter informing him of the sudden death of Mr. Norman. It was from a gentleman by the name of Renley, a neighbor and friend of the deceased, who, in addition to this melancholy intelligence, informed him that it would probably be unadvisable for him to enter college, or at least as early as he had anticipated.

Wilfred's regret at the prospect of being unable to pursue his studies, was merged in grief for the loss of one who had been to him both friend and parent. When it had in some slight degree began to yield to the influence of time, and the sympathy of his friends, the Linwood family, he received a second letter from Mr. Renley, from which we give the subjoined extract:

"You are aware that you were not the son of the late Mr. Norman, neither in the most remote degree connected with him by the ties of kindred. I learnt this in a confidential conversation I held with him not many weeks before he died. During the same interview he observed that he intended to devote his earliest leisure to making his will, as otherwise the property he wished you to inherit would go to relations who were already rich in this world's goods.

"As he probably imagined that I might have some curiosity to know who your parents were, he voluntarily told me that he was at present bound by a promise to make no disclosures respecting them, not even to you. This promise, which he had given at an early period, and which within a few years he had been requested to solemnly renew, he expected soon to be cancelled. I had entertained a secret hope that an examination of his papers—a task, which as administrator of the estate, devolves on me—would throw some light on the subject. In this I have thus far been disappointed. What I regret still more is, that his intention of making a will was defeated by his sudden death."

This last sentence seemed to settle the question, relative to the expediency of entering college. As, has already been suggested, owing to the strong predilection expressed by Mr. Norman for him to ultimately devote himself to legal studies, the love of art had been subdued, not extinguished. Like a smothered flame, it now broke suddenly forth, warming into life all those sleeping energies of the mind, which his former prospects had been unable to arouse, and which he had himself been unconscious of possessing. How long he had been absorbed in the bright prospects of the future, created by his own vivid imagination, he could not tell. When he took his letter from the post-office, in order that he might read it free from interruption, he turned into a retired footpath, faintly traced through fields and pastures and over hills, and finally terminating at the garden-gate of the Linwoods. As the contents became more and more absorbing, he seated himself upon a rock and for a while even Alice Linwood was forgotten. By the twilight gloom that had gathered around him, and the crescent moon which had sunk so low as to appear like some fairy shallop floating on the Western verge of the broad lake, where it blended with the horizon, he knew, when he awoke from his revery, that an hour or more had glided away. Whatever thirst for distinction might mingle with his brighter and purer aspirations, it partook not of the cold ambition of those who are wrought up in themselves. It was that desire for sympathy which, perhaps, forms one of the best elements of domestic happiness when its claims are acknowledged and returned, which turned his footsteps toward the dwelling of the Linwoods when he received his letter, and which,

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now, caused him to hasten forward that he might lose no time in communicating to them his wishes and his hopes.

It was April, and the sky, which, during the day, had shed down tears as well as smiles, was now undimmed by a single cloud, and the air, which was keen and frosty, was peculiarly exhilirating to the spirits. The neat parlor where were assembled Mr. Linwood and his family, presented a sweet picture of domestic comfort and happiness, for there was not a heart in the little circle, gathered round the bright fire-side, that did not know how to value the joys of home.

The countenance of Mr. Linwood, who sat in cheerful conversation with his family, though of that healthful and ruddy brown resulting from the exposure consequent on agricultural labor, was so full of intelligence that a glance sufficed to show that he was not one of the class, either by necessity or inclination, so chained to toil, as to preclude all participation in those intellectual pursuits which refine and elevate the mind.

Mrs. Linwood, a lady-like woman of thirty-five, with one of those faces that seem made on purpose to cheer and adorn the fire-side, sat on one side of a work-table busily plying her needle. Alice, who sat on the opposite side of the table, her time divided between her sewing and teaching her sister Mary how to draw some flowers, was now sixteen, four years having passed, since, with a heart full of sympathy and words of kindness on her lips, she hastened to Wilfred's side, as homesick and despondent, and with his heart writhing from those words of scorn which had pierced it like an arrow, he sat on a hill in the shade of the green coppice. As he now entered the parlor, a warm, yet half suppressed smile hovered like a sunbeam about her lips, and there was not an eye, from Mr. Linwood's down to Charles', that did not beam a welcome. During the slight movement at his entrance to make room for him at the fire-side, another person unobserved came in at the back door, who, instead of joining those in the parlor, took a seat before the large fire-place in the kitchen. It was Sedley Bellamy, and the singular beauty that had distinguished his boyhood, seemed heightened rather than diminished now that he had arrived at the age of eighteen. Still, as the fitful light of the smouldering fire flashed over his features, a person well-read in intellectual expressions of countenance, would, while he sat listening to Wilfred, as he read his letter to his friends, and then to the comments it drew forth, have detected a look of craft and even malevolence, that more than sufficed to mar the beauty of the faultless features and brilliant complexion. He had, since his earliest remembrance, been partial to Alice, and the preference, betraying itself in every look and action with which she regarded Wilfred, had produced toward him a hatred, none the less the bitter, from being concealed under the mask of friendship.

"You see," said Wilfred, after he had finished reading the letter, "that instead of being the heir to a valuable estate, I am a poor boy without even having a right to the name by which I am known."

"If you are poor, you are not friendless," said Mr. Linwood.

"No, nor ever will be," said Mrs. Linwood, "as long as you continue to be as good as you always have been."

"I guess *I* shall always love you," said little Charles, "and so will Alice, and Frank, and Mary, and Emma."

"Yes, I am sure we shall," said the three last named children, all speaking at once, while Alice turned away to hide the color that rushed to her cheeks, for Charles had very innocently put the sentiments with which she regarded Wilfred into a more tangible form than she had ever ventured on herself.

Her confusion was by no means diminished, as Wilfred, who sat near her, bent toward her so that his lips nearly touched her cheek, and said in a low voice, "if I could only feel sure, Alice, that what Charles said is true, I should indeed have little reason to repine."

"I am very glad of one thing," said Mr. Linwood, without appearing to notice this little bye-scene, "and that is, that you don't suffer your spirits to be depressed by this change in your prospects."

"That," replied Wilfred, "is because the change permits me to revive a secret, though long subdued wish. I am now determined to be a painter."

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood looked surprised, for though they had frequently seen little pencil or pen-and-ink sketches which he had made for the children, they had never had reason to suppose, by any remarks or allusions they had heard him make, that he possessed genius or inclination for any higher effort. Alice alone knew, that during all the leisure hours he could obtain, such as by others in his situation would have been frittered away without producing any result, had been sedulously devoted to such studies in his favorite art, as place and circumstances rendered available, though without his ever having entertained the most remote expectation, after he fully understood Mr. Norman's wishes, of following painting as a profession. He had made a finished painting from the sketch he drew of the Linwood farm-house, and the surrounding scenery as he stood on the hill by the side of Alice, while, in addition to the rustic bench in the shade of the elm, he had ventured to introduce a group consisting of Alice, himself, and all the little Linwoods. A portrait of Alice, which some might have thought completed, he had continued to linger over, whenever he chanced to be in one of his happier moods, for there was a sweetness and freshness about the original, which he imagined he had not fully succeeded in transferring to the canvass.

These and such picturesque objects, which the heart of the poet as well as the eye of the painter enabled him to select and group together, formed a treasure, the silent production of which had afforded him a deep and quiet enjoyment, equalled only by that he had experienced by the happy fireside of the Linwoods.

"I believe," said he, in answer to the surprise which he saw depicted in the countenance of Mr. and Mrs. Linwood, when he mentioned his intention

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of becoming a painter, "that you have never seen any of my attempts in painting. To-morrow, I will show you some of them."

"Have you considered," said Mr. Linwood, "that even if you have sufficient genius, that the want of funds will be as much of an obstacle to your becoming a painter as a lawyer."

"Oh," said Wilfred, "I must make my pencil defray my expenses as I go along. Besides, I am persuaded that although I never could be an eminent lawyer, I may, if I please, be something better than a mediocre painter. The love of art will enable me to concentrate my industry, a power I could never acquire as respects legal studies, though shut up, day and night, in a closet, and surrounded by all the 'precedents,' 'reports and commentaries,' to be found in Christendom."

"There is much in what you say," said Mr. Linwood, "yet a long series of privations, joined with harrassing doubts as to ultimate success, may damp your enthusiasm and break down the energy necessary to perseverance."

"Do not fear for me," said Wilfred, "for if genius, according to the idea I have somewhere seen expressed, be the power of bringing all one's energy and industry to bear upon one point, then, if I have genius for anything, it is for painting, and true genius, I have been taught to believe, is pretty sure of being appreciated."

"We shall have time to give the subject a more thorough consideration," said Mr. Linwood, "and in the meantime, as there is no person to whom you owe any explanation, it may be best for you to be silent on the subject of your parentage, till Mr. Renley has had opportunity to make a more thorough examination of your late guardian's papers."

At this crisis, footsteps were heard in the adjoining apartment, and looking toward the door, they beheld Sedley Bellamy, who had the air of a person who had just entered. A quick, significant glance, which all understood as a compact of secrecy, as to the subject they had been discussing, passed from eye to eye round the circle, and then Mr. and Mrs. Linwood welcomed him with politeness, though without much cordiality. As for Alice and the children, their countenances remained perfectly quiescent, instead of lighting up with those warm heart-gleams with which they were irradiated at the entrance of Wilfred. There was in his own deportment an appearance of constraint occasioned by having been a listener to what he knew was not intended for his ear, which was observed by all present, though they were far from suspecting the true cause. It was, in some degree sympathetic, and had the effect to damp the social pleasures of the evening.

During an interview which Wilfred and the elder members of the Linwood family had the following day, they all came to the conclusion that it was best for him to enter the favorite path which circumstances seemed no longer to close against him, as soon as possible. The question was as to the manner he should enter it. Would it be better for him to, at once, solicit the patronage of the public, or as a preliminary step place himself under the instruction of some skilful master, either at home or abroad? It was finally decided that he should do neither, but that he should spend three or four years in Italy, where by closely studying the works of the best masters, and by occasionally copying them, his power of appreciating what was most perfect in art, would go hand in hand with his improvement in manual skill. He hoped also to be able to paint a few pictures for sale, which would furnish the means for a subsistence, according to the system of rigid economy he had, in his own mind, prescribed for himself. In order to raise funds to defray the expenses of his proposed voyage, he was obliged to paint a few portraits, and, although this delayed him a few months, employment in his favorite art, and the society of those he best loved, the time passed rapidly away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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THE LINWOOD FAMILY.: CHAPTER IV.
BY CAROLINE ORNE.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Dec 1849; VOL. XVI., No. 6.; American Periodicals
pg. 216

THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 170.

CHAPTER IV.

In a little more than a week, Wilfred expected to bid adieu to the spot which the sweet interchange of those affections which are the legitimate growth of the domestic circle, had rendered dearer to his heart and lovelier to his eye than any he had ever beheld. Yet so buoyant and elastic are the spirits of youth, that the shadow of this "coming event" seldom darkened the hours of present enjoyment, either as regarded himself or Alice.

The Indian summer had commenced, and the air during the day had been mild and bland as that of a June morning. As the day began to decline, an unwonted feeling of sadness stole over the spirits of Alice, and prompted her to seek the spot, where, child as she was, the sweetest link in the chain of her destiny had been woven. She ascended the grassy slope, as well as that of the hill which swelled into bolder and more abrupt acclivity with the light and free step of one accustomed to exercise in the open air. As she stood beneath the oak that crowned its summit, the sere foliage whispering to the breeze, the prospect spread out on every side, was rendered so beautiful by the peculiar state of the atmosphere, that, although she had hundreds of times gazed on it before, it never to her had appeared so enchanting.

A soft, purple haze, among which innumerable particles of gold seemed flickering, enveloped the distant mountains, while the woodland was flushed with those gorgeous hues which are the gift of an American autumn, and which were now, blended and harmonized, as well as made doubly brilliant by the pervading light of the golden sunset. Masses of fleecy clouds of a pure white, or partially tinged with a faint rose-color, were floating toward the zenith, while those hovering near the Western horizon began to blaze and flash, as if a range of jeweled palaces had sprung up beneath the wand of some enchanter. Nor were the nearer objects, though less gorgeous, of inferior beauty. The little stream, that leaping down the precipitous side of the hill, half girded its base, owing to the increasing coolness of the air, seemed converted into a wreath of transparent vapor, though now and then, as the breeze freshened and wafted a portion of the mist aside, it sent up silvery and sparkling gleams that resembled stars breaking through the skirts of a cloud. As she continued to gaze, the pleasing melancholy which had burthened her heart like the fragrant dew in the half-bent flower-cup returned. As old memories thronged back upon her, the inner depths of the fount of feeling were revealed, furnishing her with a key to the heart of another. Many a glance from the dark, soul-lit eyes of Wilfred, and many a tone of his rich voice, full of heart-inspired music, thought little of at the time, returned to her fraught with a meaning and a power, which until this moment she had never so fully realized.

"Alice!"

Her name was pronounced by Wilfred, who had approached the spot unheard, and now stood by her side. As if he could have been conscious that he was the subject of her thoughts, a deep crimson kindled on her cheeks, and she hesitated to raise her eyes to his. It was only a momentary hesitation, for with an impulsive effort to disguise her embarrassment, she shook back from her brow the dark, rich curls, brightened by fitful gleams of gold caught from the slant sunbeams, and looking up into his face with as careless an expression as she could assume, and without being at all aware of its meaning, commenced singing the following ballad in a voice full of bird-like melody.

"The spell which made my heart thy own,
Still haunts this hallowed spot——"

She stopped suddenly, for she found that the words of the ballad were but an expression of her own feelings, and made a movement to withdraw her hand, which lay trembling in Wilfred's. He still retained it, and with his own rich voice, that thrilled on the ear, and floated away in the distance like the deep notes of an organ, he sung the concluding lines of the stanzas—

"Still lives in each remembered tone,
That will not be forgot."

"No, never, Alice," said he. "Beneath the softer skies of Italy, and listening to the musical language of its dark-eyed daughters, the voice that spoke the first kind words to me in this then land of strangers, will ever be the dearest. The tones in which those words were spoken, so artless, yet so full of feeling, have ever possessed a strange, haunting power which can never leave me. Young as I was, they and this dear face beaming upon me, stirred those feelings in my heart, for which, I a long time, had no name, and which, unless you forbid me to cherish them, will sustain its best and healthiest energies when I once more become a stranger in a strange land. I may at least ask you to remember me, as I believe I shall yet be not unworthy your remembrance. I may be absent a long time—much longer than the period that has been mentioned, for I never will return till I am a *painter*."

"You will succeed, I am certain that you will," said Alice, her dark hazle eyes kindling with the same passionate enthusiasm already burning in his, "and if at any time my ideal presence can have the

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power to sooth and sustain, or to impel to higher effort, you may believe I am with you in thought. How indeed can it be otherwise, when there is not a sunny nook, a green forest-glade, or a single spot within the range of the eye, that you have not, by teaching me to behold them with an appreciation of the beautiful similar to your own, made it impossible for me to ever look upon as objects distinct from yourself. And then our fire-side circle during the cold evenings—we shall all think of you there, and talk of you and wish you to be present."

Though in conversation like this they had lingered on the hill-top till the deepening twilight revealed the young moon like a silvery bow hovering over them, the sweet spell, such as must ever link itself with each word and tone of an interview like theirs, might have chained them still longer to the spot, had not a rustling of the dry leaves which clothed the neighboring copse, at the same time warned them that some person was near, and reminded Alice that her parents might be alarmed at her prolonged absence. They approached the spot in season to perceive the dim form of a man, swiftly, yet stealthily gliding away in the dark shade of the shrubbery.

CHAPTER V.

When it came to be known to the people of the village and its environs, that Wilfred had really determined on going abroad, the youthful members of most of those families, with which he was particularly acquainted, as a slight manifestation of their friendship, and the estimation in which they held him, gave a small, social party on his account, such as are common in retired country places. The last party prior to his contemplated departure was to be at Mr. Bellamy's.

Sedley Bellamy had, as yet, closely guarded the secret disclosed in the letter to which he had been an unsuspected listener, even from his parents and sister, while his more recent intercourse with Wilfred was, apparently, much more frank and cordial than it had been heretofore.

"Emilia and I," said he, when he invited Wilfred to attend the party, "think we have a right to your last evening, with the exception of the one on which there are claims still more powerful than those of friendship."

Wilfred was not naturally suspicious, yet though he strove hard to reciprocate the sentiments expressed by Sedley, he could not overcome certain feelings of distrust, which, when in his presence, continually obtruded themselves upon his mind. There seemed to him to be something in his character as unfathomable as it was repulsive.

Emilia Bellamy's conduct seemed far less equivocal, for while she made no attempt to disguise her preference for Wilfred, her manners toward Alice had gradually assumed an icy coldness. The few years which had passed since she and Alice sat side by side on the hill, had changed those feelings of contempt which she then so recklessly expressed with regard to Wilfred, into those as nearly approaching love as any person can be capable of, the god of whose idolatry is self. The beauty that distinguished her then had ripened into a full and dazzling brilliancy seldom exceeded, yet with features nearly faultless, and with the bloom of a Hebe, her face lacked that expression of sweetness and amiability which gave to the countenance of Alice its greatest charm.

A dozen or more of the village maidens, among whom was Alice, though on account of the late coldness of Emilia, she went with some reluctance, were assembled in the parlor of the great white house, as the mansion of Mr. Bellamy was called, by four o'clock in the afternoon. They were soon joined by about the same number of young men. Some of the latter might not feel quite at ease at first, but this was more owing to their Sunday coats, and to the grand furniture that adorned the parlor, than to any fault of their own. Sunday coats as well as furniture were, however, forgotten after the introduction of a few plays, among which were "forfeits," "cross-questions," and "what is my thoughts like?"

Their amusement was suddenly suspended by the sound of instrumental music, which appeared to proceed from the kitchen. The instrument, though nothing but a hand-organ, as a large proportion of those present had never heard one before, was soon surrounded by a band of as delighted auditors as ever listened to the magic strains of the violin when in the hands of a Savori.

Having gone through with the series of songs and marches which the organ was capable of producing, the owner threw open the case enclosing the musical machinery, that the eyes as well as ears of his audience might be gratified. One fair girl, whose large organ of constructiveness as well as tune, might have found in the instrument a kind of symbolical representation approached nearer than the rest, and as her bright eyes were trying to pry into what appeared to her the mystery of its mechanism, her pretty hand rested on one corner of the case.

"This ere organ," said the man, addressing her, "is a first rate instrument, though it once belonged to as bloody a pirate as ever robbed and murdered on the high seas."

At these words the young girl withdrew her hand with a start, as if an adder had stung it.

"Why, you ain't frightened, are you?" said the man, with a disagreeable smile. "The organ is no worse for that, though if it had a tongue as well as a voice, it could tell of deeds equal to any that Capt. Kidd and his crew ever did."

"Perhaps you can tell us about some of them," said Sedley Bellamy.

"Oh! no," said Alice, shrinking back, and involuntarily grasping the arm of Wilfred, who stood next her. "It is to me very painful to hear about those who have been guilty of such horrible crimes."

"It will, at least," said Sedley, "be no harm for you to tell us the name of the man that used to own the organ, and what became of him."

"I shan't tell his name," said the man, "because maybe he has relatives living, and it would be a disgrace to 'em to have it known. At any rate, he's sure never to do any more harm, for he's been dead this

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dozen years. He had a wife and child living when he died."

"What became of them? Do tell us *that*, if nothing more," said several voices at once.

"Why the wife, poor woman, died in a few months, but the boy had been taken by a charitable gentleman and his wife who lived in the West, when he was a baby, and is alive yet as far as I know. Their name was Norman, and I have been told that he passed for their own son."

As he said this, the man cast a quick, furtive look toward Sedley Bellamy, which he answered by a scarce perceptible wink. Every eye was for a moment fastened on Wilfred Norman's face, which even to his lips had turned to a deadly paleness, and then a murmur of voices commenced passing round the circle. Wilfred, who had at first stood as if thunderstruck, now disengaged the trembling hand of Alice, which had still retained its hold on his arm, saying as he did so, "this is no place for a felon's son. Farewell, Alice, if what this man says be true, we shall never meet again."

Saying thus, he precipitately withdrew. Alice as quickly followed.

"I beg of you," said she, "to go to my father's and await my return. I shall be there very soon—almost as soon as you can arrive there yourself, for indeed, Wilfred, I cannot stay here," and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed convulsively.

"Not to-night, Alice—I cannot go to your father's to-night—for though guiltless myself, am I not linked to infamy by a parent's crime? It appears to me that my presence would be a blot upon the sanctity of your happy fire-side."

"Oh! no," said Alice, "your views are exaggerated—they are false. Are you not the same as you were an hour ago?"

"I am in one sense, but did you notice the dread—even horror with which Mary Ellsworth recoiled from a mere piece of machinery, at the moment she became aware that it had once belonged to a pirate? That single, impulsive movement spoke volumes From it I can infer what I am myself to expect. Everybody will regard me with an instinctive dread and abhorrence."

"Not your friends—those who by sharing all your thoughts and sentiments for years, have learned to love and esteem you"

"You are mistaken, Alice—you will find that you are. Even your father, firm, independent, and self-relying as he is himself, and has always exhorted me to be, will, in spite of himself, be influenced by similar feelings. And you, Alice, will be affected by them hereafter. Hark! I hear your name called—go."

"Not till you promise to go to my father's."

"Well, then, since you insist, you shall find me there"

With this promise, Alice went round to the front door, that she might enter unobserved. The whole party had been thrown into such confusion, that her absence, at first, had been unheeded, and several who now entered the parlor in pursuit of her, found her calmly, to all appearance, putting on her cloak and bonnet.

"You are going home, Alice," said a young man by the name of William Morrison, "and my sister and I will see you there in safety."

"Yes," said Emma Morrison, drawing nearer to Alice, and speaking in a low voice, "for though I cannot exactly tell why, I feel an unconquerable aversion to remaining any longer here."

They bade Alice good night at her father's door, who, when she entered, found that Wilfred had kept his promise. It needed but a single look to show her that he had already made the painful disclosure. Not a word was spoken as she divested herself of her cloak and bonnet, and took her accustomed seat by the fire, but the eyes of Mrs. Linwood, usually beaming with such cheerful serenity, were heavy with tears as she kept them steadfastly bent on her sewing. The silence was first broken by Mr. Linwood, who rose and putting on his overcoat, remarked that he believed he would walk over to Mr. Bellamy's and have a little conversation with the organist.

In fifteen minutes afterward he had entered Mr. Bellamy's kitchen by the back door. The man was alone, and sat dozing in front of the large fire-place with his chin resting on his breast, while the half burnt logs which were steaming and simmering at the ends, emitted a drowsy, hissing sound. Mr. Linwood had a short conversation with him, which was fortunately uninterrupted. Though he found that he either would not or could not furnish any additional particulars to those he had already told in the presence of Wilfred, there was something in his appearance which excited suspicions by no means favorable to his veracity. When Mr. Linwood returned he mentioned the doubts he entertained as to the truth of the man's story, and advised Wilfred to make no alteration in his plans.

"Let things take their course," said he. "Time will unveil the truth."

It was a late hour when Wilfred bade his friends good night, with a heart cheered by their hopeful and encouraging words. But when alone in the midnight stillness of his chamber, the cloud again thickened and darkened over him. And Alice, who, while sitting with him at the fire-side and listening to his voice, had brought herself to believe that what they had heard was an idle tale, when no sound floated round her sleepless pillow, save that ceaseless and mysterious chant which makes the silence of night more impressive, felt a strange feeling of dread creeping over her at the thought of uniting her destiny with the son of a murderer, which she in vain sought to banish as unworthy of herself and unjust to her lover.

"Ah, Wilfred," said she, with a feeling of bitter self-reproach, "what you told me is but too true. I already begin to regard you with a sentiment approaching to horror The shadow of your parent's crimes seems hovering over you!"

When in his presence she experienced no such emotion. There was something in the frank, open expression of his countenance, before which all such brooding phantasies fled like troubled spirits at the first break of morning.

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CHAPTER VI.

WILFRED was gone, and Alice sat alone by the fire-side, her parents being absent on an evening visit; and the children, as it was now eight o'clock, having gone to bed. A step was heard in the entry, and then a low rap at the inner door. She opened it and admitted Sedley Bellamy.

"I perceive that it is already past eight o'clock," said he, "which warns me to improve what little time may remain free from interruption. I loved you, Alice, before I was old enough to know by what name to call the sentiments with which you inspired me. When I had learned how to interpret them, and would have poured out my heart to you, I found that I had a rival, and as I moreover found that he was a favored one, I submitted to my fate in silence. I did this the more cheerfully because I imagined him not unworthy of you—but now, Alice, though he has been guilty of no crime himself, if he possess one spark of true honor or delicacy, he would prefer to die rather than to wed you. You cannot but see this, which has emboldened me to beg that you will regard with some degree of favor, one who has so long and so truly loved you."

Alice had made no attempt to interrupt this somewhat long speech, which she could not help thinking had been prepared for the occasion, but when she found that it had fairly come to a close, she refused to favor the suit in terms so decided as to leave no room for hope. There might have been some reason to doubt Sedley's delicacy, for casting off all restraint when he found her immoveable, he indulged in the coarsest and most violent invective against both her and Wilfred.

The scene, which was becoming both painful and terrifying to Alice, was terminated by the entrance of her parents, who thinking she was alone, had returned earlier than usual. He left the house abruptly, and as on his way home he came in sight of the village hotel, he saw the stage-coach drive up. A gentleman, the only passenger, alighted, and entered the hotel. The richly furred cloak in which he was wrapped excited the curiosity of Sedley, who had arrived in season to see him alight. In order to gratify it he entered the common reception room, and, taking up a newspaper, pretended to be engaged in reading it. The stranger who threw off his cloak and took a seat near the fire, might have been forty-five years old, though not a single gleam of silver shone among the thick curls of glossy black which covered his well-shaped head. His features were of the Roman cast, and his countenance, though somewhat pale, wore the hue of health. As he sat waiting for the supper which he had ordered, his attention was attracted to a picture suspended above the mantel-piece. It had been copied from an engraving of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the "Shepherd's Boy in a Shower," but the earnestness with which he regarded it seemed somewhat singular in one, who, having the appearance of a foreigner and a gentleman, might be supposed to have had opportunities of examining the productions of the best masters, both ancient and modern.

"I hope you will not deem me impertinent," said he, addressing the landlord, who soon afterward entered, "if I inquire how you obtained that picture."

"By no means," replied the landlord, "it was painted by a young man who has lived in this village for several years past. Do you think it well done?"

"Remarkably well for a young artist, though if I rightly remember the face of the boy does not resemble the original."

"It does not," replied the landlord—"it is an exact likeness of the young man who painted it. It was by my request, for, as I always had a great regard for him, I thought I should like to have his portrait, as he was about leaving the place."

"He is not here then now."

"No, he is now on his way to Europe, where he hopes to acquire the necessary knowledge to pursue his favorite art. Some of the neighbors as well as myself employed him to paint a few pictures to enable him to raise money to defray the expenses of his voyage. Everybody liked him, he behaved himself so well, which made us very sorry for what happened just as he was about to leave the place."

"I trust he was not guilty of any misconduct," said the stranger, in an earnest tone of voice.

"No, sir—but one was who was of near kin to him, which was the next thing to it, you know, as respects the disgrace. Mr. Bellamy," said the landlord, addressing Sedley, "you know the story better than I do, and, as it seems to interest the gentleman, perhaps you will be so obliging as to tell it."

"Certainly, if it will afford you any satisfaction," said Sedley, addressing the gentleman.

Having assured him that it would, Sedley related very minutely, and with a pleasure he could not disguise, what had taken place at his father's on the evening of the party. When he had finished his recital, the stranger made no comment whatever, but merely inquired if the itinerant organist were still in the place, to which he was answered in the negative. In addition to these particulars, finding that the stranger had listened with great attention, the landlord mentioned that he was to have been married to Alice Linwood, a young lady who lived near by, but it was now supposed that the young man's high sense of honor had induced him to release her from her engagement.

"In that," said Sedley, "you as well as others are mistaken. He made great pretensions to honor and delicacy, though in reality he possessed neither the one nor the other."

The stranger surveyed him with a glance, beneath which he perceptibly quailed.

In the morning, after breakfast, the stranger requested the landlord to point out to him the residence of Mr. Linwood.

"I should not be afraid to bet a five dollar bill that he knows something about Wilfred Norman," said the landlord to himself, as he stood looking after the handsome stranger till he saw him standing on Mr. Linwood's door-step.

The door was opened by one of the children, who, in reply to his inquiry, informed him that Mr. Linwood was at home.

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"I wish to ask you a few questions," said he, addressing Mr. Linwood, who had invited him to take a seat by the fire, "relative to a young man known by the name of Wilfred Norman, who has, I understand, resided in this place for the last three or four years. I should, unfortunately, have remained ignorant of this, had I not been struck by the resemblance which the shepherd boy in a picture I saw at the hotel bears to one, long since dead, who was very dear to me."

He then proceeded to make minute inquiries respecting Wilfred's conduct and progress in his studies, the answers to which appeared to give him much satisfaction.

"It is no more than right," said he, after he had received all the information in the power of Mr. Linwood to give, "that I should assign the reason for my curiosity, which you will allow to be a good one, when I tell you that Wilfred Norman is my son. My name is Wilfred Dormer, and I have for many years resided in France. My marriage was kept a secret, as my father, who had other views for me, would, had he known it, disinherited me. My wife died in less than two years afterward, which removed the principal motive for disclosing it. A second wife, the lady chosen by my father, and another son, caused me to think less frequently of the one by my first marriage, and, as I knew that he had fallen into good hands, I gradually ceased to inquire for him, more especially as it was attended with considerable difficulty. The death of my second wife, which was soon followed by that of my younger son, caused my thoughts to turn to him I had so long neglected, and without informing any person of my intention, I made immediate preparation for returning to my own country."

The first emotions of Alice at finding the stigma removed which had been cast upon Wilfred's parentage, were those of unalloyed happiness. A few minutes' reflection, however, made her doubt whether the wealthy Mr. Dormer, in whose appearance she could perceive a superiority and refinement which had a quicksilvery quality of eluding any language, which, in her own mind, she was able to employ in the way of description, might not possibly object to marrying his only son and heir to the daughter of a New England farmer.

As Wilfred had already embarked for Europe, all that his father could do at present was to send letters of explanation, which would reach him soon after his arrival in Italy, and make such arrangements as would place funds at his disposal to enable him to fully avail himself of every facility which would enable him to become—a *painter.*

Mr. Dormer spent the day and the night with the Linwoods, but the watchful eye of Alice could detect nothing in his high-bred politeness, which gave her the least clue by which she could judge of his opinions as respected herself.

It was a long and weary time to her before Wilfred's first letter came, and then this single, short sentence, "my father, dear Alice, tells me that he has seen you, and that he fully approves of my choice," quieted those fears which had been the thorn in her path. As for the rest of his letter, it was filled with love, hope and enthusiasm, and a longing for that excellence which brings with it its own reward—sooner or later.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a December evening, keen, still and bright, and the circle that nightly gathered round the hearthstone of the Linwoods was very happy, for it had been enlarged by the arrival of two long-wished for guests. One of them, Mr. Dormer, had changed little in appearance since the evening he arrived at the village hotel, where he listened to the flattering description of his son's father by Sedley Bellamy. Wilfred Dormer—as we shall now call him—seemed different, yet still the same. The companionship of his father, who had joined him the second year of his residence abroad, had been the means by which he had insensibly imbibed that air of refinement which must be caught from living examples rather than acquired by studying a set of rules. Improvement in externals had kept pace with improvement in manners. All personal angularities—everything approaching to awkwardness had been subdued and polished down; yet those fascinating peculiarities which often characterize those of a truly original mind, remained unchanged. His heart too—that remained the same, and when little Charles, who though old enough to part with his pinafore, claimed his ancient privilege of sitting on his knee, said to him—"and don't you think, Wilfred, that you will love to live with me and Alice, and the rest of us, better than you did away off over the water?"—never was there a monosyllable pronounced with a truer and heartier emphasis than the "yes" he gave in reply.

Wilfred had been successful beyond his expectations, and had laid the foundation for future fame. His had never been that unhealthful, absorbing ambition

"Which *leads* to bewilder and *dazzles* to blind:"

there had ever beamed in his future horizon one sweet star before which even fame paled its ineffectual fires. It was a domestic fireside of his own, such as he had so often shared with the Linwoods, cheered by the presence of her, who, whether absent or present, had been the joy of his heart, and the silent inspirer of its energies.

Its influences had been as holy as they were cheering, mocking him with no false light, as he fully realized, when in a few weeks after his return, he found himself in one of those lovely cottages which poets love to write about, seated by his own fireside, with his wife by his side.

The walls of the apartment were adorned with pictures—some of them from the pencils of the most eminent painters, others from Wilfred's after he had acquired a more correct taste and greater skill of hand; yet there was not one of them which Alice prized so highly as the first sketch he ever drew for her, and which she, this first evening they spent by themselves, took from her port-folio and presented to her husband.

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THE LINWOOD FAMILY.: CHAPTER IV.
BY CAROLINE ORNE.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Dec 1849; VOL. XVI., No. 6.; American Periodicals
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THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

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CHAPTER IV.

In a little more than a week, Wilfred expected to bid adieu to the spot which the sweet interchange of those affections which are the legitimate growth of the domestic circle, had rendered dearer to his heart and lovelier to his eye than any he had ever beheld. Yet so buoyant and elastic are the spirits of youth, that the shadow of this "coming event" seldom darkened the hours of present enjoyment, either as regarded himself or Alice.

The Indian summer had commenced, and the air during the day had been mild and bland as that of a June morning. As the day began to decline, an unwonted feeling of sadness stole over the spirits of Alice, and prompted her to seek the spot, where, child as she was, the sweetest link in the chain of her destiny had been woven. She ascended the grassy slope, as well as that of the hill which swelled into bolder and more abrupt acclivity with the light and free step of one accustomed to exercise in the open air. As she stood beneath the oak that crowned its summit, the sere foliage whispering to the breeze, the prospect spread out on every side, was rendered so beautiful by the peculiar state of the atmosphere, that, although she had hundreds of times gazed on it before, it never to her had appeared so enchanting.

A soft, purple haze, among which innumerable particles of gold seemed flickering, enveloped the distant mountains, while the woodland was flushed with those gorgeous hues which are the gift of an American autumn, and which were now, blended and harmonized, as well as made doubly brilliant by the pervading light of the golden sunset. Masses of fleecy clouds of a pure white, or partially tinged with a faint rose-color, were floating toward the zenith, while those hovering near the Western horizon began to blaze and flash, as if a range of jeweled palaces had sprung up beneath the wand of some enchanter. Nor were the nearer objects, though less gorgeous, of inferior beauty. The little stream, that leaping down the precipitous side of the hill, half girded its base, owing to the increasing coolness of the air, seemed converted into a wreath of transparent vapor, though now and then, as the breeze freshened and wafted a portion of the mist aside, it sent up silvery and sparkling gleams that resembled stars breaking through the skirts of a cloud. As she continued to gaze, the pleasing melancholy which had burthened her heart like the fragrant dew in the half-bent flower-cup returned. As old memories thronged back upon her, the inner depths of the fount of feeling were revealed, furnishing her with a key to the heart of another. Many a glance from the dark, soul-lit eyes of Wilfred, and many a tone of his rich voice, full of heart-inspired music, thought little of at the time, returned to her fraught with a meaning and a power, which until this moment she had never so fully realized.

"Alice!"

Her name was pronounced by Wilfred, who had approached the spot unheard, and now stood by her side. As if he could have been conscious that he was the subject of her thoughts, a deep crimson kindled on her cheeks, and she hesitated to raise her eyes to his. It was only a momentary hesitation, for with an impulsive effort to disguise her embarrassment, she shook back from her brow the dark, rich curls, brightened by fitful gleams of gold caught from the slant sunbeams, and looking up into his face with as careless an expression as she could assume, and without being at all aware of its meaning, commenced singing the following ballad in a voice full of bird-like melody.

"The spell which made my heart thy own,
Still haunts this hallowed spot——"

She stopped suddenly, for she found that the words of the ballad were but an expression of her own feelings, and made a movement to withdraw her hand, which lay trembling in Wilfred's. He still retained it, and with his own rich voice, that thrilled on the ear, and floated away in the distance like the deep notes of an organ, he sung the concluding lines of the stanzas—

"Still lives in each remembered tone,
That will not be forgot."

"No, never, Alice," said he. "Beneath the softer skies of Italy, and listening to the musical language of its dark-eyed daughters, the voice that spoke the first kind words to me in this then land of strangers, will ever be the dearest. The tones in which those words were spoken, so artless, yet so full of feeling, have ever possessed a strange, haunting power which can never leave me. Young as I was, they and this dear face beaming upon me, stirred those feelings in my heart, for which, I a long time, had no name, and which, unless you forbid me to cherish them, will sustain its best and healthiest energies when I once more become a stranger in a strange land. I may at least ask you to remember me, as I believe I shall yet be not unworthy your remembrance. I may be absent a long time—much longer than the period that has been mentioned, for I never will return till I am a *painter*."

"You will succeed, I am certain that you will," said Alice, her dark hazle eyes kindling with the same passionate enthusiasm already burning in his, "and if at any time my ideal presence can have the

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power to sooth and sustain, or to impel to higher effort, you may believe I am with you in thought. How indeed can it be otherwise, when there is not a sunny nook, a green forest-glade, or a single spot within the range of the eye, that you have not, by teaching me to behold them with an appreciation of the beautiful similar to your own, made it impossible for me to ever look upon as objects distinct from yourself. And then our fire-side circle during the cold evenings—we shall all think of you there, and talk of you and wish you to be present."

Though in conversation like this they had lingered on the hill-top till the deepening twilight revealed the young moon like a silvery bow hovering over them, the sweet spell, such as must ever link itself with each word and tone of an interview like theirs, might have chained them still longer to the spot, had not a rustling of the dry leaves which clothed the neighboring copse, at the same time warned them that some person was near, and reminded Alice that her parents might be alarmed at her prolonged absence. They approached the spot in season to perceive the dim form of a man, swiftly, yet stealthily gliding away in the dark shade of the shrubbery.

CHAPTER V.

When it came to be known to the people of the village and its environs, that Wilfred had really determined on going abroad, the youthful members of most of those families, with which he was particularly acquainted, as a slight manifestation of their friendship, and the estimation in which they held him, gave a small, social party on his account, such as are common in retired country places. The last party prior to his contemplated departure was to be at Mr. Bellamy's.

Sedley Bellamy had, as yet, closely guarded the secret disclosed in the letter to which he had been an unsuspected listener, even from his parents and sister, while his more recent intercourse with Wilfred was, apparently, much more frank and cordial than it had been heretofore.

"Emilia and I," said he, when he invited Wilfred to attend the party, "think we have a right to your last evening, with the exception of the one on which there are claims still more powerful than those of friendship."

Wilfred was not naturally suspicious, yet though he strove hard to reciprocate the sentiments expressed by Sedley, he could not overcome certain feelings of distrust, which, when in his presence, continually obtruded themselves upon his mind. There seemed to him to be something in his character as unfathomable as it was repulsive.

Emilia Bellamy's conduct seemed far less equivocal, for while she made no attempt to disguise her preference for Wilfred, her manners toward Alice had gradually assumed an icy coldness. The few years which had passed since she and Alice sat side by side on the hill, had changed those feelings of contempt which she then so recklessly expressed with regard to Wilfred, into those as nearly approaching love as any person can be capable of, the god of whose idolatry is self. The beauty that distinguished her then had ripened into a full and dazzling brilliancy seldom exceeded, yet with features nearly faultless, and with the bloom of a Hebe, her face lacked that expression of sweetness and amiability which gave to the countenance of Alice its greatest charm.

A dozen or more of the village maidens, among whom was Alice, though on account of the late coldness of Emilia, she went with some reluctance, were assembled in the parlor of the great white house, as the mansion of Mr. Bellamy was called, by four o'clock in the afternoon. They were soon joined by about the same number of young men. Some of the latter might not feel quite at ease at first, but this was more owing to their Sunday coats, and to the grand furniture that adorned the parlor, than to any fault of their own. Sunday coats as well as furniture were, however, forgotten after the introduction of a few plays, among which were "forfeits," "cross-questions," and "what is my thoughts like?"

Their amusement was suddenly suspended by the sound of instrumental music, which appeared to proceed from the kitchen. The instrument, though nothing but a hand-organ, as a large proportion of those present had never heard one before, was soon surrounded by a band of as delighted auditors as ever listened to the magic strains of the violin when in the hands of a Savori.

Having gone through with the series of songs and marches which the organ was capable of producing, the owner threw open the case enclosing the musical machinery, that the eyes as well as ears of his audience might be gratified. One fair girl, whose large organ of constructiveness as well as tune, might have found in the instrument a kind of symbolical representation approached nearer than the rest, and as her bright eyes were trying to pry into what appeared to her the mystery of its mechanism, her pretty hand rested on one corner of the case.

"This ere organ," said the man, addressing her, "is a first rate instrument, though it once belonged to as bloody a pirate as ever robbed and murdered on the high seas."

At these words the young girl withdrew her hand with a start, as if an adder had stung it.

"Why, you ain't frightened, are you?" said the man, with a disagreeable smile. "The organ is no worse for that, though if it had a tongue as well as a voice, it could tell of deeds equal to any that Capt. Kidd and his crew ever did."

"Perhaps you can tell us about some of them," said Sedley Bellamy.

"Oh! no," said Alice, shrinking back, and involuntarily grasping the arm of Wilfred, who stood next her. "It is to me very painful to hear about those who have been guilty of such horrible crimes."

"It will, at least," said Sedley, "be no harm for you to tell us the name of the man that used to own the organ, and what became of him."

"I shan't tell his name," said the man, "because maybe he has relatives living, and it would be a disgrace to 'em to have it known. At any rate, he's sure never to do any more harm, for he's been dead this

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dozen years. He had a wife and child living when he died."

"What became of them? Do tell us *that*, if nothing more," said several voices at once.

"Why the wife, poor woman, died in a few months, but the boy had been taken by a charitable gentleman and his wife who lived in the West, when he was a baby, and is alive yet as far as I know. Their name was Norman, and I have been told that he passed for their own son."

As he said this, the man cast a quick, furtive look toward Sedley Bellamy, which he answered by a scarce perceptible wink. Every eye was for a moment fastened on Wilfred Norman's face, which even to his lips had turned to a deadly paleness, and then a murmur of voices commenced passing round the circle. Wilfred, who had at first stood as if thunderstruck, now disengaged the trembling hand of Alice, which had still retained its hold on his arm, saying as he did so, "this is no place for a felon's son. Farewell, Alice, if what this man says be true, we shall never meet again."

Saying thus, he precipitately withdrew. Alice as quickly followed.

"I beg of you," said she, "to go to my father's and await my return. I shall be there very soon—almost as soon as you can arrive there yourself, for indeed, Wilfred, I cannot stay here," and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed convulsively.

"Not to-night, Alice—I cannot go to your father's to-night—for though guiltless myself, am I not linked to infamy by a parent's crime? It appears to me that my presence would be a blot upon the sanctity of your happy fire-side."

"Oh! no," said Alice, "your views are exaggerated—they are false. Are you not the same as you were an hour ago?"

"I am in one sense, but did you notice the dread—even horror with which Mary Ellsworth recoiled from a mere piece of machinery, at the moment she became aware that it had once belonged to a pirate? That single, impulsive movement spoke volumes From it I can infer what I am myself to expect. Everybody will regard me with an instinctive dread and abhorrence."

"Not your friends—those who by sharing all your thoughts and sentiments for years, have learned to love and esteem you"

"You are mistaken, Alice—you will find that you are. Even your father, firm, independent, and self-relying as he is himself, and has always exhorted me to be, will, in spite of himself, be influenced by similar feelings. And you, Alice, will be affected by them hereafter. Hark! I hear your name called—go."

"Not till you promise to go to my father's."

"Well, then, since you insist, you shall find me there"

With this promise, Alice went round to the front door, that she might enter unobserved. The whole party had been thrown into such confusion, that her absence, at first, had been unheeded, and several who now entered the parlor in pursuit of her, found her calmly, to all appearance, putting on her cloak and bonnet.

"You are going home, Alice," said a young man by the name of William Morrison, "and my sister and I will see you there in safety."

"Yes," said Emma Morrison, drawing nearer to Alice, and speaking in a low voice, "for though I cannot exactly tell why, I feel an unconquerable aversion to remaining any longer here."

They bade Alice good night at her father's door, who, when she entered, found that Wilfred had kept his promise. It needed but a single look to show her that he had already made the painful disclosure. Not a word was spoken as she divested herself of her cloak and bonnet, and took her accustomed seat by the fire, but the eyes of Mrs. Linwood, usually beaming with such cheerful serenity, were heavy with tears as she kept them steadfastly bent on her sewing. The silence was first broken by Mr. Linwood, who rose and putting on his overcoat, remarked that he believed he would walk over to Mr. Bellamy's and have a little conversation with the organist.

In fifteen minutes afterward he had entered Mr. Bellamy's kitchen by the back door. The man was alone, and sat dozing in front of the large fire-place with his chin resting on his breast, while the half burnt logs which were steaming and simmering at the ends, emitted a drowsy, hissing sound. Mr. Linwood had a short conversation with him, which was fortunately uninterrupted. Though he found that he either would not or could not furnish any additional particulars to those he had already told in the presence of Wilfred, there was something in his appearance which excited suspicions by no means favorable to his veracity. When Mr. Linwood returned he mentioned the doubts he entertained as to the truth of the man's story, and advised Wilfred to make no alteration in his plans.

"Let things take their course," said he. "Time will unveil the truth."

It was a late hour when Wilfred bade his friends good night, with a heart cheered by their hopeful and encouraging words. But when alone in the midnight stillness of his chamber, the cloud again thickened and darkened over him. And Alice, who, while sitting with him at the fire-side and listening to his voice, had brought herself to believe that what they had heard was an idle tale, when no sound floated round her sleepless pillow, save that ceaseless and mysterious chant which makes the silence of night more impressive, felt a strange feeling of dread creeping over her at the thought of uniting her destiny with the son of a murderer, which she in vain sought to banish as unworthy of herself and unjust to her lover.

"Ah, Wilfred," said she, with a feeling of bitter self-reproach, "what you told me is but too true. I already begin to regard you with a sentiment approaching to horror The shadow of your parent's crimes seems hovering over you!"

When in his presence she experienced no such emotion. There was something in the frank, open expression of his countenance, before which all such brooding phantasies fled like troubled spirits at the first break of morning.

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CHAPTER VI.

WILFRED was gone, and Alice sat alone by the fire-side, her parents being absent on an evening visit; and the children, as it was now eight o'clock, having gone to bed. A step was heard in the entry, and then a low rap at the inner door. She opened it and admitted Sedley Bellamy.

"I perceive that it is already past eight o'clock," said he, "which warns me to improve what little time may remain free from interruption. I loved you, Alice, before I was old enough to know by what name to call the sentiments with which you inspired me. When I had learned how to interpret them, and would have poured out my heart to you, I found that I had a rival, and as I moreover found that he was a favored one, I submitted to my fate in silence. I did this the more cheerfully because I imagined him not unworthy of you—but now, Alice, though he has been guilty of no crime himself, if he possess one spark of true honor or delicacy, he would prefer to die rather than to wed you. You cannot but see this, which has emboldened me to beg that you will regard with some degree of favor, one who has so long and so truly loved you."

Alice had made no attempt to interrupt this somewhat long speech, which she could not help thinking had been prepared for the occasion, but when she found that it had fairly come to a close, she refused to favor the suit in terms so decided as to leave no room for hope. There might have been some reason to doubt Sedley's delicacy, for casting off all restraint when he found her immoveable, he indulged in the coarsest and most violent invective against both her and Wilfred.

The scene, which was becoming both painful and terrifying to Alice, was terminated by the entrance of her parents, who thinking she was alone, had returned earlier than usual. He left the house abruptly, and as on his way home he came in sight of the village hotel, he saw the stage-coach drive up. A gentleman, the only passenger, alighted, and entered the hotel. The richly furred cloak in which he was wrapped excited the curiosity of Sedley, who had arrived in season to see him alight. In order to gratify it he entered the common reception room, and, taking up a newspaper, pretended to be engaged in reading it. The stranger who threw off his cloak and took a seat near the fire, might have been forty-five years old, though not a single gleam of silver shone among the thick curls of glossy black which covered his well-shaped head. His features were of the Roman cast, and his countenance, though somewhat pale, wore the hue of health. As he sat waiting for the supper which he had ordered, his attention was attracted to a picture suspended above the mantel-piece. It had been copied from an engraving of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the "Shepherd's Boy in a Shower," but the earnestness with which he regarded it seemed somewhat singular in one, who, having the appearance of a foreigner and a gentleman, might be supposed to have had opportunities of examining the productions of the best masters, both ancient and modern.

"I hope you will not deem me impertinent," said he, addressing the landlord, who soon afterward entered, "if I inquire how you obtained that picture."

"By no means," replied the landlord, "it was painted by a young man who has lived in this village for several years past. Do you think it well done?"

"Remarkably well for a young artist, though if I rightly remember the face of the boy does not resemble the original."

"It does not," replied the landlord—"it is an exact likeness of the young man who painted it. It was by my request, for, as I always had a great regard for him, I thought I should like to have his portrait, as he was about leaving the place."

"He is not here then now."

"No, he is now on his way to Europe, where he hopes to acquire the necessary knowledge to pursue his favorite art. Some of the neighbors as well as myself employed him to paint a few pictures to enable him to raise money to defray the expenses of his voyage. Everybody liked him, he behaved himself so well, which made us very sorry for what happened just as he was about to leave the place."

"I trust he was not guilty of any misconduct," said the stranger, in an earnest tone of voice.

"No, sir—but one was who was of near kin to him, which was the next thing to it, you know, as respects the disgrace. Mr. Bellamy," said the landlord, addressing Sedley, "you know the story better than I do, and, as it seems to interest the gentleman, perhaps you will be so obliging as to tell it."

"Certainly, if it will afford you any satisfaction," said Sedley, addressing the gentleman.

Having assured him that it would, Sedley related very minutely, and with a pleasure he could not disguise, what had taken place at his father's on the evening of the party. When he had finished his recital, the stranger made no comment whatever, but merely inquired if the itinerant organist were still in the place, to which he was answered in the negative. In addition to these particulars, finding that the stranger had listened with great attention, the landlord mentioned that he was to have been married to Alice Linwood, a young lady who lived near by, but it was now supposed that the young man's high sense of honor had induced him to release her from her engagement.

"In that," said Sedley, "you as well as others are mistaken. He made great pretensions to honor and delicacy, though in reality he possessed neither the one nor the other."

The stranger surveyed him with a glance, beneath which he perceptibly quailed.

In the morning, after breakfast, the stranger requested the landlord to point out to him the residence of Mr. Linwood.

"I should not be afraid to bet a five dollar bill that he knows something about Wilfred Norman," said the landlord to himself, as he stood looking after the handsome stranger till he saw him standing on Mr. Linwood's door-step.

The door was opened by one of the children, who, in reply to his inquiry, informed him that Mr. Linwood was at home.

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"I wish to ask you a few questions," said he, addressing Mr. Linwood, who had invited him to take a seat by the fire, "relative to a young man known by the name of Wilfred Norman, who has, I understand, resided in this place for the last three or four years. I should, unfortunately, have remained ignorant of this, had I not been struck by the resemblance which the shepherd boy in a picture I saw at the hotel bears to one, long since dead, who was very dear to me."

He then proceeded to make minute inquiries respecting Wilfred's conduct and progress in his studies, the answers to which appeared to give him much satisfaction.

"It is no more than right," said he, after he had received all the information in the power of Mr. Linwood to give, "that I should assign the reason for my curiosity, which you will allow to be a good one, when I tell you that Wilfred Norman is my son. My name is Wilfred Dormer, and I have for many years resided in France. My marriage was kept a secret, as my father, who had other views for me, would, had he known it, disinherited me. My wife died in less than two years afterward, which removed the principal motive for disclosing it. A second wife, the lady chosen by my father, and another son, caused me to think less frequently of the one by my first marriage, and, as I knew that he had fallen into good hands, I gradually ceased to inquire for him, more especially as it was attended with considerable difficulty. The death of my second wife, which was soon followed by that of my younger son, caused my thoughts to turn to him I had so long neglected, and without informing any person of my intention, I made immediate preparation for returning to my own country."

The first emotions of Alice at finding the stigma removed which had been cast upon Wilfred's parentage, were those of unalloyed happiness. A few minutes' reflection, however, made her doubt whether the wealthy Mr. Dormer, in whose appearance she could perceive a superiority and refinement which had a quicksilvery quality of eluding any language, which, in her own mind, she was able to employ in the way of description, might not possibly object to marrying his only son and heir to the daughter of a New England farmer.

As Wilfred had already embarked for Europe, all that his father could do at present was to send letters of explanation, which would reach him soon after his arrival in Italy, and make such arrangements as would place funds at his disposal to enable him to fully avail himself of every facility which would enable him to become—a *painter.*

Mr. Dormer spent the day and the night with the Linwoods, but the watchful eye of Alice could detect nothing in his high-bred politeness, which gave her the least clue by which she could judge of his opinions as respected herself.

It was a long and weary time to her before Wilfred's first letter came, and then this single, short sentence, "my father, dear Alice, tells me that he has seen you, and that he fully approves of my choice," quieted those fears which had been the thorn in her path. As for the rest of his letter, it was filled with love, hope and enthusiasm, and a longing for that excellence which brings with it its own reward—sooner or later.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a December evening, keen, still and bright, and the circle that nightly gathered round the hearthstone of the Linwoods was very happy, for it had been enlarged by the arrival of two long-wished for guests. One of them, Mr. Dormer, had changed little in appearance since the evening he arrived at the village hotel, where he listened to the flattering description of his son's father by Sedley Bellamy. Wilfred Dormer—as we shall now call him—seemed different, yet still the same. The companionship of his father, who had joined him the second year of his residence abroad, had been the means by which he had insensibly imbibed that air of refinement which must be caught from living examples rather than acquired by studying a set of rules. Improvement in externals had kept pace with improvement in manners. All personal angularities—everything approaching to awkwardness had been subdued and polished down; yet those fascinating peculiarities which often characterize those of a truly original mind, remained unchanged. His heart too—that remained the same, and when little Charles, who though old enough to part with his pinafore, claimed his ancient privilege of sitting on his knee, said to him—"and don't you think, Wilfred, that you will love to live with me and Alice, and the rest of us, better than you did away off over the water?"—never was there a monosyllable pronounced with a truer and heartier emphasis than the "yes" he gave in reply.

Wilfred had been successful beyond his expectations, and had laid the foundation for future fame. His had never been that unhealthful, absorbing ambition

"Which *leads* to bewilder and *dazzles* to blind:"

there had ever beamed in his future horizon one sweet star before which even fame paled its ineffectual fires. It was a domestic fireside of his own, such as he had so often shared with the Linwoods, cheered by the presence of her, who, whether absent or present, had been the joy of his heart, and the silent inspirer of its energies.

Its influences had been as holy as they were cheering, mocking him with no false light, as he fully realized, when in a few weeks after his return, he found himself in one of those lovely cottages which poets love to write about, seated by his own fireside, with his wife by his side.

The walls of the apartment were adorned with pictures—some of them from the pencils of the most eminent painters, others from Wilfred's after he had acquired a more correct taste and greater skill of hand; yet there was not one of them which Alice prized so highly as the first sketch he ever drew for her, and which she, this first evening they spent by themselves, took from her port-folio and presented to her husband.

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"THE MATCH OF OUR VILLAGE."
BY BELLA GRAY.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jul 1849; VOL. XVI., No. 1.; American Periodicals
pg. 45

"THE MATCH OF OUR VILLAGE."

BY BELLA GRAY.

ALFRED CONWAY was beyond dispute *the match* of our village. Gifted with talents above mediocrity, a handsome person and pleasing manners, these alone would have secured him admirers; but as a rising young lawyer, possessed of a competence independent of his profession, he shone as a star of the first magnitude. True, it was whispered around that he was somewhat vain, but *that* could be forgiven in one so handsome and talented; and even when it was proclaimed in a louder tone that he had, in an unguarded moment, asserted that the ladies had laid regular siege to him, and that if he chose, he could have his pick of the fair belles of Belleville, this monstrous breach of—to say the least—good taste, was palliated by each young lady, on the ground that it was true as far as it regarded her neighbor, that no one with their eyes open could help seeing how such and such ones were trying to captivate him. By common consent, however, pretty, modest Mary Wells and saucy Bell Harden were considered exceptions. Could they have walked with him, however, from the post-office before the gossips had ceased discussing the subject of his excessive self-esteem, and read the contents of the dainty looking letter he examined so attentively, they would have conceded that he was indeed the sought for. The handwriting was unknown to him, but it was one to elicit the warmest encomiums from an admirer of fine chirography, and he instantly decided that none but a woman, and one of fine taste could have penned it. The word HOPE was engraven on the seal, and bore the postmark of a neighboring city. With an air of surprise, he read the following:

"DEAR SIR—You will undoubtedly be surprised at receiving a letter from a lady, and I will explain and apologize for what you may deem an unpardonable intrusion and breach of maiden modesty. I am an orphan, and reside in the family of an uncle, where I am treated kindly and surrounded with every luxury wealth can procure; am endowed with talents and beauty, and with the homage so lavishly bestowed upon the fortunate possessor of these gifts, I should, perhaps, be satisfied. I endeavor to be, and amid the whirl and excitement of our fashionable life, have thought to stifle the still small voice that whispers of mis-spent time and talents wasted. But conscience will not thus be silenced, and in my solitary moments the phantoms of murdered hours rise reproachfully before me. Ah! how ardently I then wish for some spirit to understand and commune with mine, to instruct me how to perform duties that devolve upon us all as fellow-helpers, duties that are generally, and alas! by me so little understood. I believe there is in every human heart, originally, something good, some longing for a better, loftier existence, that however corroded with ignorance, vice and crime, is never so entirely extinguished but it can be re-kindled; and I may be surrounded by those whose hopes and aspirations are as high as mine, but I cannot remove the veil in which we so closely envelop the inner chamber of our hearts, and amid the crowd feel solitary and alone. I attended the recent trial of H—— A——, to hear some of our famous lawyers, and was surprized to see seated with the veterans of the bar one yet in the spring-time of life. His appearance interested me, and inquiring who was allowed so distinguished a place ere yet time had silvered his locks or furrowed his brow, learned it was the young lawyer who nobly stepped forward to defend one so steeped in vice and crime as to be apparently forsaken by both God and man—in a word, *yourself*. The appearance of the prisoner was certainly repulsive, and I wondered what motive had induced you to be his defender. But when you spoke of his friendless youth, left an orphan at an early age, and poor, uneducated, unpitied and unloved, struggled with the cold world year after year before he commenced his career of vice, the simple incident of tears dimming his eyes as he listened to the senseless prattle of a child as it fearlessly approached and leaned on the outcast, showing him not lost to all kindly feeling, and enlisting your sympathies in his behalf, proved you one that looked beneath the surface. How breathlessly I listened as you proceeded, and when contrary to all previous expectations, and, I had almost said, wishes, the prisoner was found not guilty, I could have wept for envy. I envied you your talents, your power over the minds of men, and above *all*, the consciousness of having saved the life of a fellow man. But enough of this, you are perhaps already weary of it. My object in writing is to ask if your affections are engaged—if you are free—am I too bold? do you wish to remain so? I shall await your answer with trembling and with fear, for it may prove the death knell of my brightest hope and most cherished day dream, and on the spirit of it will depend whether you hear again from MARY C——."

Conway's first feeling on perusing the letter was one of gratified pride, and then came a curiosity to discover the writer. It was a romantic incident that broke in upon his somewhat monotonous life with a pleasing effect, and he immediately determined to answer the fair unknown, and let time and circumstances determine to what it should lead. Though he had a suspicion that some one might be making a dupe of him, it was too little flattering to his vanity to be retained, and after seriously considering the affair, an answer was written. Thanking his unknown correspondent, for the high honor she had done him in writing, he gave some of his own exalted

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views of life and its purposes, touched upon the strong natural craving of mankind in general, and himself in particular, for sympathy; delicately hinted his hope and belief that she would prove to be the embodiment of an ideal he had long worshipped, and to whom only he was engaged; and closed with an earnest wish for the correspondence to continue, assuring her he should wait anxiously for her reply. He was dissatisfied with his letter, on re-perusing it, as too impassioned; but after several attempts at remodelling, finally despatched it as originally written.

A week, another, and then another passed without bringing the expected answer, and Conway returned from each fruitless errand to the post-office with visage considerably elongated. He laid the flattering unction to his soul that he was the victim of a silly hoax, and his surprise was only equalled by his pleasure at receiving, ere the close of the fourth week, the wished for answer. He felt quite a relief to think that now he could smilingly return the salutations of the ladies he met, without fearing that possibly they might be secretly laughing at him and his sentimental letter. A solitary office, with closed doors to prevent interruption, is an excellent place in which to read a private letter; and choosing the most comfortable lounging place, Conway proceeded to con the long delayed missive. But who can imagine his vexation as he read. The letter ran thus:

"Sir: may you never taste the bitter cup you have pressed to my lips, never feel that you have wasted fine sentiment on one that *could not understand* it. Your letter I found *cold, cold, cold.* (Here followed a shrug of the shoulders and an audible groan from poor Conway, he had an innate horror of ridicule.) With regret for your disappointment at not finding your ideal in me, I must close our brief correspondence."

Conway laughed in spite of his chagrin, but to write as he had written and then have it ridiculed was too much; he would discover the author, if possible, and turn the tables. One by one the fair ladies of his acquaintance were honored with a review of their characteristics and qualifications, but on none could he fix suspicion till he came to Isabel Harden.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "why did I not think of her before; and yet would she?"

He remembered meeting her that day, and thought her merry black eyes looked more roguish than ever. The letter was instantly referred to, and fancy pictured those same mischievous eyes in every word—at least the spirit of them. It was wonderful he had not perceived it before. But he would know now whether his suspicions were correct or not, and that without loss of time.

In pursuance of his resolution, an early evening hour found him on his way to the neat white cottage where Isabel resided.

Pretty, little Bell Harden, as the gentlemen called her, or "that saucy Bell," as she was frequently termed by the ladies, was as pretty, fairy-like a specimen of humanity as one can well imagine, not beautiful, but with dark glossy hair falling naturally in heavy curls around a fair oval face, and sparkling black eyes that they said *could* look serious. She received Attorney Conway, as she delighted in calling him, with the slightest embarrassment possible; but that little served to confirm his suspicions, she was usually so self-possessed. With expressions of wonder at his visit, "it was such an age since he had been there, she asked what good fairy she should thank for sending him." Conway replied as gracefully as one could, going on uncertainty.

"Really, Miss Harden, your thanks belong to yourself, had you allowed our interchange of sentiment to continue I might not have intruded, but to be absent and not correspond was more than I could endure."

Isabel's blushes and confusion encouraged him to proceed—

"I intend," he added, "to take lessons in fine sentiment if I can be made to understand it, indeed my present object is to induce you to be my instructress."

Poor Bell! it was too much, and she burst into tears. Tears were more than Conway had bargained for, denials, blushes and anger he had expected, but tears were quite different things; he could not see pretty Bell weeping, and not forgive her.

"Miss Harden," he said, "I beg you will not take the matter so seriously, it is nothing, forgive me, I will never mention it again, and," he added, ruefully, "if this is sentiment I'll give up the lessons."

The last speech was too mirth-inspiring for Isabel, and she glanced up laughing through her tears, and looked so bewitchingly too, that he was half tempted to ask her to give the lessons in earnest. Humbly, very humbly for her, she acknowledged her guilt, but justified it by repeating his remarks in regard to the attentions paid him by the ladies.

Though he would not return her letters, the affair was finally adjusted, and so much to their mutual satisfaction, that a few months later the aforementioned white cottage was thrown open for a wedding party, and much to the dissatisfaction of some of her friends, Bell Harden was won by the match of our village.

"It was all her own fault," Conway says, (Attorney Conway no longer) "if she had not written so much in character as that last, I should never have suspected who made love so boldly under pretence of hoaxing me."

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THE MISFORTUNE OF HAVING A DOWRY.: TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
BY G. A. ATLEE.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Apr 1849; VOL. XV., No. 4.; American Periodicals
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THE MISFORTUNE OF HAVING A DOWRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY G. A. ATLEE.

The day after Quasimado, in the year 17—, there was holiday in all the shoe-shops of the village of ———, a chief seat of one of the pretty principalities of Germany. It was not the festival of St. Crispin, but was the wedding of Fritz Hœbber, who on this day espoused Catharine Vanburn; Fritz, the most spruce, the gayest, and most active of the journeymen cordwainers of the village; Catharine, the prettiest and freshest laundress of the neighborhood.

In the morning Fritz was at the door of his intended. He was arrayed from the feet to the head, the coat, vest and breeches of camlet, bran new; he had stockings well drawn upon his legs, shoes of white leather well fitted to his feet, and an enormous bouquet fastened to his buttonhole with a profusion of ribbons of all colors.

At his side was Catharine ready adorned in a white wedding dress, and carrying at her waist a bouquet from an orange tree, which shed upon the final moments of the life of the *girl* the last expiring perfume of its blossoms. The maids of honor who tied the last ribbons of her dress, made a great outcry when Fritz came to embrace his affianced, they ran off with her and shut themselves up in another chamber: he rapped, and begged, and teased; they were inflexible, and would give him but a moment's time to take the hand of Catharine and conduct her to the altar.

Never were hearts more merry. Never were vows ratified with more earnestness. Fritz was doubtless not rich, but had he not an arm for labor, and was he not very able to work at his trade? His living would be poor but happy. Fritz would love his Catharine freely and loyally, and if God should send them children, he would take care to maintain them. On their return from church, all the wedding company took the direction toward the suburbs: there, under an arbor having more nets than leaves, was the shelter dressed off for the whole company. At the moment of sitting down to table, they perceived that the married pair had disappeared. Great was the bustle! They waited some time, but soon their stomachs lost patience; otherwise their expectation was fixed on the hour for the dance. A deputation was, therefore, sent in haste to find the new married couple.

During this time Fritz and Catharine walked joyfully through the village, arm in arm, without false modesty, without pride, without envy. Soon as they arrived at the house, the bride opened an old trunk, the bottom of which was heavily ornamented with copper, took out a leathern purse quite new and ornamented with nice embroidery, and showed it to her husband, who was stupefied at seeing the purse well filled with golden ducats.

"See the surprize which I reserved for you, dear Fritz," said she. "Are you not pleased? This purse contains ten thousand florins."

"How did you acquire this treasure?" cried Fritz, in amazement. This question somewhat disconcerted Catharine; but she replied—

"What matters it to you, my friend? Can you not receive the gifts of God without being inquisitive about them?"

"Yes," replied Fritz, "if they really come from Heaven, but this is what I want to know."

"I tell you that this gold is mine, or rather yours, since I give it you," replied Catharine, with some spirit.

"But still," continued Fritz, "it is necessary that you explain."

The mingled noise of a burst of laughter which issued from the next room, put an end to this speech. The persons there clamored violently at the door.

"They are our friends who come to seek us," said Fritz, not without impatience, "I conjure you, Catharine, inform me."

"Not to-day," answered the young wife, "time enough, if you are prudent, if you love your wife, and above all, if you are not suspicious, not jealous."

In saying these words she opened the door. Her appearance was welcomed with much applause.

"And Fritz, where is Fritz?" spake many voices.

"Let us take off the bride," said the chief of the guests, "and I'll answer for it, Fritz will not delay to join us."

So saying, he took the arm of Catharine, and conveyed her off in triumph, amid the acclamations of the whole company, that marched in train.

Fritz was a little displeased at their departure. Chance had already robbed him of his gaiety, while it had promised him happiness. He took the purse, his eyes dilated at the sight of the ducats. The metal shone as it was opened out to the sun. The effigy of the sovereign seemed to smile at Fritz on its golden base, and promise him a thousand unknown joys. His imagination presented to him, all of a sudden, in place of the ducats that he contemplated, a fine shop filled with customers; Catharine enthroned at an ivory counter, the elegant, the noble, pressing in crowds around the beautiful laundress; the young folks of the village besieging the shop, and rushing to the boots and shoes. On her part, Catharine, insensible to all these marks of homage, would have no feeling nor regard but for the happy Fritz. As for him, dressed in a large doublet with steel buttons, he would promenade through the village with thoughtful gravity, becoming a rich and consequential man of business.

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The workmen, his former companions would salute him with humility, while he would return their salutation with the hand of a protector and benefactor. To seize at once the image so deceptive, he eagerly plunged his hand into the purse, and felt in the midst of the ducats a small paper rolled up, which he hastily took out. It was a billet containing these words, well calculated to rouse his spirit in reality.

"Dear and beloved Catharine."

Fritz rubbed his eyes, but could plainly read—

"Dear and well-beloved Catharine, I send you these few ducats, to use as I told you yesterday. I could wish to have divine prescience, to anticipate your last desires. May I now give back part of the happiness which you gave me since the commencement of our love? Adieu, dear Catharine, it is not your prince who embraces you, it is the chief and most devoted of your servants."

And this billet had the signature of the Prince Regent, absolutely like the proclamations and ordinances. The poor husband, as soon as he read it, lost his wits. Seized with a sort of furious folly, he sallied forth, without his hat, the purse in his hand, and presented himself hurriedly in the midst of the dance. At sight of him, and at his cries, the waltzes were interrupted. Fritz stood confronting Catharine, his countenance haggard, his clothing in disorder.

"Thus! miserable wretch," cried he, with a voice of thunder, "see your gold, keep it to spend a merry life with your equals, I shall not partake of the price of infamy."

He threw the purse at the feet of Catharine, but she laid hold of his arm.

"Fritz," said she, all in tears, "my dear Fritz, what have I done? Why these dreadful words?"

Fritz was choked with rage, he could but answer in these words—"the prince, deceiver, remember the prince! Don't touch me, don't come near me, leave my sight if you don't wish me to commit a crime!"

He answered poor Catharine so rudely that she fell in a swoon at the feet of the dancers. They raised her, and, at length, after some had rubbed her temples with vinegar, others asked her questions with more of curiosity than discretion. When she recovered her senses, Catharine looked around for Fritz, and seeing that he had gone, she covered her face with her hands, and sighed bitterly. There needed nothing more to convince most of the company that she was guilty. They separated in silence; Catharine, re-conducted to her dwelling, at the request of the more compassionate was abandoned to despair, the purse full of gold was near her, which had been designed as the source of all their wealth.

After the violent scene which had in some sort broken off his marriage, Fritz left the village, and marched at a venture, without knowing whither his feet should carry him. Night came on, when he found it necessary to halt. He entered a public house, and called for wine, which he drank, glass after glass, with the distraction of a man pre-occupied by violent vexation. Fritz never recollected in the sequel, that he had told one of the club a part of his misfortunes Neither could he say how it happened that this companion was seated at his table, and tippling with him. Finally, he could never explain to himself, how he had signed a paper that his companion presented to him, how he had refused money that his comrade offered him, and above all, how, after he had been asleep in an open field at the edge of a ditch, he awoke at a barrack.

It is certain that it was with a feeling of what may well be called repugnance, perhaps also, because he had no other clothes, that Fritz dressed himself in uniform pantaloons, and put on a military cloak. When they brought him the cockade of prince's colors, it was impossible for him to restrain his just indignation. To carry the colors of the Prince —— on his head! At this idea Fritz felt that his dignity had sustained, by such condescension, an irreparable loss. He pulled the cockade to pieces and trod it under foot. Unfortunately this act did not escape the watchful eye of the corporal. Fritz was condemned to receive a hundred and fifty lashes.

In consequence of this paternal correction, he remained six months in the infirmary, where he made salutary reflections on the utility of discipline. However the pains which he felt on the region of the back could not divert him from his mental grief. Devoted to the charms of exercise in the sweet times and delights of the bowling green, Fritz continued to protest, at least by his taciturnity. But he profited by the lesson of obedience that had been so judiciously administered, and distinguished himself henceforth by the greatest exactitude in the service.

At this epoch Fritz's country was at war with France. His regiment was ordered immediately to the frontier, but before his departure he had the honor to be created corporal. Whether he thought himself unworthy of this honor, whether it was that his spirit was soured by his misfortunes; he did not fail to attribute this favor to the influence of the prince, and trembled to think of what it would cost him. It is just to say, that despite his grief, and despite his aversion, he waited every hour to receive news of Catharine, and the silence that she preserved respecting him, confirmed him more in his conviction on the subject of her guilt. Fritz did not reflect that, in the two months he had passed in the country, he kept his bed six weeks, lying upon his face; and that when he left, his superiors hardly knew what was the name of their last recruit.

Fritz fought with the energy of wrath and the courage of despair. He had read of giving vent to his rage, and his enemies suffered the penalty of the unfaithfulness of Catharine. This did not hinder the battle being completely lost for the prince and his army. The cowardice of the troops who had fled was a new motive to recompense the constancy of those who had remained firm. Fritz was decorated and named an officer. This promotion and honor were to him a new source of bitterness, since he did not hesitate to attribute it to the protection of his wife, and thought that each grade, as well as the famous purse of gold, was the price of her fidelity.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "if it be that I daily receive a new grade, on this account, where am I to stop?"

Fritz could not be stationary in fact. The courage

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which he showed was so extraordinary that it must have attracted attention. When he became a captain he resolved to quit the service, not thinking himself capable to perform superior functions. It was not without self-violence that he wrote to the prince a respectful petition, desiring his dismission. Fritz waited for the answer with anxiety. He feared indeed that Catharine was not opposed to his return to private life. Happily the resignation was accepted without difficulty. The prince valued good soldiers, but he valued more the disposal of grades of favor to his own creatures. An aid-de-camp of his highness took the pains to visit Captain Fritz, and acquaint him that his request was granted. To make peace with his conscience, which reproached him for depriving himself of the services of Fritz, the prince gave him five hundred ducats from his private purse. This sum was counted to him the same day on which he received his brevet of dismissal. At sight of the gold Fritz felt a pang, and one would for an instant have believed that he had revolved in his mind the project of strangling the paymaster. But the military state had considerably modified his scruples. He took the gold without abjuring his rancor. After having bade farewell to his comrades in a banquet where every care was drowned in the bottle, Fritz betook himself to his native village, where he had not appeared for two years.

The war had spared our hero, who was returning to his wife a husband complete. As he journeyed he thought of Catharine's beauty, of the love she had pledged him, and he thought too that it were perhaps better to be happy in being deceived, than miserable in being too well informed. He said to himself that the letter was indeed very indiscreet, and that husbands would be happier if lovers were not such babblers.

These recollections and thoughts led Fritz close to the house occupied by Catharine, and just as he was saying that he never would enter it, he found that he had already knocked at the door.

It was Catharine herself who came to open it. But how was she changed! Tears had traced long furrows around her eyelids, her cheeks were pale and meagre, she was nevertheless ever cheerful. She recoiled with surprise on perceiving her husband, stretched her arms, gave a cry, and fell unconscious on the breast of Fritz.

Much moved at the interview, he carried his wife to an elbow chair, and felt much disposed to pardon her. One idea, however, withheld him. "For what benefit," thought he, "have I worn for two years the livery of the state, received a hundred and fifty lashes, bivouaced and paraded in the mud, lain all night under the starry canopy; to forgive my wife at last?" At length Catharine opened her eyes and recovered herself.

"It is you at last," exclaimed she, throwing her arm round her husband's neck, "you are indeed returned, you love me again?"

Her grief had been so real, her joy was so lively, that Fritz felt himself decidedly softened.

"Yes, madam, I have really returned," said he; "as to loving you again, it will depend on my losing the remembrance of a certain purse of gold."

"Yes, this gold, this purse," cried Catharine, "I know well that this is what caused our quarrel. I have never touched it, all is there."

She ran to the old trunk, took out the purse, and threw it through the window into the river that flowed by the house. This act was performed with such rapidity that Fritz had not time to oppose it. He leaned over sadly enough looking at the bubbling of the water, which closed again without noise upon the treasure buried in its bosom.

"Now," said Catharine, "you see that there remains no motive for not loving me."

"I see," answered Fritz, hardly concealing a sort of disappointment, "that you have thrown your money into the river; but I do not see how this prodigality can explain this letter here."

"What letter?" said Catharine.

"This letter, written by the hand that signs nominations and brevets; this letter that I found in the purse which you threw out of the window."

"A letter of the prince!" said Catharine, confused.

"And whose should it be?" said Fritz.

"This letter was not to me," replied the young wife.

"Truly!" answered Fritz, "dear and well-beloved Catharine. Is it not to you that these words are addressed, and the purse, was it not sent to you?"

"I do not know the prince," said Catharine, weeping, "I never saw him; this gold was sent to me by my aunt."

"Eh, what!" replied Fritz, at the height of amazement, "your aunt is then——"

"Alas! yes," said Catharine, "my aunt is named Catharine like me, but now they call her Baroness de B———. My father, at his death, ordered that I should never see her, nor receive anything from her. Many times she sought to make me presents, I have always refused, but this time, on account of our marriage, I believed I might take it—it was for you. If I have committed a fault, did it deserve an abandonment so cruel?"

"So," said Fritz, "it was not to you that the prince gave that gold, and sent this letter?"

"No, doubtless, it was to my aunt," answered Catharine, all in tears.

"It is not then on your account that I was made corporal, next decorated and made captain after having been scourged?"

"No, it was, perhaps, through the influence of my aunt."

"Triple fool that I am!" cried Fritz, smiting his forehead, and uttering a fearful oath, "and to think that I enlisted, obtained my dismission, and that Catharine threw my money out of the window!"

Fritz almost fell senseless, but the caresses of his wife re-animated him, and the two married ones forgot their misfortune in a long embrace. Then Fritz thought to ask Catharine the motive that had prevented her giving him this news.

"After you were gone," said Catharine, "I spent almost six weeks in making inquiries, but it was impossible to trace you."

"I passed that time in the hospital," replied Fritz.

"Well," replied Catharine, "my poor, aged mother

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fell sick at this time, and I waited on her without ceasing till the moment of her death. Afterward I re-commenced my search, I learned that you were enlisted, and that your regiment had left the country. I wished to follow you, but I was poor, and was careful not to increase my fault by addressing my aunt. I resigned myself to fate, waited, hoped, and now you have returned."

One may well think that this explanation was a complete re-conciliation. Nothing now was wanting to the happiness of Fritz and Catharine, if calamity had not knocked at their door. Catharine lost her custom by running after her husband; as to Fritz, after he had been a soldier, he was not good for any thing. The five hundred ducats of the prince might support them for the present, but it would soon be spent. One morning when they had in the house neither fire, nor bread, nor money, Fritz thought of throwing himself into the river, doubtless to go in search of the gold that his wife had squandered. When at the shore, and at the moment of casting himself in, his eyes were directed to the other bank, and he perceived on the wall of the quay a bill posted up, on which was written:

"Was taken out of the water at this place a purse containing a large number of ducats in gold. The owner may recover it by telling the number and thus proving property. Apply to Ludwig, the fisherman, Faubourg neuf."

This reading put off the suicide which Fritz premeditated; he took the road to Ludwig's house. It is needless to say that the honest fisherman gave up the purse untouched. Fritz hoped at last to realize his first dreams in hiring a handsome shop, where he would instal his wife at an ivory counter. Prosperity restored Catharine's beauty, and in a short time Fritz's shop became the rendezvous of all the young people. Our hero made a fortune at last, and had the felicity to march through the village in the coat with steel buttons, and with a gold-headed cane.

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THE MISSIONARY.: CHAPTER I.
BY MRS. ANN ELIZA BURNEY.
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THE MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. ANN ELIZA BURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

In the autumn of 18—, a large congregation was assembled at a celebrated camp-ground in the southern part of Mississippi. It was the morning of the Sabbath, and fair Italy herself never saw a lovelier day than that which dawned on this beautiful southern clime.

Nature just gave indication of a design to doff her rich green attire, and array herself in the more gorgeous robes of an American autumn. But she still hesitated, as if half reluctant to change the mantle which had hung around her in such graceful folds through the sultry summer. The camp-ground itself presented a highly interesting scene. It was a square, enclosed on three sides with large and commodious tents, shaded by the smaller growth of forest trees which had been left for that purpose. On the remaining side was a neat railing, with gates for the admission of the throng which was now pouring in from all quarters of the country. As the morning services were just closing, the greater number repaired to the various tents around, to while way an hour in chatting with their friends; while the more devout seated themselves under the arbor.

Among this number were Mrs. Lewis and her daughter. Mrs. Lewis' excellent and esteemed husband had fallen a victim to bilious fever the preceding summer, and the charge of a numerous family, of which Helen was the eldest, had devolved on her. Although she possessed a fortune amply sufficient to secure to her the comforts and luxuries of life, to which she had been accustomed; and a large circle of friends to whom she was warmly attached; she felt that in losing the companionship of her husband, she had lost her highest happiness; and in her deep affliction, her heart involuntarily turned to Him who had promised to be the friend and solace of the widow; and the protector of the fatherless children. She and Helen had attached themselves to the church, and both exhibited much of the zeal, humility and charity which characterized their Master while he sojourned in this "vale of tears."

After the customary intermission the trumpet called the congregation to their seats; the elder taking their way silently and reverently to the benches around the altar; while the younger and more fashionable part of the audience chose positions more remote from the sacred desk. When all was still, their well-beloved pastor arose and fervently prayed not only for himself and his congregation; but for the young missionary who had consecrated himself and his all to the laborious but holy work, which is now calling so many zealous and benevolent Christians to foreign and benighted lands. He retired, and the missionary, Charles Ashton, stood before them. He was tall, perfectly proportioned, and exceedingly graceful. His broad, high brow and thoughtful but penetrating eye bespoke intellect of the highest order. In strong, impassioned language he preached the "unsearchable riches of Christ, and himself the servant of all men for Christ's sake," and thrillingly portrayed the miseries, degradation, and spiritual destitution of the benighted, but interesting people of India, with whom he had resolved to live and die; esteeming himself happy if he should be permitted to point them to the light that had arisen to dispel the moral darkness of the world.

His eloquence stirred the hearts of that vast assembly to their very depths; and when he appealed to their Christian love and benevolence in behalf of the perishing heathen, they came forward as one man, and hundreds of dollars were contributed to the philanthropic enterprise. He continued with them till the close of their meeting, winning by his appearance of fervent zeal and disinterested affection, the esteem and love of all with whom he associated. When they were about to retire to their respective homes, Mrs. Lewis warmly solicited Mr. Ashton to accompany her, and spend a few days in recruiting his exhausted strength after the labors of the week.

Without hesitation he accepted her invitation, and found himself that evening pleasantly situated in Mrs. Lewis' hospitable mansion, surrounded by her interesting young family. Swiftly flew by the "winged hours." Days, and even weeks rolled away; and still Charles Ashton lingered. Could it be that Helen was the magnet that thus attracted him from his important duties, and delayed the execution of the holy work to which he had devoted himself? Well worthy was Helen Lewis of the highest, holiest love that the most gifted could bestow. She possessed numerous personal attractions; a mind highly cultivated; and the graceful, winning manner that indicated the true politeness that dwells in a pure and benevolent heart. But still he lingered: and at length he spoke of love. Nor did his wonted eloquence fail him on this theme, unaccustomed to it as he was. But ah! he had a strong advocate in Helen's own breast; nor did he leave her till he had won her confession, that to be the partner of his toils and wanderings in a heathen land would afford her far more happiness than home, and the society of the beloved home-circle.

Mrs. Lewis was perfectly aghast when informed of this arrangement; such a consummation had not been foreseen by her; and long and bitterly did she oppose it. But when she saw her opposition would be unavailing, she sorrowfully assented to her daughter's union with a stranger, of whom she knew nothing, except what he said of himself. True, he bore with him letters of introduction and commendation from

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persons of high standing in society: but she did not feel entirely satisfied.

Not so, however, with Helen. The strong confidence she had in Mr. Ashton could not be shaken for a moment by her mother's fears or suspicions. She loved him with a devotion bordering on idolatry. Ay! she idolized him as woman may not idolize any save her God, without sooner or later meeting with a fearful retribution. They were married: and Helen, with many painful emotions, bade adieu to the home and friends of her youth, with scarcely a hope of meeting with them again this side of eternity. Mr. Ashton, accompanied by Helen, pursued his journey toward New Orleans: frequently staying a few days with the most eminent churches; pleading boldly and successfully in behalf of the cause in which he had engaged; and receiving thankfully the poor widow's mite, as well as the rich man's donation.

He sojourned several weeks in New Orleans to solicit the aid of the benevolent there; and then proceeded by sea to Charleston; from thence he was to sail for the scene of his labors in the East. Five months had now elapsed since Helen had joined her fate with Charles Ashton's; and as pleasantly as a "mid-summer's dream" had the hours sped away. No thought of regret for the step she had taken had entered her mind. Her husband was all the world to her. And in the enjoyment of his society she seemed to have forgotten that in the world she left behind her, her mother's heart was bleeding with anguish at the loss of a daughter, in whom were centered her fondest earthly hopes. Mrs. Lewis, in her frequent letters to Helen, never adverted to her desolate situation, choosing rather to bear her grief and disappointment in silence, than to mar her daughter's happiness by intimating the cause.

Mr. Ashton and Helen, on their arrival in Charleston, repaired to one of the most fashionable hotels in the city, where he proposed remaining for several days, to make some necessary arrangements previous to his final departure from the United States. The morning after their arrival Helen arose pale, sad and dispirited. She had spent a wretched night in that transition state between sleeping and waking, which left her scarcely able to tell whether her visions were real or imaginary. She thought she was in the dear home of her infancy, prattling in childish innocence and glee to that beloved mother, when suddenly a stranger of angelic presence bade her follow him to the eminence before them and look into the future. She obeyed. Her pointed her to her path through life. She was enraptured with the prospect; all was as bright and beautiful as fairy land. Peace, hope, happiness smiled on her, and bade her pursue the way before her. Suddenly she was alone; a wretched outcast; unsheltered, unprotected, and without a ray of light to illumine the midnight darkness of the future. Trembling and affrighted, she stretched out her hands for aid; and became conscious of her situation; and endeavored to compose herself, and seek again that rest in sleep, which had hitherto been denied her. Anon, she was in a strange land preparing for her nuptials. Strangers stood around her; and as they essayed to congratulate her, words of condolence unwittingly fell from their lips: and as she turned to accompany her beloved Charles to the altar, he fell into her arms a blood-stained corpse. Has the spirit the power of liberating itself from the body when all its organs are locked in sleep, and wandering into the future as well as the past? Does it bring us distorted visions of coming events as warnings? Or, does it only threaten and alarm, to avenge its confinement by reason during waking hours? Mr. Ashton sought by every means in his power to soothe Helen's agitation; representing to her the groundlessness of her fears.

"Have I ever given you cause, dear Helen, to doubt my affections?" said he.

"Nay, Charles, that indeed would be a trial which would banish my imaginary trouble at once," replied Helen.

"Perhaps then," returned he, playfully, "I would be doing you a favor by withdrawing my heart from you, and giving you a real cause of distress—inasmuch as trial in part are more easily borne than those of fancy?"

"Rather more easily said than done, I flatter myself, Charley dear," rejoined Helen, with her wonted vivacity.

"Well, be that as it may, I am happy to see you smile once more," returned he. "Be yourself, dear wife, and give your sad fancies to the wind. I must now leave you for a few hours to attend to necessary business. You must amuse yourself as best you can in my absence, and when I return let me find you in your usual cheerful mood." He then remarked to Helen that it was necessary for him to give to Mr. Wilson (the agent of the Mississippi Board, under whose auspices he was acting) an account of his receipts and disbursements; and receiving his final order from the board through him. Secreting the funds in his possession about his person, and bidding Helen a "good-bye dearest," he left the house.

Helen was occupied all the morning in preparing for their embarkation; but despite her efforts to regain her accustomed serenity, she was gloomy and oppressed.

At length the dinner hour arrived; but Mr. Ashton came not with it. The afternoon hours sluggishly passed away; and still he came not. Helen sat up late, listening anxiously to every footfall in the long passage; but no one entered her apartment. She retired—but not to sleep. When morning dawned, she sought her host and made known to him her uneasiness. He immediately despatched a note to Mr. Wilson, inquiring if Mr. Ashton was there. That gentleman replied, "that he had not seen Mr. Ashton, and was not aware of his being in the city," and when visited by Helen and her host, (who had a kindly heart, and did everything in his power to alleviate her distress) he stated, "that he had received some communication from the Missionary Board respecting Mr. Ashton, and had expected him; but that no such person had visited him." Helen was now fearfully agitated. Her husband's pale and bleeding corpse as she beheld it in her dream, was constantly before her; and she expressed a conviction that he had been secretly murdered. Every scheme that love could devise to discover the lost one was put into operation,

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but without success. No tidings of him ever reached the heart-broken wife. The strong sympathies, proffered aid, and kind attentions of the warm-hearted Southern strangers by whom she was surrounded, brought no relief.

Her sorrows were beyond the reach of consolation. She felt as though she had been standing on the very pinnacle of happiness, and had been suddenly cast forth into a sea of trouble; the petty obstacles thrown against her by the wave of affliction were unfelt, unheeded. She was struggling for existence. Mrs. Lewis had been immediately informed of Mr. Ashton's mysterious disappearance; and without a moment's delay she and her eldest son Edward hastened to Charleston. She found her daughter in a very alarming situation; and many weeks elapsed ere it was decided whether she would arise to a life of suffering, or descend to the tomb of the "blest early dead." The former was her lot, and so soon as she became convalescent they bade adieu to the hospitable citizens of Charleston, and returned to their home in Mississippi. Helen's health slowly improved during the journey; but when she reached home, the scene of her former happiness—the happiness that had passed away never to return, she sunk into a state of listless apathy, from which the voice of duty and affection strove in vain to arouse her. Shortly after their return Mrs. Lewis received a letter from Mr. Wilson, conveying the information that a body had been found in the river, a few miles below the city, bearing on it the marks of violence; and as far as they could determine it answered the description given of Mr. Ashton; that the remains had been interred, and that it was the general impression that it was the person of Mr. Ashton, who had been robbed and murdered. Helen's former suspicions were now confirmed, and her lacerated heart bled afresh at the dark and terrible fate of her idolized husband. She now seemed to live in the world as though she were not of it, looking forward with ardent desire to the hour when death, the friend of the distressed, should give freedom to the spirit to rejoin its companion in that bright land where no shadow falls on the heart; where no painful parting destroy the light of life. Mr. Wilson again wrote to Mrs. Lewis, communicating the startling intelligence that Mr. Ashton, the "Missionary," had arrived in Charleston; that he bore with him indisputable proofs of his commission; that he had been travelling by order of the society of which he was a member through the South, collecting funds for the mission; and that his person in no particular resembled that of her son-in-law. This information Mrs. Lewis chose to conceal from Helen, well knowing that the spirit already crushed to the earth by a weight of sorrow, could not survive the horrible truth. Through the succeeding winter Helen's health failed gradually but surely; and when the flowers sprang up never again behold her beloved home, the scene of her infantile joys and youthful trials, reluctantly departed on her journey, accompanied by her mother and Edward.

CHAPTER II.

On a bright, beautiful day in October, a party met at the St. Charles, in New Orleans. Each heart beat with rapture, each countenance was radiant with happiness as the hand of friendship was extended, as the kiss of affection was given and returned. It was the re-union of a happy family after a long separation. Oh! who has not felt that there are moments of rapturous delight, that more than repay the heart for the anxious solicitude experienced during the long and weary absence of loved and valued friends? Such are the moments when the eye first falls on the familiar form; when the lip and the heart first give the warm greeting. Such moments seldom come. Perhaps it is well. Else the already earth-bound soul would forget to seek its happiness, where alone it is lasting. Such moments Mr. St. Leger's family now enjoyed; without a regret for the past; without a care for the future. Mr. St. Leger was a French gentleman, who at an early age became an orphan, with but the wreck of a princely fortune which had been dissipated by his father's extravagance. Without a profession, and without the means of living in the style to which he had been accustomed, he found himself in no very enviable situation.

Choosing rather to renounce his beloved France and become independent, than to lead a life of idleness and half dependance on his wealthier relatives, he collected the remnants of his father's estate, and emigrated to America, the home of the stranger, and the asylum of the oppressed. He settled in Louisiana, and purchasing a plantation, he commenced business for himself, and soon had the gratification of finding his affairs in a very prosperous condition. He shortly after married an American lady of wealth and respectability; and having conformed as much as possible to the manners and custom of the people with whom he lived, he soon become a man of considerable influence in his neighborhood—beloved and respected by all who knew him. He had but one child, the little Julia, who was the plaything and idol of the household. But his eldest brother dying in France, left to him the guardianship of his only son, a child of six years old, which was joyfully received into his family. And Mrs. St. Leger as well as himself in a very short time seemed to have forgotten that the little Henri was not their own. The children were brought up together; and were educated at home by a master every way competent to the task. They associated together as brother and sister; though aware of the relationship that existed between them, Julia was well satisfied to be considered a sister; but Henri was unwilling to accord her that title, why he scarcely knew himself; but as the youth verged toward manhood, he became conscious that his affection for his cousin was not of a paternal cast; and was compelled to acknowledge to himself, that he would vastly prefer standing in a dearer relation to her than that of brother.

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When Henri attained his majority, important business called his uncle to France. He determined to take Julia with him, that she might see something of the world, and acquire that polish which he thought could be acquired nowhere outside Paris. Henri was exceedingly anxious to accompany them; but Mr. St. Leger delegated to him the care of his business and family during his absence, and he remained at home. But the longest period of time will at length glide away; and so did that of Mr. St. Leger's sojourn in a foreign land. Mrs. St. Leger and her nephew repaired to New Orleans to meet them; they were not disappointed. Mr. St. Leger and Julia arrived the succeeding day. Happy which was the meeting between the members of this long sundered family. Many were the questions asked and answered; and many incidents were related by the travellers, which they had considered too trivial to write, but which now formed interesting themes of conversation. Henri had considered his cousin perfect when she left him, a beautiful, sprightly girl of seventeen. But he perceived at once the pleasing change wrought by a year's residence in the gayest capital of Europe. The laughing, blushing girl was transformed into the easy, affable and self-possessed woman, equal to every occasion which might present itself. Her exquisite figure was tastefully adorned in the most fashionable costume of the day; and with her dark glossy hair flowing in natural ringlets around that sweet face; her large, expressive eyes shaded by long, silken fringe; and her pearly teeth that would show themselves in spite of the rosy lips, completed a picture which Henri thought far surpassed the most beautiful creations of the painter's fancy.

"But, Henri," exclaimed Julia, "you do not say anything about your paragon, Dr. Percy; has he left Bellevue?"

"Oh! no. He is our nearest neighbor, and a frequent visitor."

"Indeed! I shall have the pleasure of seeing him then, I suppose?" asked she.

"Of course," replied Henri. "But how does it happen that you are so interested about my 'paragon,' as you call him?"

"Dr. Percy is indebted to my Cousin Henri for the curiosity I feel about him. I do not confess the interest?" replied Julia, laughing. "I scarcely received a letter from you, when I was in Paris, that did not set forth Dr. Percy's matchless perfections."

"Why, really, Julia!" exclaimed Henri, "I do not recollect that I eulogized my friend so highly and so often; but I do admire him, and esteem him very highly, for I think he possesses many of the qualities that adorn humanity."

"But," inquired Julia, "how does it come to pass that one so highly gifted, so richly endowed, secludes himself in the obscure village of Bellevue? One would think he would seek the highways of the world as his stage of action."

"He seems to have played his part on the highways of the world, and now seeks for rest in its by-ways," replied Henri. "Although not quite thirty, he has amassed a considerable fortune by the practice of his profession in some of our Western cities; and now seeks the rest and retirement of a country life in the vicinity of our obscure village, as you are pleased to term it."

"Don't be offended, cousin, it is obscure; but I do not mean to disparage the place of my nativity by saying so; and I am sure I am quite obliged to your inimitable friend for honoring it with his presence, as he will be quite an addition to our little social circle," replied Julia.

Henri did not feel altogether so easy after this colloquy. He at once saw the probability of his "inimitable friend" becoming a rival. But he silenced his fears by the reflection that he had a long and intimate acquaintance with his cousin, as well as the influence of her parents in his favor.

On the ensuing morning our little party set out for Bellevue, which they reached in due time; and were welcomed to their stately mansion by the numerous slaves, with warm expressions of thankfulness and joy. Every heart was brimful of happiness as they met around the well-filled board that evening; and the pleasures of home received their just meed of praise from each member of the circle.

Through the ensuing week Julia's whole time was occupied in receiving and entertaining her old acquaintances, who called to express their gratification at her return. Dr. Percy also paid his devoirs to the admired heiress. Julia was in one of her gayest moods, and found the intelligent, refined and lively doctor a congenial spirit; conversation flowed in the most agreeable channel, without an effort on the part of either.

Dr. Percy, in addition to a very handsome person, and bland and courtly manners, possessed a thorough knowledge of human nature, with a happy adaptation of himself to all its changes. He entered into Julia's arrangements for the amusements of the coming winter with a zest that evinced his devotion to pleasure, as well as to herself. And whether the diversion was riding, dancing, music, or conversation, he was the life of the party in general, and the partner of Julia in particular. He very soon became a constant visitor at Mr. St. Leger's; and to all but Henri his presence was ever welcome. Mr. St. Leger was highly pleased with his frank, gentlemanly bearing, and surprised that one so young as Dr. Percy appeared to be, had acquired such proficiency in science and literature. He was one of those rare geniuses who seem to have an immediate perception of every subject brought before them, and who only touch it to have it more lurid than it was before. To Mrs. St. Leger he was a most agreeable companion, and a ready co-adjutor in all her plans for the improvement of her grounds and garden; and imparted to her more information concerning her flowers and shrubbery than Linnæus himself could have done. Although no one seemed to enjoy Dr. Percy's society more than Julia, she was never heard to express her opinion about him; she never mentioned his name unless obliged to do so; but yet a close observer would have guessed her sentiments by her very slightly heightened color and downcast glance as his name was announced; by the pleased attention she gave to the low, sweet tones o his voice as he made his graceful salutation.

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Notwithstanding Henri had been so completely won by Dr. Percy's pleasing address, and his qualities that "adorned humanity" on his first acquaintance with him; his esteem for him had considerably abated on a closer intimacy. He had known for some time that the doctor was a favored rival; and had watched his conduct, and scanned his motives with a scrutinizing eye that had detected many flaws in his character, which would have been unnoticed by a less interested observer.

Although Henri had made known to Julia his long cherished hopes with regard to herself; and had been deliberately rejected, he was unwilling to see her trust her happiness to the keeping of one, who, he believed, loved self too supremely to make the slightest sacrifice for her sake. He resolved to make an effort to prevent it, and accordingly sought his cousin, and made known to her his fears respecting Dr. Percy.

"What reason have you, Cousin Henri, for believing Dr. Percy selfish?" inquired Julia.

"My reason is, Julia," replied Henri, "that he lives for himself, and for his own enjoyment. He has wealth, talents, influence. Does he dispense any portion of his wealth for the benefit of the poor or afflicted? Does he employ his talents for any useful purpose? Is the weight of his influence thrown into the scale of virtue and religion?"

"Why, certainly," rejoined she, with considerable animation, "it is not thrown into the scale of vice. Dr. Percy is a moral man. Can you convict him of vicious practices?"

"I cannot," said he, "but you well know, Julia, that *you* have heard him covertly assail the doctrines of Christianity; and *I* have heard him openly ridicule its most solemn ordinances. I believe he is at heart an infidel; and if his *morality* has no stronger basis than his own interest, or the approbation of the world, it will not withstand temptation, nor bear the weight of affliction, It will fall, and my dear cousin's happiness will be buried in its ruins."

"Why, upon my word, coz, you talk like a parson; when do you expect to go into orders?" replied Julia, a little sarcastically.

"But seriously," pursued she, "I think you look altogether on the dark side of the picture. I fear no such terrible wreck of my happiness as you portray." And with an intimation that she did not wish to hear anything more on that subject, she left Henri, saying, "that it was time to dress for the party," which she was to attend that evening.

She went: and was the gayest of the gay. And in the enjoyment of the pleasant society; the dance she loved so well; and the exhilirating music, every trace of Henri's warning was obliterated from her mind. Again the early foliage was thrown out to the balmy breeze; again the earth was carpeted with her rich green verdure, besprinkled with the fragrant young flowers, those delicate tokens of our Creator's benevolence. Henri, always an admirer of nature, more than ever enjoyed these beauties as he wandered through his uncle's domain, perhaps for the last time. He had resolved to absent himself, at least until his feelings should in some degree recover from the wounds inflicted on them. Mr. St. Leger, not aware of Henri's severe disappointment, insisted on his being present at Julia's approaching nuptials; but he could not be persuaded to remain; and bidding them an affectionate farewell, he sought the busy haunts of men for the purpose of engaging in some useful pursuit. He firmly believed that a reckoning would eventually come, in which he must account for the stewardship entrusted to him; and that his trials and disappointments, be they what they might, would not be received as an excuse for the non-performance of the duties assigned him.

On the last day of May, Bellevue was all commotion. Active preparations seemed to be making in every quarter for some important event. That event was the marriage of Dr. Percy and Julia St. Leger. Everybody, that was anybody at all, had received an invitation to the wedding; and everybody that was invited was preparing to attend. The oldest inhabitant was unable to recollect any similar event that had interested every one so greatly; and so extensive and magnificent were the preparations for this affair, that it promised to mark an era in the chronicles of Bellevue. Dr. Percy on this auspicious day was more bland, more urbane, if possible, than ever. He was highly elated with his success, and considered himself fortune's first favorite. At Mr. St. Leger's mansion all was bustle, all excitement until the arrangements were completed—when Mrs. St. Leger repaired to her splendidly furnished rooms to receive her expected guests. Carriage after carriage rolled up the spacious avenue, deposited its happy occupants, and retired to make room for a fresh arrival.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Lewis travelled but slowly for a few days in consequence of Helen's ill health. But as they journeyed on, there was a visible improvement in both body and mind. She gradually evinced more interest in the country through which she passed; was more easily drawn into conversation with the various persons she encountered in her route; and recovered a portion of her long-lost relish for the beauties of nature. Mr. Ashton's name had not been mentioned since their departure from home; and as if by common consent, no allusion was made to any circumstance that would remind Helen of her unfortunate situation.

By the last day of May they had made considerable progress in their journey; and Mrs. Lewis remarked, that if Helen thought she could bear it; they would henceforth proceed more rapidly than they had done." She looked at Helen, expecting a reply, and found her weeping bitterly; but apparently struggling to suppress her emotion.

"What is the matter, my dear child, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Lewis, with all the mother's anxious concern in her voice and countenance.

"Oh! mother," said she, "do you not recollect that this is the last day of May? This day, one year ago, Mr. Ashton left me in Charleston. Dear mother, you never can know what I suffer from this terrible suspense. Could I know certainly what his fate was I could be more resigned, but this incertitude is harder to bear than the darkest reality." Mrs. Lewis though:

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differently, but she expressed no opinion on the subject.

She administered all the consolation in her power to her distressed daughter, and strove to divert her thoughts from the channel into which they were flowing; she partially succeeded, and by the afternoon had the satisfaction of seeing her agitation comparatively calmed. As the shadows of evening were deepening around them, the driver stopped his horses and said he thought he had taken the wrong road, as he was going too much to the North for their route. Mrs. Lewis directed him to proceed, as it was then too late to turn back, and ordered him to call at the next house, for she perceived Helen was too much fatigued to go any further that night. He presently turned into the avenue leading to Mr. St. Leger's. Mrs. Lewis surmised from the appearances around her, that a large company was assembling, and hesitated about remaining, knowing that the mirth and gaiety of a large party would be distasteful to Helen, who declared she should prefer travelling five miles further, to spending the night amid so much confusion. Mr. St. Leger had noticed from a window near which he was sitting in conversation with some of his friends, the arrival of a travelling carriage, and immediately went out. Edward briefly related to him their situation, and inquired the distance to the first house. But the hospitable old gentleman would have no excuse, would take no denial; pleasantly saying, "that he permitted no one to leave his house after sundown at any time; and on this occasion especially he could not think of such a thing; for," continued he, "my only daughter is to be married this evening, and I wish your young companions to rejoice with us—though we are strangers at present, we must not continue so." Mrs. Lewis replied, "that her daughter was too much fatigued and indisposed to enjoy any thing but repose." Mr. St. Leger readily promised to have a room prepared for her remote from the noise, as soon as she had supped with the bridal party. For like a true Southerner he conceived that he had but half discharged the duties of hospitality if his guests had not partaken of the bounties of his table.

The travellers alighted, and were received by Mrs. St. Leger with as hearty a welcome as if they had been friends of many years standing. After having attired themselves suitably for the occasion, they were ushered by their attentive hostess into a splendid saloon now rapidly filling with guests. As Helen made her way to a seat she was an object of general attention. Her dignified but graceful carriage, her face so sweetly sad, and the melancholy, but gentle expression of her large, dark eye, created for her an interest in the heart of all who beheld her. Ere long the venerable minister took his stand in the centre of the room, and the crowd receded and left a space for the nuptial party. As they entered the apartment and placed themselves before the man of God; Helen, with unwonted energy rose from her seat, and forced her way through the throng till she came just before them; and with a heart-piercing shriek sunk to the floor pale and lifeless. Dr. Percy uttered a horrid imprecation; staggered forward; reeled, and fell with a torrent of blood gushing from his lips.

The confusion and astonishment that prevailed, as Mrs. Lewis simply stated her daughter's connection with Dr. Percy as Charles Ashton, the *Missionary*, defies description. Dr. Percy or Charles Ashton (for none ever knew his true name) was borne to a chamber, where everything was done for his relief that medical skill could devise; but his malady was beyond the reach of medicine. The cup of his iniquities was full: and that holy God, whose name he had so often hypocritically proclaimed, had summoned him to his bar to receive a just retribution. He spoke no word; he revealed not his motives of action; he expressed no regret, no fear, no hope; and ere the morning dawned he was numbered with the dead. The means resorted to for Helen's resuscitation were successful, but life was slowly ebbing away. She lingered on the confines of time, as if to prove to those around her that the trials of life could only destroy the mortality. The immortal spirit exulted at the prospect of its speedy liberation, and gazed with ecstatic delight at the unfading crown held forth by Him, who perfects the soul through suffering. Though still imprisoned by its house of clay, it seemed to hold converse with ministering angels, and receive a portion of their angelic sweetness by the communion. At length the welcome release came. She died as only the Christian can die—triumphing in the faith that lays hold of the promise, He that believeth on me, though he were dead; yet shall he live. The lessons the stricken Julia had learned in Helen's chamber had a most salutary influence on her heart and life. "Earthly toys" could not satisfy the cravings of her wounded spirit. She sought and obtained the "pearl of great price;" and was henceforth a minister to the poor, the afflicted, the distressed wherever she found them. No sacrifice was too great for the happiness of others. No labor of love was too difficult. Her patience was unwearied in instructing the ignorant and erring, and in pointing them to "wisdom's paths," to the pleasantness of which she could abundantly testify; for in them she had found a peace which was not of the world.

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THE OPEN HAND.
BY A. J. WHITTAKER.
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pg. 0_001

THE OPEN HAND.

BY A. J. WHITTAKER.

"How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng,
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along."

"For the love of Heaven, good friend, a penny," said a feeble beggar, one bitter night, to a wealthy merchant in Chestnut street. But the proud man, wrapping his rich mantle about him, turned scornfully away: and the beggar passed on.

You would scarcely have noticed the scene, yet there was in it a whole history of life: the calm, unfeeling coldness of an inhuman apathy, and the great agony of a breaking heart. The one went to his lordly home, where music and gladness, and the bright faces of his happy children were around the hearth-stone: the other tottered along with trembling steps to the wretched hovel, where his pale-faced wife awaited his return. The light flashed forth from the rich man's mansion; but the beggar's home was desolate.

Follow now and tell me which of the two was blessed above the other; the one in his wealth, or the other in his rags!

Through the whole of that weary night, did the beggar and his wife sit musing over the past, and looking for some light in the future. Above, around them, on *all* sides they beheld nothing but the gloom which no ray might penetrate; nothing but the impenetrable obscurity which is ever resting upon the wretched and the outcast. For God knows, God knows if *we* do not, that at all times, even at this moment, in many a desolate home, by many a cheerless hearth, there are strong men bowed beneath the weight of an overwhelming despair; trembling women, pining away in their great despondency; and bright-eyed little children growing pale and ghastly from the want of bread!

God knows, God knows, that even upon our neighbors and our friends, possibly upon the one next door, there is resting the cold, relentless hand of poverty, that poverty of which we can form no true conception, until we shall find ourselves bending like them over the last dead ember, and famishing like them for food.

God knows that in the crowded city thousands die and are buried without an epitaph, whose path through life was one of sorrow, who struggled on, and struggled on, bravely perhaps and cheerfully, and yet never came up from the darkness about them, but died of a weary heart.

Could we but enter into the homes so near us; go, like the angels, into every haunt of wo and grief, and touch the lips of the wretched ones gathered there, what tales of agony should we hear. One would tell us sweet dreams of his sinless boyhood; tell us how he started in life, all gladly and gaily, and with no fear of the unknown future; how, for a time, the breeze was fair, and the sky blue, and the ocean calm, and with his flag thrown out upon the gale, he sped along bravely and rapidly, until his voyage was nearly over, when, just as he caught sight of the desired port; saw its temples and spires glittering in the sunlight; heard the music of the harp, and the voices of the singers wafted from its streets—just as the last billow was bearing him in upon its bosom to his destined anchorage—just then, just then, alas! alas! the storm came down and the billow dashed him back, and the rudder gave way, and his gallant vessel was carried out again, all crushed and broken, a thousand leagues into the angry sea. He would tell us, perhaps, how *that* storm passed by, and the sun shone out as brightly as before, and the sea became calm again, and that once more with the blue sky above him he sped along toward the haven. But again the storm came down, and again, and again, until at length his brave and beautiful barque was thrown high up upon the rocky reef, and left, a solitary hulk, to moulder in the sun.

Another would tell his tale of love. How the sweet being whom he worshipped, the idol to which his yearning heart gave homage, loved him and blessed him for many a long and pleasant year; but that before long her cheek grew pale, and her eye dim; and that now his only solace in life is to go at the

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twilight hour, and bending above the grave where she lies sleeping in death, hold communion with her spirit, and pray to meet her again in the silent land.

Still another, an old and feeble man leaning upon his staff, would tell, perhaps, the saddest tale of all—that of a boyhood unblessed, of a manhood wasted, of an old age comfortless and wretched. He would tell that from his youth up, as the days and weeks and months passed slowly on, the gloom had deepened, and the guiding star gone out, and that now he was only waiting God's good time that he might depart and be at rest.

Such suffering ones are all around us. Such tales of wo have come so often to our ears that—God forgive us—we pass them by unheeded, and leave the starving to their untold agony, even as the rich man did.

Through the whole of that long and dreary night, as we have said, the beggar and his wife sat musing thoughtfully, sometimes cheering each other with words of hope, then again giving away to tears; at one time lured into forgetfulness of the sorrow, at another, utterly desolate as the full sense of their situation burst upon them. A vision of the past came over them, and in its light they looked again upon the pleasant memories of old, and heard again the love-legends of their native valley. Once more the woodbine wreathed the cottage window, and through its leaves the checkered light stole gently in upon their home of joy. Once more the rose was shedding around its rich fragrance, and the meek lily bowed in the summer breeze; and as the lily bowed without, and the light stole calmly in, they heard the prattle of their child, and were blessed.

But suddenly, amid their dreams, there came a ghastly phantom form—the spectre of their present and most woful poverty. How it followed and haunted and cursed them, peering into their very faces, driving the warm blood back again to their hearts, reminding them that the cottage was deserted, and the window broken in, and the woodbine blasted, and the rose withered, and the lily trodden down, and their sweet babe lying cold and lonely in its little grave.

Thus passed the solitary vigil—and as the gray light came stealing through the casement, the beggar starting up imprinted a kiss upon the pale brow of his wife, and went hastily forth into the silent street, with the spirit of a stern resolve upon him.

Come now, with me to the home of the man who had so scornfully refused him a pittance in the hour of his extreme necessity. Come sit by the fireside and see the red light flash back from the polished furniture; look upon all the gorgeous appliances of wealth and ease; listen to the sweet music, breathe the perfume flung out from unseen censers, behold all that unbounded wealth can purchase—then judge whether, with all his gold, God's blessing rested upon that proud and heartless man.

The next morning his magnificent coach bore him away to his counting-room. As he passed down the busy street, he caught sight for a moment of a man clothed in rags, yet knew not that it was the very one he had spurned from him the night before. Again, as he stood at his desk, that form went by the window—and again, and again, until at length it became a familiar sight to see that same forsaken, sorrowful man go past to his humble, daily toil. Before long the merchant could perceive that his rags had given place to better clothing, and his look of sorrow changed to one of joy and thankfulness—yet all the while he knew not the friendless beggar.

Meantime a change had taken place in his own fortunes. Silently, but surely day after day his wealth was leaving him. His ships were lost at sea—the banks failed—his speculations were unfortunate, and ruin looked him in the face. The curse had come!

Years passed away, when one winter night, but a few weeks since, a beggar stood again at the door of that proud dwelling, and was admitted, and clothed, and fed, and rendered comfortable. By some strange magic a most wonderful change had been wrought. The door which for so long a time had been closed to every form of human want; which had a thousand times denied admittance to the wretched and the outcast, was now thrown open to welcome and assist them. They were greeted warmly and cheerfully, and the best robes were put upon them, and every desponding man, and sad woman, and forsaken little child, as they crossed the threshold, prayed for a benison upon that house and its occupant.

The miserable man who now stood there asking alms had stood there before, but not as a suppliant; had looked around upon the lofty walls a thousand times, but not with his present tearful gaze. He was once the owner of that stately mansion, within which he now so humbly bent for bread: and the man to whom his urgent appeal was made, was the very man from whom in the day of his prosperity he had turned so carelessly away. Their circumstances had changed. God's blessing had gone forth with him whom men would not assist. God's curse attended him who left his fellow man to die.

And thus it is forever. Say what we will, deny it as we please, the blessing of God *does* rest upon the charitable: the curse of God *does* follow the unfeeling. The bond of brotherhood may not be broken.

So Heaven help us, now and ever, to bear the burdens of the poor—and do it joyfully. For so shall thousands look up from their wretchedness, and thank God for the angels he has sent—the cheerful heart—THE OPEN HAND.

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THE ORPHAN.: TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
BY E. A. ATLEE, M. D.
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THE ORPHAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY E. A. ATLEE, M. D.

In the year 1833 there lived in the Rue Rochechourt a banker, who had a reputation for probity and intelligence, and knew of no rival either in Paris or in the departments. This person called himself John Delannoy. His fortune was thought to be immense, for all the business transacted by him during twenty years of his life had been prosperous, and as he was nobly generous, his purse being never closed against the miseries of the virtues, John Delannoy enjoyed altogether an honest contentment.

The crisis which—thanks to the panic either feigned or real, and to the scandalous speculations rashly engaged in, both against destiny and the public liberties—followed the revolution in 1830, and hastened the ruin of a crowd of petty traders: this crisis inflicted a severe blow on the prosperity of M. Delannoy, because the banker had always made it a duty to take into partnership his clerks and operatives whom he judged sufficiently capable; thus there was no temerity on his part in visiting their establishment. But now, in the midst of the general commotion, some of the houses in connection with him were on the verge of stopping payment. The necessity to assist them was a great drawback to the honest banker.

Meanwhile though the tempest was violent, M. Delannoy did not despair, and by force of activity, perseverance and fortitude, he doubtless would have re-instated the house which his intelligence had for twenty years rendered illustrious. Death, however, did not permit him to recover his wasted fortune. In the month of September, 1836, he died suddenly, with the grief of leaving behind him an orphan daughter.

Pauline Delannoy was seventeen years of age—a time of life when for a young lady the support of a father, the tenderness of a mother, are at once delightful and necessary. Alas! Pauline had never known her mother, who died in giving her birth. And now her father was suddenly taken from her.

Whoever saw Pauline could not avoid being impressed with profound pity for the child, who thenceforth betook herself alone to a path of life where the greatest energies are wasted, the noblest hearts have succumbed. Whoever beheld the maiden in her touching paleness, with her blue eyes of sweetness that would penetrate the soul, her mouth smiling even in melancholy, her hair black as ebony, falling smooth and glossy on her fair cheeks, her languishing gait, her frail form, which a breath of wind would seem to break: would involuntarily exclaim—"poor flower! the storm has prostrated thee."

Still under this apparent debility she had a heart firm and resolute. Pauline inherited her father's energy. Seeing herself left alone, she was conscious that if she yielded to grief, her grief would break her down. She, therefore, roused herself and dried up her tears. The first duty imposed on herself was to preserve the name of her father unsullied.

Her resolution was promptly taken. The moveables of M. Delannoy, without being sumptuous, were considerable. But had Pauline no jewels, no cashmires? Had she not a piano, that piano at which she delighted to soothe her anxieties and sorrows, and fan her girlish hopes? The noble girl decided that she would dispose of all these treasures at auction—would pay no regard to riches or finery in dress, and was solicitous only to preserve her father's name, the jewel hitherto so radiant and unsullied.

Very soon came the fatal day!

Pauline did not intend to leave her father's house. Unwilling that her sacrifice should be incomplete, she thought to drink the chalice to the dregs. Therefore a few days afterward, braving the cruel Parisian custom which prohibits females from publicly paying the last duties to those whom they love; she accompanied on foot the paternal coffin to the Champ du Repos; and after religion and friendship had performed their duties, she had the sublime fortitude to remain alone, kneeling at the side of the open grave, mingling her tears with her prayers, until the sexton had finished his heart-rending task; so that she might be the last to bid a tender adieu to him who was no more. She thought it her duty not to desert that roof, fraught with such sacred recollections, lest they should be dissipated, and that they might ever be the silent witnesses of her past happiness.

But she presumed too much on her fortitude—the sainted sufferer! Hardly had the purchasers entered the mansion; hardly was the voice of the crier heard ere unmeasurable grief seized poor Pauline. Her mind wandered, it seemed to her that at the vendue just begun, her most mysterious joys, her purest affections, the kisses which her father had lavished on her, the ravishing words of love that had charmed her infancy, the cherished name of her mother, ever honored with the pious worship of which her heart was the altar; her inmost thoughts, which she spoke to God alone: all—all were brought to auction. It seemed to her that they were selling every drop of her blood, dividing her body, demanding her life; her very soul the infamous purchasers wished to have for their money. Shuddering with shame and despair, she covered her face with her hands to avoid the hideous spectacle which she had supposed herself able to contemplate face to face.

In addition, the rending and deep emotions created by the disorder and confusion that insolently intruded

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themselves, where, but yesterday, reigned order and elegance. To see the books spread at random, taken up and thrown down by the hand of indifference; vestments scattered here and there, still warm from the body that they had but lately covered; the moveables heaped one upon the other, in order that curiosity might be conveniently gratified; cupboards half empty, doors wide open, permitting indiscreet gazers to penetrate the depths of those sacred recesses, where love of retirement solaced itself in rapturous leisure. It might be said that robbery, pestilence and fire had been there.

But no. There, where robbery, plague and fire have been, is the grave and silent crowd, engrossed by serious and sad musings. Here, on the contrary was noise and rejoicing, but such as shows itself by scandalous uproar, or explodes in gross jests, and in the pleasantries of a base rabble.

These honest speculators might well enjoy themselves, for they were calculating at sight all the benefits to be realized by their trickery, which custom had made indispensible, and which they suited to every occasion. At times they pretended they were paying the weight in gold for many articles, because they were buying them to be presented to a mother, a sister, a friend. Again they alleged that other articles were but silly trifles, nameless follies, fit only to be committed to the flames, while they were bidding for them to sell again, sure of a good price for their bargain.

They did not think of doing wrong, those artless and honest brokers, in depreciating the best they could: to say so would be a grievous affront to their eloquence while piously waiting on the voice of the auctioneer. They were not at all disconcerted when the orphan appeared in the midst of them, and it was in entire innocence that to her face they contributed largely from their well furnished arsenals, witty jokes of all calibres, to banter the superannuated *fauteuil*—the death-bed of the old gentleman.

Hark! they are come to buy the *fauteuil*, they therefore must depreciate it. In the same manner they will depreciate the ornaments of that family clock, the mahogany of that poetical cradle, the chasings of that antique cup—all quite plain. These honest merchants covet them all, it is, therefore, necessary for them to assume an air of contempt for what they desire. They must needs practice this farce to keep up their trade. I beg the reader not to be irritated in the least, for they are the best disposed men, most amiable neighbors, most admirable guardians of national morals, most virtuous fathers of families. But after all, they have no tenderness of heart, they are vendue brokers.

Now in the midst of this laughing, calculating band, appears a man of grave deportment and melancholy visage. He comes not as a purchaser. The buyers have no recollection of his countenance. With head uncovered and respectfully inclined, he seems to look with a regard full of pity around the mansion late so gay, and adorned with silken tapestry, now become mute as the tomb, and desolate as a ruin. Behold his visage moist with tears, which he attempts not to conceal. Be assured, honest merchants, the man comes not to take away your prey; he is not a competitor. He stops to make inquiry—what does he ask? Don't be alarmed, honest merchants, he has no wish for your rich effects, no pretension to your booty. What opens his haggard eyes, and calls forth his restless words, is, that all these valuables already belong to you, for you have paid—well paid for them in cash.

As to this man, have no anxiety on his account: he is not of your eminent rank. They are telling him that from the commencement of your sale Pauline has kept herself away, lost in despair and terror; they tell him that the fugitive was seen seeking an asylum in a chamber the most obscure, the narrowest and poorest in the house, which a father had found to be neither cheerful nor large enough, nor even rich enough for her, on whose account he had embellished it.

Soon as this is told the man he rushes forward, and with a hand respectfully timid, knocks at the orphan's door. Doubtless he is a friend, doubtless he knows that there will now be a sort of indescribable sympathy, sweeter and more powerful, a thousand times than all the common, false consolations. What think you to see in this common grief, honest merchants? Grief is not an article of sale, as I wish it. Then let this woman and man weep on, and do you continue to buy.

Pauline was seated on a *tabouret*, in an attitude of deep meditation. She seemed to have turned in upon herself. Her elbows resting on her knees, her head supported by her hand. Alas! how humbled at the feet of adversity! Her tears had ceased to flow, and from her eyes, which were frightfully fixed, there issued a look of flame. Her lips were blanched, the corners of her mouth nervously contracted, sinking with an admirable expression of anger and disdain. Motionless and pale, you might have taken her for an antique statue of grief, not only on account of the sorrow to which she resigned herself without conflict, but because though vanquished she resisted still.

Before the poor maiden the man cast himself on his knees. His exterior was of exquisite simplicity, his figure fine, for intelligence illuminated it with her noble rays. His broad and callous hands attested that his life was one of labor. On his forehead which care had furrowed with premature wrinkles, honesty had impressed her signet, and from his eyes of limpid gray emanated an ingenuous sensibility. You might at once perceive that beneath his broad breast was lodged a generous heart. Ere he spoke he compelled to softness a voice natually rough and strong; while inquietude in some degree deranged his phrases, but in those phrases, confused and without art, there was an honest loyalty.

"Be not alarmed, Mademoiselle Pauline, it is Pierre Champre, a friend, who comes to you that you may not be quite alone in your troubles. They are great, but you must not give way to them. You have acted the good girl, Mademoiselle Pauline. Your father had friends, you must have recourse to them. You don't wish to do so, you don't want to have it said that the daughter of Delannoy, the banker, was afraid, alone by herself, to maintain after her father's death that long-tried reputation for honesty which he so gloriously acquired, and preserved with more care

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than his life. This is well. Your father could not do a bad act. But how that you have nobly fulfilled your duty as a daughter, it is time to think of yourself, of the events in reserve for you. I see that you are thinking of them. This makes you so sad, is it not? Now you must not suffer yourself to be cast down; there will be no want of resources. Where your father has sown you may reap. It is a bad step on the pavement of Paris that won't find those who have money, and will be ready to give, I am very sure. How many a one is there at this day at the head of a beautiful shop, who, without your father, would have been nothing but a poor journeyman while he lived—if he could be said to live—day by day sickened with his ten hours work? Myself, for instance, was I worth a centime when your father, taking me by the hand, said, 'Pierre, you are twenty-five years of age, and do you never think of establishing yourself?' 'The thing is here,' I answered, 'to be established I need two things, money and credit, and have neither the one nor the other' 'I offer you both.' 'Mercy,' replied I, with an earnestness that made him smile, 'I can't borrow when I am not sure of being able to pay.' 'Mark well! I don't lend but upon solid mortgage.' 'A mortgage! I have nothing.' 'But the honorable name that you bear; the name of your honest father, Nicolas Champre, who was fifteen years my cashier, and during the fifteen years wished for no change of place, nor increase of salary; because he should not find himself any better off, he said, than to be just as he was, and that in his view his time, activity and intelligence were not worth more than the twelve hundred francs which he earned the first year of his entering my house. It is on the guaranty of this name that I will advance, without fear, the sum that may be needed. You are a carpenter, you know your business, have disposition and intelligence, you ought to prosper. Reckon from this day, I will have an account opened at my bank. Meanwhile go to work.' That was a fine proposition I accepted it with acknowledgments, went to work, and God and my arms assisted me. I have carpentered a little fortune of a hundred thousand francs, of which you will not refuse, I dare hope, to make such use as you may judge convenient, seeing that they are for you. Now if you are so wicked as to refuse, it will be telling me that in accepting the benefit from your father, I had not acted very honorable. But you are not wicked, so with that sweet little voice of yours you will have to say, 'Pierre, I don't wish to make you unhappy, I accept.'"

Pierre ceased, bowed, and, with heaving breast, awaited an answer. As Pauline made no reply, he gazed at her, and saw that while he had been speaking she had not changed her attitude. He examined her countenance, late so expressive, now so dull. He feared, but his fear gave him an excess of boldness, of which in circumstances altogether different, he would have been incapable. With his callous hands he took the delicate hands of the desolate one, and making use of the most tender terms that his heart could suggest, he besought, he supplicated her to say one word to him—but one.

Pauline remaining mute, a horrible light flashed through the mind of Pierre, and he exclaimed, "alas! all I have said about myself, and my father, and her father, has been of no avail." Tears inundated his brown visage while he remained on his knees a prey to the utmost despair. But suddenly rising—"those tears," said he, "do they not prove that I am no longer a man? I came to combat with misery, and find insanity. Well! on the faith of a man, I will overcome."

First of all he took pains to assure Pauline of the care and attention that her situation required. Pierre had a mother, a simple, plain woman, in a word, like her son. He wrote to her in haste as follows:

"Mother, she whom I came to see is more unhappy than we could have thought. Leave your affairs and mine, hasten to her, and when you arrive do not leave her an instant. Perhaps you may see me again to-night, perhaps to-morrow. During this short space of time be to her what you have always been to me—the best of mothers."

From this moment Pierre, certain of the eagerness with which his mother would fulfil his wishes, thought of nothing but realizing, as promptly as possible, a project of which he had formed the idea, and considering his intelligence and benevolence, I am sure the reader has guessed his aim: to endeavor to restore Pauline to reason.

But how could he best perform the cure? Should he send for a physician? Alas! insanity is one of those deeply mysterious things in which human science is lost. Insanity—it is the hand of the Creator laid heavily on the creature. When and how the displeasure of God may be appeased, God alone knows. May he aid poor Pierre!

When Pierre left the chamber where the orphan had found refuge, the auction—the occasion of the catastrophe that burst upon the head of Pauline—had closed. Only the purchasers had not yet dispersed. Each was preparing to take away his acquisitions. Pierre went in among them, and said, "when first I came, I thought like all the rest, to take part in the vendue, but not having done so, I wish now to have your concurrence in what I propose. Every one to his trade, yours is not mine. Nevertheless, I request a favor of you, a real service. Many of these moveables that you have been buying, and which are neither better no worse than so many other moveables daily exposed to sale, suit me. Let me have all that I select, and I will give you a premium of fifty per cent. Is this agreed to?"

One of the buyers commenced a homily on the times, the same that M. de la Pelisse invented, if indeed it be not as old as the world, viz: that the times are hard, honest people scarce, taxes very high, and patients very dull.

With a thundering voice Pierre interrupted the orator—"I have no time to lose; I think you have made a long speech, don't you think so yourself? My hearty service to you. I'll put my money into less greedy hands." So saying, he went out, but the vendue brokers, aware that their prey was escaping, regretted that they had not consented.

Pierre's task was, however, not half performed. He knew it, but was not discouraged, for he was one

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of those brisk and lively spirits, who without losing time in going round an obstacle, attack it in front and carry it by storm. A man of this temper says—"if it be difficult it can be done; if impossible, why let it alone."

Pierre knew that in Paris they make amends for the times by money, and as he did not too closely husband it, he stepped nimbly along. In less than two hours he fixed on the shop of an upholsterer who was master of his busines, and a man of taste, and who provided glasses, curtains, and suits of hangings. As to the other furniture it was under the direction, and by the personal attention of Pierre that they were put in place. I cannot relate with what earnestness and ardor, and with but slight appeal to his recollection, everything was disposed as in former times, so that Mademoiselle Pauline might forget the present, and believe that her past enjoyments had been restored. You would have admired to see him cautiously putting in their places the thousand little things that compose a lady's furniture, and which females alone know how to handle without breaking. With what respectful caution, though his rough hands had never before moved anything but heavy boards, he takes up, so to speak, without touching, the elegant trifles, the capricious *chinoiseries*, that inattentive brutality would have knocked about with impunity. Behold how he takes between his broad fingers, with the delicacy of a child, the favorite toilet of most slender and frail columns, encrusted with copper, mother-of-pearl and ebony! He forces himself to repress breathing for fear of breaking their structure, which he trembles—Hercules as he is—to see vanish into dust. Is not this a delicious sight!

At length all is complete, everything where it should be, and just in time, for Pauline descends from a carriage, supported by the mother of Pierre Champre. And now the trial commences: we shall now see if Pauline, whom grief had rendered insane, on seeing the sanctity of the paternal home subjected to base profanation; will recover her reason on finding intact and pure all the treasures of her childhood.

Pierre earnestly watched to discover in her fixed physiognomy some trace of emotion. Alas! Pauline saw without seeing. When spoken to she answered nothing. Pierre took her hand and led her to the piano—she suffered herself to be conducted, but did not notice it, her forehead still pale, her lips blanched as before, her eyes dry and inflamed. With her hands that wandered at random she elicited faint sounds, but the vibrations reached not her heart. All hope seemed now lost: Pierre bent his head with intense apprehension, and wept.

But ere long the countenance of the sufferer assumed a lively flush, her eyes seemed to revive, her bosom heaved, her mouth till now horribly contracted, relaxed itself in a smile of ineffable expression, and she exclaimed—"my father! my father!"

It was when she perceived the gothic *fauteuil* similar to that on which her father had given her his last look, his last blessing, his last kiss; it was this view that restored the happiness that she believed had fled forever.

Her friend, who worn out with despair, had forgotten himself in sleep, now awoke. Gradually she returned to life, gradually her eyes resumed their vision, her hands their touch, her understanding its perception, by degrees she noticed the bed, and all the riches to which she had bid farewell forever. All is remembered, all is comprehended; and in a voice interrupted by tears of joy, an accent stamped with sacred reminiscences, "Pierre," she exclaimed, "I would fain embrace you."

Pierre, intoxicated with happiness, fell on his knees with his hand on his heart, as if to keep the throbbings of affright from bursting his breast; and receive the chaste kiss of the orphan.

Such is the narrative which I gathered, the other day, from the mouth of Pierre Champre himself, now the happy husband of the charming Pauline, who appears to me rather foolishly fond of Pierre. "Happy folly," said she to me, with a smile, "I assure you it is incurable." God keep you, madam, for to be two and yet one, to have two loves blended in one only, ah! this is a happiness which angels themselves might envy!

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THE OUTCAST'S CHRISTMAS EVE.
BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.
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pg. 226

THE OUTCAST'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"No one but the sinner knows
What it means to be forgiven—
God of love!"—MARY HEWITT.

"THE poor—God help them!" said many a charitable heart, as the bleak, pitiless storm dashed against the windows.

Yet all should have been happy that day, all are supposed to be, for it was that which precedes the festival of the Christian world. Little children call it "merry Christmas"—but those who are thus carried back through a lapse of weary years, echo the phrase sorrowfully.

For two days the driving rain had been pouring down. Every street had become the channel for a turbid tide, that seemed almost impassable. The rotten awnings snapped and swayed in the bleak wind, or were severed from their fastenings entirely, and swept down all dripping and saturated with moisture into the faces of the passers by.

For some few had ventured forth braving the rain and wind. Men of business, well protected by numerous wrappings, hurried to the counting-house. Porters, accustomed to exposure, collected in little groups under the frail protection of a projecting door-way—and servant girls, with pails and baskets, tried in vain to use heavy umbrellas, which they bore as well. Near the market-house there was a scene of life and activity, that was presented in no other portion of the city.

There you met not solitary passengers, but a crowd who hurried and jostled each other as they passed. Most of them carried baskets well filled with holiday cheer; and more than one did not disdain to swing upon their arms the plump, delicate poultry just purchased. The market-house itself was in striking contrast to the dreariness of the street. The stalls were piled with all attainable delicacies of the season. There was nothing to bring to mind the lack of necessary food, from which many were that moment suffering. The well-kept vegetables and rosy apples, were suggestive only of comfortable houses, and children, with cheeks like the ripe fruit, not of little ones pale and shivering, who tortured their miserable parents with cries for bread.

As the day advanced, well dressed women were seen on the slippery side-walks, hastening to provide with their own care for the morrow's family gathering. Some had made other purchases as they passed the tempting shops, and painted toys and gaily dressed dolls were snugly packed in the butter-kettles, for once promoted from their legitimate use. Almost every one seemed in excellent spirits, despite the uncomfortable atmosphere. The market women gossiped with each other, or joked with their customers, who in turn had something pleasant to say. More than one Christmas greeting was exchanged in advance of the day, between those who remembered each other in the same relation—purchaser and vender—for many such anniversaries.

There was one who come suddenly upon the busy scene, who seemed to have no part in its animation, and for whom no one spoke a kindly wish. She was not old, though there were deep lines upon her face, and the sunken, hollow eyes did not seem a mark of youth. Alas! they were traces of want, shame and remorse, not of years. And they betokened the presence of illness—besides all these fearful companions—a deep and feebly resisted malady that was betrayed more plainly in the hollow, ringing cough that startled all who heard it with its sepulchral sound.

She had once been very beautiful, but you never would have dreamed it looking upon the sharp features, and watching the eager glances of those lustreless eyes. Those lips had once been full and crimson—those very eyes eloquent with hope and innocent happiness!

A faded hood was drawn closely about her face, and a thin shawl offered the semblance of a protection against the cold. This she had strained tightly about her arms, thus making more plainly visible the sharp outlines of a figure once graceful and elegant in its full proportions. Her dress, soiled and wet from the muddy streets, clung closely about her feet—and you might have seen that the shoes she wore were soaked and heavy with like moisture.

More than one shrunk at her approach—her story was so plainly told in the air of wretched langour that distinguished her. Some looked at her askance, as if she were a blot on God's creation, they were women too, who pitied suffering in any other form, but "had not charity" for one who had thus degraded their sex. Others more humble—and who perchance knew more of temptation and of want—said in the their hearts as did the good man of the dying criminal—"there go I, but for the grace of God!" and shuddered as they cast a merciful glance on the homeless creature.

She did not see them though; their disdain could not move her, and she did not thank them for kindlier thoughts. She had caught a glance of the Christmas evergreens that were piled near the entrance of the market-house, and she paused for a moment and watched the vender of them as he raised the heavy wreaths, and shook the moisture from the crimson berries with which they were studded.

Think you it was a vision of the comfortable homes they were destined to decorate, contrasted with her forlorn wanderings that caused the pale lips to quiver,

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and the look of pain to convulse her features? Was she picturing to herself the heavy curtains looped back by the fir branches, and the pictures encircled by fantastic wreaths? How little children would bask in the fire-light, and laugh merrily to see it dancing upon these festal decorations—and young maidens, whose white hands had finished their graceful task, smiled to her it admired.

No—there were no such thoughts as these, for she had forgotten that the hum of a city surrounded her. A village church rose before her eyes, with its quaint, homely architecture, made beautiful by hallowed associations. She saw a plain of pure white snow stretching out in the sunshine—and was once more one of the merry group that hurried up the well-worn footpath. They had come with willing hands to speed the labor of love, and prepare the little church for the approaching festival. There was a dim recollection of a frank, boyish face looking down into her own, and that she had returned the glance with a smile that was reflected there.

How had it all chanced! How came she to turn from that honest, heartfelt love, for the smiles and flatteries of one who was a stranger in their midst? How could she brave the anger of her father, and her mother's sorrowful look of entreaty, as she listened day after day to the promises and tempting words of the new comer? How could she have believed he would be true, when thus daily urging her to break that command which alone has a promise of reward: "honor thy father and mother!" This must be all *a dream*—was she ever so tenderly watched over? Alas! she had withdrawn herself from the fold—and the punishment of her disobedience was deception and desertion. It was the old tale of a downward path. Some faint struggles to return to a purer life: some fearful tempests of remorse, and then a wild, headlong career of vice and infamy. Goaded by want—stung by the recollection of what she had once been, too often drowned for the moment by the stupor of intoxication—and then followed by a reckless desperation, without thought, end, or aim.

All these transitions were the lapse of a few, very few years. She was not one to suffer calmly—she did not grow hardened until she saw that there was no escape. Once there had been a time when she might have been led to paths of peace—but one of her own sex scorned the erring Magdalene, and by bitter reproach drove her back to infamy. There was no home in our city then as now, for those who are weary of wandering, none to assist them by kind words, and hopeful promptings of future expiation. So illness came, and found her hold on life was even then very frail.

She had wandered on, passing street after street without knowing whither her footsteps tended—while she strove to re-call the past. Every recollection tortured her—but she invited the pangs—anything, anything rather than the hopeless, sullen stupor in which she had passed many days! True, her wanderings had no aim, for she was homeless. The last night, dreary as it had been, was passed in a wretched shelter, for which she had expended her last farthing, and now with this new influence upon her, she shrank from the thoughts of a return to the coarse brutality and loathsome poverty she must there witness.

The short, dark day drew to a close, and found her still exposed to the pitiless storm. The fury of the wind had abated at noon, but the rain still continued in those fine, misty showers, that penetrate the most secure defences. Her weary limbs almost trembled with fatigue. She had eaten nothing through the day, and had been wandering since the earliest light. Her thin dress, saturated with moisture, clung around her with the chill closeness of a winding sheet—and her tired feet seemed to have lost even the sensation of fatigue in the numbness the last hour had brought.

A low, far-off tone of church-bells unconsciously guided her. She had reached the church now, and vaguely wondered why they were ringing. A few plainly dressed people passed in through the low portal, and scarcely comprehending her own movements, she followed them to the door-way. She had not entered a church for many years, a feeling of the pollution of her own presence had restrained her the few times she had been prompted to do so. Now she lingered upon the stone pavement, and wished she could dare to cross the threshold.

A fierce blast sent down a shower of icy drops from the trees that bent over the many graves around her. Oh! how often she had wished to sleep the sleep of death. Above her was a wild, dark sky—the night closing in a tempest, deserted streets stretched away in the twilight, and in all those thousand homes there was no place for her. Should she enter?

"How warm and comfortable it must be there," she thought, as the light shone faintly through the stained glass of the long windows. She resolved to pass the portal—and then she thought to creep away into some dark corner, where no one would know of her presence.

It was done. No one saw that ghastly figure glide through a dark aisle, and throw herself exhausted upon the floor of the nearest open pew. The scattered congregation were repeating the solemn confession of sin, which night and morning arose from thence to Heaven. None thought of the burden of guilt and misery so suddenly come in their midst, as they murmured humbly—"we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep."

It fell upon her ear, and mingled with the recollections that had haunted her through the day. She tried to listen to the prayers which followed, but it was in vain. Every event of her past life seemed arrayed before her. How she had once come surrounded by a happy family to listen to this very service. She could almost feel the soft breath of her little sister play upon her cheek as they knelt side by side. Could that sister have forgotten her?

She hoped so. There was a strange pleasure in picturing them all happy, without a single remembrance of the one who had gone out from their midst. But then her mother's face arose, with that serene, sorrowful expression she so well remembered, and she would have prayed for forgiveness, but the phantom vanished.

What brought a thought of the future life with her mother's image? There was nothing in the psalm

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they were alternately repeating which spoke of another world. It was a hymn of thanksgiving and praise, but she had not even heard it. Perhaps there was a memory of looking up into her mother's face when first she heard the truths of the Bible explained, so that she could understand the mystery of the Saviour's Redemption.

Until this moment she had thought of death only as as a relief—but now she shuddered, as a voice near her said—"the life of the world to come." These too were familiar words—but till now she had never felt their meaning. What could eternity bring to her who had so fearfully misused the present existence?

One sin after another came slowly to her mind. Scarcely a crime forbidden but her soul was polluted by the commission of. An agony of remorse shook her feeble frame, and she did not hear that the blessing had been pronounced, and the congregation were slowly departing.

The choir still remained, they were rehearsing the chants to be used in the next morning's joyful services. One strain was repeated again and again, until it was echoed back from the lofty roof—"*I bring you good tidings of great joy*"—a single female voice in rich, contra-alto tones, dwelt with an indescribable pathos on the words—then followed a subdued chant, and the full, swelling chorus took up the strain and sung—

"*Glory to God in the highest—and on earth peace, good-will toward men.*"

The organ's loudest tones arose triumphantly, and the whole church seemed to tremble at the thrilling surge of sound. Then it died away in a plaintive minor, followed by a deep silence.

The lights were slowly extinguished. Still the wanderer moved not, nor seemed conscious that she would be the sole tenant of the dark, echoing church through the lonely night. Her head rested languidly upon her arm, and her pale lips murmured—"we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep."

Her eyes were fixed steadfastly, as if they could penetrate the darkness. Then a dull, heavy stupor settled upon her. Ah, sleep is even a blessing to the weary, and she welcomed its approach. Deeper and deeper grew the stillness—colder, and more terrible the pallor that settled upon the wan and haggard face.

Morning came. Bright, joyous Christmas morning. The chimes were peeling merrily, and the sunshine streamed in upon the crimson cushions, and costly decorations of the church, as the old sexton paced down the broad aisles, glancing here and there to see that all was in readiness.

He paused to fasten the door of one of the most luxurious seats—Heavens! no wonder that he grew pallid, and that his knees smote together as he looked on the dead before him.

It was the corpse of a woman worn and emaciated, but still young. Her long, black hair was unbound, and falling in a heavy mass on one side of the rigid face, which rested upon her arm. There was no token by which he could guess her birth—even her name was forever a mystery to the horror-stricken old man. They bore her carefully away—for there is ever a reverence mingled with the awe men feel in the presence of the dead.

Scarcely an hour after, and a crowd with happy faces, oh! such a strange contrast, filled the house of God. None knew that the last scene of a fearful tragedy had so recently passed in those very walls. Among them came a proud, noble-looking man, who led his children by the hand, and knelt with his beautiful wife on the very spot from which the wanderer had so lately been borne. How would his lips have paled and trembled in the confession had he known that the victim of his base deception and false love, had a few hours before breathed out her life where his heartless worship was now offered.

So, strangely had a mysterious Providence ordered the end. And who shall say that her fault was not expiated? Who can tell but that He who bade the penitant Magdalene, "go in peace and sin no more," accepted the last remorse—the low acknowledgment of that broken-heart—"we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep!"

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THE SEAMSTRESS.
BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); May 1849; VOL. XV., No. 5.; American Periodicals
pg. 157

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush,
But to have her garment brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broidery in,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And, in midnight's chill and murk,
Stitched her life into the work,
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE clock had struck midnight, yet still the seamstress toiled on, though her fingers were long since weary, and her heart sad almost unto death. Her candle flickered low in its socket, and at last flared up as if about to go out; she rose and lit another, and still toiled on. The sleet drove against the window pane, rattling like shot upon the frosty glass, and the step of the sleepy watchman without was the sole sound that echoed in the street: the whole city lay dumb; yet still she toiled on. She had a piece of work which it was necessary to finish by the next day, and so, though hungry, and sick, and spiritless, she was forced to toil on.

The tread of the watchman grew fainter; the tempest deepened; and at last the hour of one struck. The scanty fire, which had warmed that miserable apartment, had expired two hours before, and cold chills began to steal over the thinly clad inhabitant. She cast a wistful glance at the dead embers on the hearth, turned over her work to see how much remained, and sighing heavily, resumed her needle. And thus, hour after hour that lonely and friendless orphan, toiled on.

Left fatherless and motherless she tried to keep up a brave heart, and, as long as her health lasted, had succeeded. But her incessant labors gradually undermined her strength. Her constitution, overtasked, gave way. She became thin and pale; and sometimes was troubled with a hectic cough. The severe winter, finally, had brought on a temporary illness, during which her last penny had been exhausted; and it was not without great exertions, for work was scarce, that she had, on her recovery, obtained something to do. That which she had in hand was to be finished in an incredibly short time; but anything was better than starvation; and she had thankfully undertaken the task.

The night wore on. The storm raged fiercer and more icy: and the poor girl shivered now continually. Still the piece of work was far from finished. At last, tears began to fall on her lap, at first slowly and heavily like the first drops of a thunder shower, then faster and faster. Finally she sobbed convulsively. She could no longer sew; her emotion was too great: so she laid down her work, and gave free vent to weeping.

"Oh! Father in Heaven," she cried, lifting her clasped hands above, and looking upward with streaming eyes, "is there no relief from this? Must I still suffer, and struggle, in body and soul? Better I were dead. But no! no! that is a sinful wish. Teach me to say, 'thy will be done.'"

Renewed sobs choked her utterance, and burying her face in her hands, she wept with a violence that shook the frail chair in which she was sitting. At last the tempest of her grief gradually died away; her sobs grew less and less frequent; and, finally, were heard only at intervals, like those of a child which has cried itself to sleep. Exhausted nature had given way. She slumbered.

And as she slept she dreamed. Oh! bless God for dreams. They come to the bed of care, and poverty, and anguish, soothing the worn-out struggler, and stringing the soul anew for the strife of the morrow. The rich and prosperous know not what the luxury of dreaming is. But, in dreams, the famished beggar sits at the full board; the bankrupt forgets his shame, and surrounds his wife and children once more with wealth; and the mourner beholds again the smile of the loved one, and clasps the wife, or daughter to his throbbing heart.

She dreamed. At first, however, her dream was not a pleasant one. The actual wove itself too much into the ideal; and her thoughts were still of cold, and hunger, and weariness. She fancied herself wandering over a wide common, which was covered with snow so deep that, at every step, she drew her breath with more and more difficulty. Yet she struggled on. At last she could stem the driving sleet and wade through the gathering drifts no longer; and, completely exhausted, she sank down against a bank.

As she thus dreamed, her head, which had rested between her hands on the back of her chair, fell over against the wall, and, in this easier position, she slept more peacefully. A smile gradually stole over her mild features. She started slightly occasionally, and murmured low words, like a child calling its mother in its slumbers. The storm, meantime, had ceased

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without, and the wind, lately so violent, now moaned low and plaintively; while the musical chaunt of the watchman crying, "three o'clock and a starlight morning," sounded sweet and cheerful after the roar of the spent tempest.

She was dreaming as she smiled. The waste of snow had disappeared, and the icy bank on which she leaned; and in their place a field of fragrant spring flowers opened before her sight, and she sat on a soft, mossy seat. The gurgling of waters, hurrying over pebbles, and the morning songs of birds were in her ears. The dew glittered among the grass, trembled on the leaf of the rose, or pattered to the earth with a low, musical sound as the breeze stirred the trees around her. A pleasant, but subdued radiance was over the whole landscape: and oh! how light and happy her heart felt.

Morning began to dawn, but still she slept—yes! blessed be God she slept. The gray dawn stole into the room, at first timidly, lingering at the window and nestling close around her form; but finally venturing further into the chamber, exploring every corner, and penetrating into each crevice as the morning advanced. It was now broad day. Bitter, bitter cold was it, even in that room; but the overwearied slumberer still slept on. She had dreamed again, and now she was happier than ever.

For, as she gazed around that beautiful landscape, the light had seemed to brighten; and she saw two figures approaching her hand in hand, whom she recognized immediately as her father and mother. She would have sprang to meet them, but an invincible, though delicious lassitude had stolen over her; and she waited till they came up. How her heart beat when she saw them suddenly behold her, and with a glad cry rush forward and clasp her in their arms. A smile of exquisite delight wreathed her lips as she thus dreamed: and in her sleep she looked like an angel.

The dawn brightened. The winter sun came forth, sharp and clear, and shooting into the room brought everything out distinctly. A ray lingering around the head of the sleeper and glittering on her hair, crowned her as with a halo of glory, and made her look even more beatified than before.

At this moment the door opened, and an old woman entered, followed by a boy. It was the keeper of the house, attended by the lad sent for the work.

"Hush!" said the woman, as soon as she saw her lodger. "Poor thing! she has sunk to sleep exhausted. It is a pity to wake her."

"Are you sure she is asleep?" said the boy, in a low, thrilling whisper, as, advancing into the room, he obtained a full look at her face. And he shrank back.

The woman started, looked wonderingly at the lad, and then, by a sudden impulse, crossed the room on tip-toe, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the sleeper.

But the next instant she drew it quickly away as if the touch had shot an ice-bolt to her heart.

"She is dead!" said the lad, awe-struck.

"She is with the angels—thank God," said the woman, bursting into tears. "I knew it would come to this, but did not think it would be so soon, or I might have saved her by sharing my own scant fire and crust with her. But yet, thank God!"

Yes! cold, and hunger, and weariness had done their work. Her prayer had been kindly answered, and she had found relief. The dream had passed into a reality; the re-union with her parents was not all a vision; but at what moment the ideal had changed into the real, and the freed soul "walked in Paradise," who can tell?

She had found relief. But there are others, almost, if not quite as destitute, who still struggle and struggle on. Is there no one to care for these?

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THE SPECTRE HORSEMAN.: A LEGEND OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
BY SAMUEL S. FISHER.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Mar 1849; VOL. XV., No. 3.; American Periodicals
pg. 110

THE SPECTRE HORSEMAN.

A LEGEND OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY SAMUEL S. FISHER.

On the summit of the far extending range of the Rocky Mountains runs an old Indian path, now frequently used by travellers in passing those lofty barriers which separate the valley of the Mississippi from that of the Columbia.

A few feet south of the highest point in the route, is the brink of a fearful precipice, which extends perpendicularly many hundred feet to a narrow but beautiful valley, traversed throughout its whole extent by a babbling brook. On the bank of this rivulet, between it and the stupendous wall of rock, stand two small mounds or Indian tombs, which are pointed out by the neighboring tribes as the "graves of the guilty lovers:" and in connection with which the following tale is told:

Who was so brave, so beloved by his tribe as "Swift Arrow?" His unconquerable spirit and never erring bow made him dreaded by his enemies; and his beautiful figure and excellence in athletic sports caused him to be almost idolized by his tribe. Many a pretty Indian maid sought by looks and words to give his heart a bias in her favor; but Swift Arrow had his own opinions on the subject, and arrogantly chose for his loved one her, for whom half the young braves of the tribe were languishing away. This one was the loveliest of the lovely. From her grace and activity she was called Ta-le-ka-no-mene, or the "Bounding Fawn," by her companions.

Unluckily, both Swift Arrow and his lady love were afflicted with a terrible fault. This was their ungovernable tempers, which were of such a nature as to lead them to inflict the most deadly revenge for a trifling injury.

"Owaha," or the "Melancholy One," was a young brave of the same tribe, bold as a lion in war, but melancholy and sorrowful in the wigwam; and on this account much shunned by his companions. He had seen the beautiful Bounding Fawn, and loved her passionately, but silently.

When this was discovered by Swift Arrow it aroused all the feelings of his revengeful and jealous nature, and he soon contracted a deep and lasting hatred toward the innocent Owaha. Not that he was in any fear of his proving a successful rival. But because he had presumed to love one upon whom *he* had placed his affections, did Swift Arrow hate him.

The Bounding Fawn was also angry by his ardent and burning gaze, which followed her wherever she moved; for being naturally of a lively turn of mind, the sadness of his looks displeased her, and she designated him by the contemptuous epithet of the "Crying Boy."

One evening the subject was introduced at a meeting of the lovers; and Swift Arrow feeling deeply insulted by the remarks of some of the young braves, who had taunted him on the prospect of Owaha's depriving him of the love of the Bounding Fawn, swore that at the first convenient opportunity, the Melancholy One should fall by his hand.

"And why does Swift Arrow wait for an opportunity? Is he afraid of Owaha that he must waylay him?" asked the Bounding Fawn, with a contemptuous sneer.

"By the Great Spirit he dies!" replied Swift Arrow, stung to the quick by the taunting tone in which the words were uttered.

"Yet," said he, after a moment's pause, "I cannot kill him in open day, for it was but two moons ago that he saved me from the terrible embrace of a panther; and so much ingratitude would disgrace me with the braves."

"Listen, Swift Arrow," answered the proud beauty. "You will go with him upon to-morrow's hunt—you will pass the mountain precipice—I say no more."

The young brave gave a significant look, showing that he understood the hint so darkly offered, and left the wigwam.

On the following day, Swift Arrow, for the first time, courted the society of Owaha, and accompanied him to the hunt with many demonstrations of friendship.

On the way they passed near the edge of the precipice, and Swift Arrow remembering the hint of the Bounding Fawn, struck the horse of his companion on the flank, with his hunting spear. The animal reared, plunged, and before he could be restrained, dashed over the brink. With a fearful cry horse and rider were hurled into the abyss below!

The body of the murdered Owaha was found at the foot of the precipice, where he had fallen; but no suspicion of the manner of his death arose; and all went on well with the *now* guilty lovers. The moment was fast approaching when they were to be united in wedlock; in fact they waited but for the return of Swift Arrow from an embassy to a neighboring tribe. It was near midnight when his party at length arrived at the fearful brink on their return home. Here they were astonished to meet the inhabitants of their village flying in terror from an invasion of a hostile tribe.

Swift Arrow soon sought the Bounding Fawn, and stood by her side, near the spot over which Owaha had been so treacherously hurled.

Suddenly she shrieked, and pointed to an approaching figure. It was a horseman clothed in white, mounted upon a steed of the same ghastly hue, coming toward them at a fearful pace. Both shrieked, for in the pale and livid face they recognized the features of the murdered Owaha.

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As his fierce charger approached them, they sprang backward—slipped—and were gone forever.

The Indians who point out the grave, tell you that ever at the hour of midnight the Spectre Horseman is seen pursuing two figures to the edge of the precipice, over which they throw themselves with an awful cry, which is responded to by the howl of the wolf, or the wild screech of the owl.

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THE TERMAGANT; OR, MR. CANDERS' LAST FISHING EXCURSION.: CHAPTER I.
BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.
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THE TERMAGANT;

OR, MR. CANDERS' LAST FISHING EXCURSION.

BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely day toward the first of June, and everything around looked as charming as possible, save the countenances of the two perplexed individuals whose sayings and doings are about to be brought forward in this public manner. The house was large and handsome, situated near one of the parks; you looked from the window on the soft, green turf and waving trees, among which played the gentle wind of early summer, heard the singing of birds, the glad shouts of happy childhood, and then turning your eyes on the piles of brick and stone, marveled to find yourself still in the city. Did you ever, during a voyage of discoveries in out-of-the-way places, pause before some old-fashioned looking corner house, whose side windows, in the form of a lozenge, were thickly draped with vines of the trumpet-creeper that almost concealed the brick walls, and dream all sorts of queer, wild dreams, in which old visions of childhood and memories of the past came thronging up and mingled themselves with pleasant fancies, that only had their rise in your own fertile imagination? There is something delightful in one of those old houses, when the crevices of the white pavement are filled up with grass, and on each side of the front door rises a mound with a handsome white urn in the centre, and little forget-me-nots, pansies, and verbenas blooming around. Who cares whether it is stylish or not? It has far more of a home look than one of those brown stone dungeons that grace the upper part of the city, where the very blinds are made to exclude the air breathed by the canaille from contaminating the refined atmosphere within, and the projecting entrance seems to be frowning one into good behavior.

Poor Mrs. Canders! how delighted she would have been to meet with such congenial sentiments. Nothing roused her ire so much as the "march of mind" in the present day; she clung to the past with a most tenacious grasp, and though the substance vanished rapidly, she managed to retain a few of the fragments. The outside of the house has already been described; and within everything was rich, expensive and comfortable withal—having that air of being used, which is now-a-days so rarely seen. A heavy sideboard, with carved legs, occupied one side of the room, and on it stood two massive silver pitchers, whose polished surface reflected every passing ray—while through the partly open door beneath came bright glimpses of the same burnished metal. The chairs were large, awkward and cumbrous; bearing undeniable marks of age and wear, for they had actually descended in a straight line from Mrs. Canders' great-grandmother, and offered a strong contrast to the very *new*-looking, old-fashioned chairs, which now-a-days seem to rain down from the clouds in such abundance—chairs that one might fancy the ghosts of past generations bending over in vain to discover well known marks and symptoms of decay, forming part and parcel of those recognized as *theirs*. There were pretty little work-tables and curious-looking boxes scattered about, there was a large glass frame filled with wax-work, which the old lady had made while at school; and the peaches and watermelons looked quite natural enough to justify—no, not to justify exactly, but in some degree to account for the atrocious juvenile attempt of Master Charles, the demure-looking young gentleman there—an attempt of which the poor peach bears the marks to this day. In one corner hung a large piece of embroidery framed, the colors of which were now somewhat faded—very natural, as one might suppose on glancing at the bottom, whereon was worked: "Eleanor Wigram, aged ten years," said Eleanor Wigram being none other than the identical old lady before us.

Mrs. Canders looks very dignified and comfortable, seated on the sofa with one of the little work-tables drawn up before her, for her sight is as good as ever, and she does not approve of idleness; but her eyes are now fixed on a handsome, gentlemanly-looking young man, who sits opposite, and appears embarrassed by his mother's protracted scrutiny—if one may judge by the interest which he takes in tracing the figure of the carpet with his cane. Neither had spoken for sometime; there was scarcely a sound to be heard save the low, humming kind of noise which tells of the great city around.

At length Mrs. Canders addressed her son, saying: "so, then, he appointed you, Charles, to break this wise resolution to me?"

But I have quite forgotten to state that Mrs. Canders was a widow of wealth and standing, in whose two sons, Charles and Herman, were centered all her hopes and ambition. Both had arrived at the years of discretion, and so far had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, that is, they dreamed not of a separate existence from that of their mother—she took the lead, and they followed; but now Herman had exhibited symptoms which at first almost made her doubt his sanity—in a word, he was about to take himself a wife. This fact Charles had just communicated, by particular request, as a piece of voluntary information on his part, but his mother seemed to think otherwise.

Mrs. Canders though was a very reasonable woman

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for one who had such unlimited command of wealth, and after a moment's reflection she added—

"This is rather unexpected, to be sure, as I have not thought about the matter, still I am very willing he should marry if this proposed connection appears desirable—if the object is worthy of his choice—a suitable companion for his mother in point of family and education." Mrs. Canders sometimes loved to hear herself talk, therefore she went on; "money, of course, would be no object with a Canders; Herman, though not a very wealthy man, has enough to support both in the style to which he has been accustomed; and yet this very consideration it is which renders me fearful of his being taken in—(Herman is easily influenced) married for his money—therefore it is desirable that the lady should be equal in point of fortune. Beauty is a thing which often causes people to commit very foolish acts—many a proud family has been mortified and humbled by some mis-alliance, the work of a pretty, vulgar face. (I hope Herman's choice is not of this description.) Yet he is easily dazzled, and your plain people are very apt to be cunning, making up with art for what nature has denied them—and I should be very sorry to have a fright of this description introduced into the family; therefore I hope that she is at least interesting in appearance, even pretty, for the Canders are all handsome. Good temper, of course, is an essential requisite, (I always hated your vixens) she should be quiet, lady-like, and refined, well-educated and accomplished, and I do not know that there is anything else I particularly care about. I am not hard to please, and with these qualifications I think Herman might be happy."

Mrs. Canders was very much given to preaching little sermons, either with or without a text as the case might happen; and Charles, on such occasions, always waited quietly and respectfully until she had concluded. In the present instance he merely replied—"Kate Serlton is the young lady who has taken possession of his heart."

"*Kate Serlton!*" almost screamed his mother, "that young termagant! You may well say taken possession," she added, "it is quite characteristic of all that I have heard of her. She has always ruled the family at home, and being tired, I suppose, of the same field of action, has unfortunately selected Herman as the victim of her domineering disposition. I should think, Charles," she continued, "that you were much better calculated for a wife of this description than Herman. I wonder that she did not take possession of *your* heart."

"*Me*, my dear mother!" rejoined Charles, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "I really must beg to be excused. Miss Serlton would probably be as much opposed to such an arrangement as myself."

"You do not like her then?" asked his mother, with a quick, inquiring glance, "this promises well for our future happiness in the connection."

"You misunderstand me, mother," replied Charles, unwilling to prejudice her against his brother's chosen bride, "a person is not to be blamed for not wishing his sister-in-law elect his own wife, instead of his brother's. Besides, I am in no hurry to marry at present."

"I consider Kate Serlton no match whatever for Herman," proceeded Mrs. Canders, "she is a totally different person from what I should recommend. For years I have heard of her as a reigning belle, therefore she will be flighty, careless, extravagant, and everything save what is desirable in a wife. I never liked large families, either, and you can almost count the Serltons by the dozens. And then she is such a complete termagant that poor Herman will have a very unhappy time of it. In this case he has not acted wisely. She will not have a cent, and looks too saucy to be even pretty—what could have attracted him?"

"She is no great favorite of mine," observed Charles, "for I prefer a more timid, retiring manner, and would much rather that Herman had never seen her; still she is very much admired for her spirit and beauty—her family is unexceptionable; and you mentioned, mother, that you did not value money in a connection of this kind. (He must have forgotten or misunderstood her saving clause.) His choice is by no means as objectionable as it might have been. Shall I tell him of your consent?"

"*Consent!*" repeated Mrs. Canders, while her eyes sparkled, and she looked as though very much inclined to refuse; but then in a more gentle tone she added—"I must see Herman first, and have a talk with him." She gathered up her work, and in passing from the room, observed—"you perceive, Charles, that this connection is by no means agreeable to me; when I have ever thought of a daughter-in-law at all, I pictured one who would be to me as an own daughter—one whom I could love without feeling any restraint; but as to this Miss Serlton, I know that we can never agree. Still, I shall talk with Herman, and if I find that his affections are unalterably fixed, I will not place obstacles in his way. I shall still have one son left—and upon you, Charles, I depend to maintain the honor of the family. Pray keep clear of the other Miss Serltons."

His mother was gone, and Charles turned to the window and gazed out upon the park. There was a half smile on his lips as he repeated to himself, "honor of the family," and as to the other Miss Serltons, he was hardly aware of their existence. Oh! if Kate could have but heard them—if she could but have imagined that there had actually been a conference as to whether she should be admitted into the family! *She*, the daughter of the Hon. Walter Serlton! Wouldn't it have been a scene! That afternoon Charles Canders heard the sound of voices for a long time in the front parlor; and when Herman finally made his appearance, his face wore an expression of rapture as he answered his brother's inquiring look with a nod and smile. He seized his hat, slammed the front door, and bent his steps toward the residence of Mr. Serlton. Mrs. Canders had done violence to her own feelings, the first time in the whole scope of her recollections, and took tea in her own apartment. Charles Canders had a solitary walk in the park, where he thought of violets, low cottages with sloping roofs, "and the honor of the family."

Kate, of course, had not the least suspicion of the manner in which her merits, or rather demerits, had

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been discussed by her mother and brother-in-law elect, and received her lover with the satisfied air of one who imagines that she is rather condescending than otherwise. She always did imagine so in any transaction whatever. Poor Herman, in the exuberance of his joy at having, after long urging, gained his mother's consent, almost divulged to his high-spirited lady-love the difficulty he had experienced in obtaining that consent. A quick, angry light flashed from the beautiful eyes, the graceful figure was proudly drawn up, and with the air of an empress she told him to explain himself. A somewhat embarrassed apology followed, in which Herman endeavored to set forth his mother's dread of parting with her son, and her first fear of a separate establishment. Kate bit her lip and made no reply, but firmly resolved that a separate establishment she would have after a very short visit to the family mansion.

Mrs. Canders, having concluded to make the best of what could not be helped, called upon her future daughter-in-law in all the glory of rich lace and fine leghorn. "Probably a visit of investigation," thought Kate, so with an amiable determination that the old lady should see the worst, she managed to display all her little brothers and sisters, (whose inexhaustible numbers filled Mrs. Canders with silent horror) talked large, with head thrown back, and eyes breathing a spirit of defiance—apparently quite indifferent whether her visitor staid or went.

"I wish you joy of your termagant, Herman," said Mrs. Canders, dropping as she spoke some sugar into the cream-pot, "I called there to-day, and looked in vain for the model of sweetness you described her. I saw only a bold, saucy-looking creature, who appeared angry with me for calling—I shall not trouble her again."

"You do not know Kate as well as I do, mother," replied the lover, with a smile that appeared to express a doubt of her clear-sightedness, "she always seems cold and proud to strangers, it is her way—but I am quite willing to risk these vixenish propensities of which you speak."

"*Her way!*" repeated Mrs. Canders, "I suppose if she turned you out of doors some stormy night, you would call it *her way*, as it probably will be."

Charles laughed outright, and Herman was compelled to smile at his mother's excited manner; but Mrs. Canders now let the subject drop, as though disdaining to pursue it further. The manner in which the wedding was to be conducted met with no less condemnation. The old lady had distinct visions of a wedding as weddings were in her time; when all the friends and relatives assembled at the house of the bride's father to witness the ceremony, after which the happy couple did not run away as though they were ashamed of what they had done, but enjoyed the amusements with as much zeal as any.

"Do not utter to me the word *fashionable* as an excuse," said Mrs. Canders, when Herman divulged their intention of proceeding from the church to the house, to receive calls of congratulation, after which they were to depart in the afternoon boat on their wedding trip. "For *fashionable* read *stinginess*," continued his mother, "it is only to save the trouble and expense of a wedding. Thank Heaven! things were rather different in *my* day."

Remonstrance, however, was of no use—the reins in this instance were not in his own hands; and in considerable terror for "the honor of the family," Mrs. Canders found herself seated in a front pew of the lofty church, awaiting the entrance of the bridal party. A buz of admiration caused her to turn hastily around, and the three bridesmaids advanced gracefully up the aisle, followed by the Hon. Walter Serlton, on whose arm leaned his daughter, with a timid, hesitating manner, that rendered her beauty still more beautiful. Very much in the style of a person doing penance by himself for some sin or other, the bridegroom followed close behind. A sweet, clear voice, that trembled slightly, repeated the words, "I, Catharine, take thee, Herman, for my wedded husband," and Mrs. Canders felt that her son had passed into other hands.

CHAPTER II.

The summer was passed at different watering-places, and in the autumn Mr. and Mrs. Herman Canders returned to spend a few weeks with the mother of the former. Before the visit was out, however, Mrs. Canders, senior, was quite as anxious for a separate establishment as Mrs. Canders, junior, and a pleasant house was taken in a fashionable part of the city. Kate had no patience with her mother-in-law's old-fashioned ways, and preferred moreover a residence where her own sway would be undisputed—Mrs. Canders being determined not to concede one inch of ground.

People all wondered why she had married Herman Canders. He was not particularly intellectual, nor fascinating in conversation, was far inferior to his brother in personal appearance, and though engaged in profitable business, possessed but a moderate private fortune. He was gentlemanly, pleasant-tempered, and devotedly attached to her; yet all were surprised that Kate Serlton, the beauty, the wit, and (shall I say it) the *vixen*, should like Herman Canders well enough to marry him. He was nothing in particular, while she everywhere shone resplendent—but there is no accounting for fancies.

Mrs. Canders had watched anxiously to discover signs of undue submission on the part of her son, but she could perceive nothing to justify such a supposition. Far from appearing to have the slightest intention of domineering over her husband, Mrs. Herman Canders invariably made him the first object of consideration; consulted all his whims, his likes, and dislikes, and actually on one occasion sent back a new Paris bonnet, which all acknowledged to be the most becoming thing she had ever put on her head, merely because Herman did not like feathers. Surely if this was not being a pattern wife, there is no such thing in existence. She seemed to exert herself to be eminently disagreeable to her husband's relations, and reserved all her sweetness for him, to show him how different she was from what they represented her. With Charles she scarcely put on the appearance of friendship; having misunderstood some words which

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happened to reach her ear, she became impressed with the conviction that he had been averse to his brother's marriage, and punished him accordingly with cutting looks and rude speeches—which, however, made very little impression on the culprit, he having speedily concluded that his mother had not been far wrong in her estimation of Miss Serlton.

Kate had gone to housekeeping, and quite rejoiced in her unlimited sway. She was the very quintessence of pride; proud of her family, proud of her husband, proud of herself; she was the Hon. Walter Serlton's daughter, Herman Canders' wife: who would dare to hint of a superior? even an equal? She had a glorious time of it all to herself; hitherto she had not had the whole house under her control, but now every corner, crack and crevice belonged to her especial supervision. The least appearance of rebellion on the part of her subjects, the servants, the slightest disposition to differ from her commands was to be frowned down instantly; they should see that she could and would rule the kitchen as well as the parlor. "I am determined," said she, one day, stamping her foot as she turned a withering glance upon the cook, a good-natured Irish woman, rather disposed to have her own way, "I am determined to be mistress in my own house!"

"Sure, ma'am, and who hinders ye?" was the reply.

Kate had ruled paramount at home, and when she announced her intention of having none but herself grown up for the present, Lucy at eighteen went quietly to school with apparently no thought beyond her school books and practising. There was five years' difference in their ages, and a world of difference in their disposition; Lucy, plain, retiring and silent—yet with a quiet, expressive smile that seemed to say she could come forth if she would; and Kate, lively, blustering, and very much disposed to show her pretty face and accomplishments to the best advantage.

As soon as Kate found herself settled in a house of her own, to the surprise of the whole family, she selected the quiet, unobtrusive Lucy for a companion; who, glad of the change from a home where the step-mother now began to exercise her long-dormant authority, complied with her sister's invitation. Mrs. Canders was but little pleased with this arrangement, and tried to persuade Herman that he was being encroached upon by his wife's relations; but he had grown quite accustomed to Lucy, and would have missed her very much. Mrs. Canders refrained from after allusion to the subject, but she kept a strict watch upon Charles' motions, and read him long lectures on the similarity of dispositions in sisters, while she sought to impress upon him that every female of the name of Serlton must inevitably be a vixen.

Several years passed, and things remained pretty much the same. There were no children to divert her affections—no curly-headed, rosy-lipped fairy had ever whispered the name "*mother*;" and Kate, while bestowing due care and attention on herself, admitted at the same time in her own mind that Herman was a sort of prodigy, a wonder, which she was particularly fortunate in possessing as her own private property. His affection, though strong and deep in his own quiet way, was not particularly demonstrative; there was very little sentiment in his composition, and as he seemed disposed to make no fuss, Kate understood the whole business of showing to the world by outward signs the great regard they entertained for each other. Her phrases were profusely sprinkled with "my love," and "Herman dear"—his periods of absence were commented upon, wondered at, and sighed over—till Herman began to feel very much like a man who was committing a crime every time he walked out; and every act or movement of her own was regulated by any opinion or incautious word that chanced to fall from the lips of her oracle.

During their summer jaunts to fashionable watering-places, poor Kate suffered the worst torments of jealousy. Not once imagining that others could consider her husband less charming and irresistible than she regarded him, she felt annoyed at the slightest attention, even the common forms of politeness exchanged with other ladies. She did not like him to either smoke, fish, or do anything without her.

With a crimsoned brow, Herman Canders, in order to prevent a scene, often deprived himself of the most harmless amusements, and remained in patient attendance upon his exacting wife. His mother had presented to his mind the dismal prospect of a hen-pecked husband—had warmed him that he would sink into a perfect cipher in his own house—but she had not prepared him for a position whose very elevation was a source of continual torment to him. A perpetual surveillance was kept upon his motions in consequence of his being an object of prior importance. Kate's tyranny to others marked them as inferiors—toward him it was the result of overweening care and watchfulness; but he felt it not the less. His actions were fast losing their independence; he felt cramped, confined and dissatisfied.

Lucy, meanwhile, was the confidant of all her sister's grievances. Every cause of suspicion, every feeling of uneasiness was detailed at length; and though she often smiled, and sometimes even laughed at Kate's absurd jealousy, yet, as she performed the part of a good listener, she proved a comforting resource—a necessary antidote for all the doubts, jealousies and fears with which Kate daily tormented herself. Lucy never repaid confidence with confidence, she had no secrets of her own to confide; moving on in her own quiet way, unannoyed by the imaginary troubles of others. Kate had told her that she should not marry a poor man, and that she would probably never marry a rich one of equal birth and education; and not being at all sure that she cared to marry either the one or the other, she was quite contented to leave her future prospects in the hands of fate and her sister.

Charles Canders now and then made them a social visit. Kate's quick penetration had very soon discovered that the sentiments with which he viewed her conduct were not exactly those of admiration. He seemed on all occasions to prefer the quiet, lady-like conversation of Lucy—had a great deal to say to Herman, and apparently troubled himself very little whether his visits were agreeable to her or not. Actually made a cipher in her own house! The indig-

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nant spirit rushed up in full force, and yet completely foiled by his gentlemanly manner and air of calm indifference, she was compelled to keep her anger within due bounds until freed from his obnoxious presence, she once more found herself tete-a-tete with Lucy. *She* was evidently the object of his pursuit, and when Kate marked the apparent pleasure they took in each other's society, she resolved to say nothing about it to Lucy until he had actually proposed, and then there would be the triumph of refusing him. Of course Lucy, like a dutiful sister, would be influenced by her representations, and not marry a man who was so repugnant to *her*.

Herman had lately been seized with a sort of fishing mania. A copy of Izaak Walton was found upon his dressing-bureau, and a complete fishing-rod occupied one corner of the apartment. Charles always had a habit of taking sudden journeys into the country on fishing and shooting expeditions, from which he generally returned in not quite as good spirits as he went. Herman now sometimes accompanied him; not venturing, however, to prolong his stay beyond a single day, and came back, alas! minus the fish and birds of which he had given such wonderful accounts before his departure. From a child he had always been unfortunate in such excursions; generally losing his basket, and whatever conveniences he carried with him, and leaving the fish quietly going to sleep at the bottom of the river. Now, however, he determined to catch fish scientifically; it was a passion which had lately sprung to life to supply to him some object of absorbing interest; but Kate had received so many instructions to have quantities of cooking utensils in readiness, for which there was never any sort of use on his return, that she now paid no sort of regard to them.

"You cannot expect," said Charles, "to do such wonders in a single day; why not come with me and spend a week in the country? I know of a very pleasant farm-house, near which there is a good trout stream, where you can fish every day. That would be far more satisfactory than these short, rambling journeys."

Herman's countenance expressed the greatest pleasure at this proposal; he wondered that he had never thought of it before; but in a moment he added almost sorrowfully—"Kate could not part with me for a week."

His brother smiled as he adjusted his fishing-line, and then with a manner half jesting, but which Herman well understood, observed—

"You cannot intend it of course, Herman, but some how or other you do not succeed in conveying to my mind very high ideas of domestic felicity, since you require leave of absence from your wife for a week's fishing. I particularly wished you to accompany me, because I have a separate motive from the fishing—a secret which I shall not divulge until we get there. But do not breathe a word of this to Kate, or any one."

Herman Canders entered his dressing-room with a very resolute step, and proceeded to fill a carpet-bag with articles for his journey. The pretty boudoir beyond had just been arranged for summer; Kate, the very spirit of neatness, having fussed and fidgetted, and altered until not a wrinkle was to be seen in the cool-looking straw-matting—not a fold out of place in the gauze-like curtains; and there she now sat, the presiding genius of the apartment, her graceful figure buried in a luxurious reading-chair, while in one hand she held an ivory paper-cutter, in the other the last new volume of James. Extraordinary preparations seemed to be going on in the adjoining room; boots and shoes flew here and there, drawers opened and shut, and buttons were bursting off by the wholesale. An impatient "deuce take it!" reached her ears, and raising her head, Kate beheld her liege lord and master very red in the face, while he knelt beside a carpet-bag and tried to force in just twice as many articles as it would conveniently hold. "Why, Herman dear, what *is* the matter? Where *are* you going?"

"Oh, are you there, Kate?" he rejoined, "I have been wishing to speak to you. I am going into the country for a week, on a fishing excursion, and so——"

The book was hastily closed, the paper-cutter brandished threateningly, and eyes and lips foretold a storm as she ejaculated—"going on a fishing excursion, Mr. Canders! and for a *week!*"

"Just so, my dear; only think of the trout I shall bring home!"

But Kate wouldn't think of the trout or anything else; she looked particularly solemn and surprised as, in a tone that might have become an officer of the holy inquisition, she asked—"what am I to think of this, Herman?"

"*Think?*" said he, rather puzzled, "why, think that I am very sorry to leave you, Kate, and very glad to have such an opportunity of signalizing myself. A week, you know, soon passes; and Charles insists on my accompanying him."

"So, then, this is a proposal of Charles?" observed Kate, with a curling lip; "of course, a *brother's* wishes should have more weight than a wife's. But answer me truly," she continued, a jealous flash lighting up her eye, "is this your *only* motive for going? Does Charles only want to teach you the mysteries of angling, or is there something else behind the scene? Answer me! for I *must* and *will* know, Herman!"

He wished from the bottom of his heart that his brother had not been so communicative, and scarcely knew how to frame a reply. He could not say it *was* all, because it was *not* all—Charles had told him so particularly, and he felt angry with himself for getting into such a scrape."

Kate had somewhat of a leaning toward high tragedy; and standing before him with the proud look of an injured wife, she continued—

"I do not *ask*, I *demand* of you some explanation of this very curious proceeding. Do not think, Mr. Canders, to find in me a weak-minded, submissive wife—I am not one to be outraged with impunity!"

"Kate! Kate! this is positively ridiculous!" remonstrated her husband, "you are fancying the most absurd things, because I happen to leave home for a week—the whole of which time is to be spent at a lonely farm-house, where I shall hardly see a human being. Do be a little more rational. My mother could scarcely comprehend such a scene as this," he added.

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"You had better explain it to her, Mr. Canders," retorted Kate; "tell her what a shameful wife you have, and perhaps she will, out of pity, invite you to remain at home altogether. It would be a very wise arrangement."

Kate sunk down into the easy-chair and burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Canders surveyed his carpet-bag. "Kate," said he, at length, when her sobs had somewhat ceased.

"Now," thought she, "he is going to stay at home."

"Kate, could you not assist me a little with this packing? I am such a bungler at it."

Kate always put up things in the neatest manner, and the smallest possible space. Meekly and submissively she rose from her seat and began to adjust the clothes. Yes! she would be quiet and uncomplaining—not a single sigh should burst from her wounded heart; but could he meet her eyes unmoved? Could he be insensible to that look of tender reproach? Could he really go after all? Mr Canders could and did. A hearty kiss was pressed upon her cheek, and in as gay a tone as if the arrangement had met with her entire approval, Herman bid her "good bye."

All that afternoon Kate was quite meek and humble spirited, but it did not last long. As she lay awake in her solitary room that night, the old feeling began to come back. The more she reflected the more she wondered at her husband's temerity, and her own silly submission. "How dared he put such an insult upon her! Was *she*, a Serlton, to remain quietly at home, watching and longing for his return, when her husband had actually abandoned her, gone off on a pleasure-jaunt, she could scarcely tell whither? She would not put up with it!—she had been too tame in the whole proceeding; and on the morrow she was resolved to set forth in search of the truant—discover him, perhaps, in the very act of whispering to another those honeyed words which belonged especially to her—tax him with his conduct—and abandon him forever!" Kate's mind was a particularly energetic one, and after concocting this admirable plan, she went quietly to sleep, and dreamed that Herman and Lucy had run away together.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Kate appeared at the breakfast-table with an air which, to Lucy's practised eye, bespoke a determination of considerable importance. It was quite a marvel how she contrived to throw her head so far back without endangering the neck, and the wounded pride of all the Serltons was flashing in her eye.

"Lucy," said Mrs. Canders, suddenly, "I am going on a short journey this morning—do you wish to accompany me?"

"Going on a journey?" repeated Lucy, quite puzzled by this sudden whim, and the tone in which she spoke, "where to, when, how, and for what?" she added, gaily.

"I am going after Herman," was the reply.

"*After Herman!*" ejaculated Lucy, more and more surprised—"why, what has happened, sister?"

"What *has* happened," replied Kate, solemnly, "I do not know, but I go to prevent, if possible, what *may* happen. There is something very mysterious in a gentleman's leaving his wife for a whole week on the pretence of fishing—especially Herman, who hardly ever caught a fish in his life."

"It does not appear at all mysterious to me," said Lucy, quietly, "I should think——"

"I will tell you what you think," interrupted Kate, "you think that such a paragon as Charles Canders could not do wrong, and Herman must, therefore, be quite safe in his company. Such, however, are not *my* sentiments; and as to remaining at home it is what I will not do. A wife's place is with her husband, and I am determined to follow them, and thoroughly investigate this fishing business."

"Do listen to reason, sister?" pleaded Lucy, "notwithstanding your jealousy, Herman loves you better than anything else in the world, therefore you need give yourself no more alarm about this fishing jaunt—which to me appears perfectly natural and proper. Besides, what will they think of you following them in this curious manner? Do be advised, and stay at home."

"What they think, or you think, or any one thinks, is quite immaterial to me," was the reply. "Go I shall and will, and if you do not choose to accompany me, you can stay at home."

The heightened color, the hasty exit, and the slamming of the breakfast-room door, were in the old, well-remembered spirit of Kate Serlton; and as Lucy stood feeding her birds her mouth would settle into a smile in anticipation of the ridiculous scene before them. It appeared to her that of all people in the world, Herman, with his quiet ways, was the least calculated to excite jealousy, and yet Kate scarcely dared trust him a moment out of her sight.

Lucy sauntered leisurely up stairs; and there, before her dressing-glass, stood her sister, ready equipped for a journey. "Come," said she, "there is no time to lose."

"But where are we going?" inquired Lucy. "Do you know the route they have taken?"

"Perfectly well," replied Kate, "of that I have taken good care that Herman should inform me. Four or five hours at most will convey us there, and I shall start immediately."

"But could you not conjure up some pretext for the journey?" urged Lucy. "Pretend to be seized with a fishing mania yourself—or take Herman an overcoat; that might do very well, as his health has lately been delicate—and then you can pass on somewhere else—anything but to let him think that you came with the deliberate intention of prying into his actions."

"I shall do no such thing!" rejoined her sister. "I will descend to none of these subterfuges. My intention shall be open as the day—I am sufficiently upheld by a conscious sense of right."

Kate's tone and manner were really grand; she had in fancy elevated herself far above the common herd, and Lucy began to cough most vigorously as she concluded. Now and then something broke forth which sounded very much like a laugh; but rising to put on her bonnet, she observed—

"Remember that I have nothing to do with the affair—you must bear the whole blame."

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Kate's pretty lip curled scornfully at the word "blame," and she pulled the bell to expedite the carriage. It was soon at the door; but Lucy, on glancing at the heavy clouds that lay piled in dark masses, prognosticated a storm, and advised the postponement of their journey.

"A little rain shall hardly turn me from my purpose," said Kate, resolutely, "and if it pour a perfect flood, I am determined not to go back."

Lucy found herself driving off with feelings of mingled perplexity and amusement. It certainly looked very much like an adventure, and on the whole was rather piquant and original. She wished to see what Herman was doing, how he would look, and what he would say when Kate should appear thus suddenly before him in all the majesty of injured innocence.

The carriage rolled on—houses became more and more rare—and after a tedious ride of several hours, they approached a little sort of village, of which the tall house formed the most prominent feature. The day had been dull and cloudy, and a fine, drizzling rain was now falling, which did not, however, seem to damp Kate's energy in the least. Putting her head from the carriage-window, as they stopped to pay the usual tribute, she questioned the toll-man about the two gentlemen who passed on the day preceding, and inquired if he could tell her where they had stopped. It was quite an event for the toll-man. The day before his eyes had been refreshed with the sight of two gentlemen, whose appearance was very different from the masculine humanities he was accustomed to, and now a carriage, with two ladies evidently in full pursuit, had stopped at his very door. Lucy kept in a corner and tried not to appear amused. The man pointed to a sloping brown cottage just visible at some distance, and then directing their attention to a mill which had ceased to go, he told them that they would probably find the gentlemen there, engaged in fishing. He drove on until within distinct view of the premises, when Kate proposed walking as the road had become rather steep. The two alighted; and the toll-man having watched them until their figures were lost to view, turned to the wondering faces that had gathered around to witness so rare a spectacle, and gave it as his opinion that "one of the gentleman was the lady's husband, who had run away from her to be at peace—she looked rather fiery—and that she had come to bring him back on short notice."

The novelty and absurdity of their proceedings struck Lucy more and more forcibly as they approached the mill, on one side of which flowed a clear, limpid stream, to which the trout were particularly partial. She suddenly stopped, and with a glance of amused surprise, drew Kate forward to her own point of view, at the same time enjoining perfect silence.

The picture was one which a Cruikshank might have immortalized. The door of the mill was partly open, and through the aperture, peeping eagerly forward, was distinctly visible an uncouth figure, which at first they could scarcely recognize as Herman. The day being damp, and his own health not very strong, he had protected himself against the weather in habiliments more remarkable for warmth than beauty. A shaggy-looking overcoat, probably borrowed from the farmer, encased his person—a great, flopping felt hat was tied down with a red silk handkerchief—and boots and gloves were on a most liberal scale. In one hand he held his fishing-line, the other end of which was in the water to decoy some weak-minded trout—and his whole face resplendent with delight and anticipation, he stood half-screening himself behind the door watching for a bite. You could see that his whole soul was in his employment—it was plainly written on every feature of his face; and no one could, for a moment, suppose that any other thought had entered his mind since his arrival within fishing distance. Charles Canders evidently considered the picture too good to be lost; for while his unconscious brother stood waiting for the expected jerk, he was actively employed in sketching an outline of his figure, with the old mill and surrounding appliances. His talent for drawing was here displayed to great advantage, for the representation was life-like.

Kate saw it all in a moment; she had a keen perception of the ridiculous, and her own preposterous suspicions now stood before her mind in a very ludicrous point of view. She glanced at the curious figure, which bore considerable resemblance to a great, shaggy bear, and felt her cheeks glow and tingle as she thought of the foolish position in which she had placed herself. With all her pride, however, she possessed that frankness which is the usual accompaniment of a high spirit; and resolving on this occasion to be most magnanimous in the acknowledgment of her fault, she suddenly appeared before her husband, exclaiming—"Herman, *dear* Herman, forgive me!"

Too much absorbed in his occupation to be even astonished, the object of this pathetic adjuration merely dropped his fishing-line with an expression of disappointment, saying—"there! I have lost it!"

Kate, however, now threw herself into his arms as she murmured—"but you have won your wife, dear Herman."

Herman, now thoroughly awoke to the unexpected circumstance of her presence, appeared, however, to consider her a twice-won treasure, and exclaimed in the greatest surprise—"why, Kate! what under the sun brought you here? I should as soon have expected to see——"

His wife interrupted him with the words—"oh, say that you forgive me, Herman!"

"What for?" inquired her husband, with the greatest simplicity.

"True enough," thought Kate, "what *can* I tell him?" Her countenance was the very picture of confusion; Charles Canders appeared to enjoy the scene amazingly; and Lucy, do what she would, could not keep her face straight. Herman was extremely puzzled; he could scarcely comprehend it all; until at length, as he reviewed the scene of yesterday, he began to be more enlightened.

Her auditors evidently expected some explanation, and at length Kate stammered forth—"I thought—I was afraid—you did not deny, Herman, that you had

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another motive besides the fishing—I saw that something was on your mind, and preferred anything to suspense."

"He had another motive," said Charles, "a secret of mine, I wished to tell him; he knew not what it was though till he came hither, and I now give him permission to inform you of the whole—or perhaps Lucy will; she looks as if she knew."

Lucy smiled and blushed; Kate glanced from one to the other, and thinking that perhaps she had been as hasty in her prejudices as her suspicions, she resolved to blot them all out together, and turning to Charles with an air of kind condescension, she replied—"I understand now what you mean—indeed I had seen it before, but, I am sorry to say, with very different feelings. I intend, Charles," she continued, "that we shall be better friends; this double connection will bring us more closely together, and I now quite approve of Lucy's choice. Why did you not tell me before, Lu?"

Kate almost expected words of gratitude for her magnanimity—at least to see countenances of quiet delight; but to her great surprise, Lucy had broken forth into peals of laughter that would not be suppressed—Herman listened with an amused smile—and Charles appeared quite perplexed at the turn which things had taken.

"Kate," whispered her husband, "you jump too quickly at your conclusions," at the same time informing her that Charles certainly meditated changing his condition, but Lucy was not the cause of this intention. Poor Kate! she was beginning to find that everything did not depend on her own will and sanction.

The whole party entered the little parlor of the brown farm-house except Charles, who soon appeared with a very pretty, timid-looking girl, whom he presented to them as his future bride. Kate's eyes dwelt with a sort of fascination on the sweet, blushing face, while she mentally compared its expression with her own.

Charles Canders, during his country rambles, had been struck with the sweet, blooming face of the pretty Julia, and on closer acquaintance admired her lovely disposition and native refinement still more; but he knew that his mother, with all her pride of family, would never listen to his marriage with the daughter of a plain, country farmer, and he dreaded to hear a refusal. At length, however, he laid the case before her, and it was at first just as he had expected. He could not persuade her to view the subject with any sort of calmness; but after a while, as her indignation a little wore off, she began to reflect upon the pleasant companionship of a daughter; Kate would never be anything to her—and her curiosity somewhat excited by Charles' glowing description, she concluded to go on a voyage of investigation. She went, she saw, and Julia conquered. The innocent face pleased her—it reminded her of the daughter she had lost—the lady-like deportment banished all thoughts of a mis-alliance—and the sweet, timid manners quite won her heart. She went back, spent sometime in consideration, and with a last sigh for "the honor of the family," gave her consent to the union. Charles took his bride home to the old-fashioned mansion, of which she soon became the joy and sunshine; and Mrs. Canders has never yet regretted the marriage.

Herman quite lost his passion for fishing, being completely discouraged by his numerous failures; and Kate had the sketch framed which represented him on his last excursion—the picture often serving to dispel any lingering jealousy by bringing the whole scene before her, though she never quite forgave Lucy for being in possession of Charles Canders' troublesome secret. Quite a friendship sprung up between her and her gentle sister-in-law, which materially softened her rather overbearing disposition. Old Mrs. Canders, too, regarded her with more satisfaction, though Julia was evidently the favorite. Lucy, to the great surprise of her sister, soon after married eligibly even in Kate's estimation; and Mrs. Canders a second time watched for the signs of hen-peckery, but was again disappointed—for Lucy did not even follow her sister's mode of tyranny by making an idol of her husband.

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THE TWO VISITS.
BY GRACE MANNERS.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jul 1849; VOL. XVI., No. 1.; American Periodicals
pg. 8

THE TWO VISITS.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

"How did you enjoy the party last night, girls," said Mr. Chester, to his daughters.

"Oh, papa," replied Lizzy, "I was nearly fagged out. I danced every cotillion—waltz and polka, and was engaged for three or four more when we left, which are to stand over for the assembly to-morrow night."

"Pretty well for you," said her father; "and Mary, how were you pleased?" turning to his eldest daughter.

"Just as much as Lizzie, father. I danced until I could hardly stand, and then I flirted until I came away; so of course I liked it."

"Now, Lucy, my little niece, what say you of this your first ball among strangers?" asked Mr Chester, of a pretty arch-looking girl, who was seated next to him.

"I must say I had a delightful evening of course, I suppose, uncle. I danced, let me see," looking very thoughtful, "one whole cotillion, and half a waltz; two gentlemen bowed to me, and three looked at me; so considering that I knew only about a dozen, and was a stranger, I had a pleasant time, and was very hospitably treated;" and she laughed merrily.

"Why, how did that happen, child?" said her uncle, looking annoyed; "and girls, what were you doing that you did not see after your cousin?"

"La! papa I was dancing in another room all the evening," replied Lizzie, "and thought Mary was with Lucy."

"And I am sure," said Mary, "I saw Lucy dancing with the greatest exquisite in the room, and afterward waltzing with him, so I thought she was getting on very well; and I did think, Lucy, you might have introduced him to us; but you seemed to want to keep him all to yourself. You had a regular flirtation with him."

"No wonder if she had," replied Mr. Chester, "as you left her to take care of herself. Who was he, Lucy?"

"Only my cousin, Harry Winslow. He has just returned from Europe, and of course we had a great deal to talk of. Don't he waltz nicely, Lizzie?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, "he does waltz to perfection, and I was in hopes you would introduce him to me, and that I should have a waltz with him; but he hurried you off into the entry again, where I suppose you finished your flirtation."

"Well, Lizzie, what was I to do?" said Lucy—"I did beg Harry to go and talk to some of the belles he knew; but when he found that *I* knew no one; and that you never came near me, he vowed he would not stir a step, and there he stayed talking of old times and of his travels, until Mrs. B—— came to ask him to take one of the married ladies into supper, and then I was left alone."

"And who took you in?" asked her uncle.

"Mr. Nobody," said Lucy, "for finding that I was likely to be the 'left ladye,' I ran up stairs into the dressing-room, and played with one of the children I found up there. And this is a full, true, and particular account of my first ball here. Don't you think it must have been pleasant, uncle?"

"Not very, Lucy, I must own, though I admire the spirit in which you take it, and am heartily ashamed for those of my own city, who had no more politeness to show a stranger."

"To tell the truth, uncle," said Lucy, "I did expect to be a little more noticed, especially as there were several of the beaux, who last winter were entertained at our house more than once, when your girls were with us; but they seem to have forgotten that, and me too; and so will I—I suppose I am not formed for the society here. My clothes are not fine enough, and my skin not fair enough for their tastes, and my purse not deep enough—so I must bear their neglect as I may."

"You give a high standard to our young men, Lucy, at any rate," said her Cousin Charles. "Complexion and clothes, and money is what you think they go by; a pretty compliment to us, by Jove."

"Jove did not tell me so, any how," said Lucy. "But I never have heard the gentlemen that come here speak of anything else regarding the ladies, but their feet and hands, their complexion, dress, and wealth—so what am I think? But I will hear all that you have to say when I come from my walk with Mr. Winslow, Cousin Harry, as I always call him. Now *he* is handsome and rich, and yet he always mentions a lady's sense and manners before her feet and her money, and that I like."

"Are you going to walk with him this afternoon?" exclaimed both girls, in a breath. "Do bring him back to tea?"

"I will ask him," said Lucy; "but he is very odd."

While Lucy is enjoying her walk with her very desirable cousin, we will take a small survey of past time, and tell who these young people are into whose society we have been introduced. Lucy Mason is the niece of Mrs. Chester; the daughter of her brother, who in early life had eloped with one of the greatest heiresses in Boston; his sister, Mrs. Chester, being very active in the affair, and professing great love for his wife. Mrs. Mason was in truth a most loveable and charming woman, and made her husband a devoted and worshipping wife; but riches she did not bring him, as her harsh, obstinate, unforgiving father never allowed her name to be mentioned in his presence, and actually hated her for having married the man she loved, young, handsome and clever, instead of the ugly, rich old stock-broker, to whom he had destined her. A year after her marriage, he married

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himself; and having a son, formally announced his intention of leaving all to him. and cutting off his daughter entirely; and for twenty years had never seen her, or spoken of her. During this time a lovely family had grown up around her, and though far from rich, she had never regretted the step she had taken, excepting from the grief she felt at her father's anger, and her never seeing him. Her children of course knew of these circumstances; but so dearly did they love their handsome, indulgent father and their lovely mother, that no regrets for their want of fortune ever escaped them; and their cross old grandfather and his shining heaps was seldom thought of. Mrs. Chester was a very worldly person, *her* children were brought up to shine and attract, and above all, she worshipped wealth. When, therefore, all hopes of her brother becoming rich through his wife were given up, she cared less and less for either of them; and when Lucy came to return the visit her cousins had made her the preceding winter, she made as little of her as was possible without absolute neglect. Fortunately for Lucy she cared but little for such things, and knowing that being passed over at a ball, and not having splendid dresses, were neither of them great sins in other places, she was now laughing heartily with Harry over her last night's discomfitures, and doing her best to coax him to come home with her and be introduced to her cousins.

"No, I will not, Lucy," said he, "I am determined. I think their behaviour to you last night was too rude. They want to know me because I am rich, and for that I despise them. I mean you to have a pleasant evening to morrow night in spite of them. I am going to get the prettiest bouquet for you I can procure. I mean to waltz only with you, and I shall introduce to you two or three distingue friends I have met here; an English lord and a French viscount being among them, and you shall know them and your cousins shall not, if I can prevent it."

Lucy shook her head. "You cannot change the nature of the people here," she said, "they think of nothing but externals, and of the money that brings them. Now if my cross old grandfather would only forgive my dear mother, and one of his millions was known to be coming to us, I should become one of the greatest belles here."

"It is all very true," said Harry, "but why don't you thank me for my bouquet, especially as you know I don't often give such things?"

"Not on this Continent at any rate, my fine cousin," said Lucy, smiling. "I do thank you for it most heartily, however, and when I next write to Paris, I shall mention that I heard of you sending such gallantries to a young lady—shall I?"

"Willingly," replied he, "if you will only mention her name. It will be a great recommendation to me in that quarter."

"Ah! well, Harry, I will keep your secret. for the girls here hate rich young men to come here engaged: good-bye, don't forget the English lord and the French viscount to-morrow night, nor the bouquet." And so saying, she parted with her cousin at the door, to the great indignation of the young ladies, who were looking at them from behind the blinds.

Lucy punctually received her bouquet, fragrant, costly and beautiful, the most magnificent that could be procured evidently, and quite eclipsing those that her cousins had received from their admirers; but with it unfortunately came a note, announcing that the donor, very greatly to his chagrin, had been obliged by business of importance to leave there that afternoon for home, and with many regrets at missing the ball, he bade her good-bye. This was hard upon our little heroine. The dismal prospect of a solitary seat on a bench rose before her. Her bouquet seemed now a mockery to her feelings. As she feared, the public ball was but a repetition of her experience at the private one. Though pretty and tastefully dressed, and quite as handsome as her cousins, she was left alone—and with the exception of a waltz with her Cousin Charles, which for very shame's sake he felt obliged to ask her to take with him, and a cotillion with the French nobleman, whom she found she had known at home, she passed the evening sitting by the lady who chaperoned their party to the ball, and who was too busy fussing after her own fine daughters to care much for a young girl, whom she knew was neither very rich nor very fashionable at home.

Lucy was thoroughly mortified, and not a little provoked; and her mind was made up never to try another ball at B——. Her cousins said, "they were sorry she did not enjoy herself;" but no thought of their own impoliteness ever struck them, and no recollection of the trouble she had taken that they should have a pleasant visit when with her, ever crossed their memories. She did not suit the taste of the beaux there, they thought, and as that must be her fault they cared nothing for it. Lucy finished her visit without again trying another ball, and without being missed or asked after, and returned to her home liking her own city, and her own people better than ever.

A year and a half afterward she repeated her visit, and what a charming, charming creature her cousins and their friends then found her! Her coming was announced weeks before, and her presence solicited at parties prior to her arrival—nay! the assembly even was postponed a week in order to be certain that Miss Mason's presence would grace it. Visitors crowded to Mr. Chester's in the morning, and every evening a levee of beaux gladdened the eyes of his daughters, and bowed obsequiously before their cousin. The neglected Miss Lucy Mason of a former visit, was now the belle triumphant; her witticisms, which formerly were just smiled at, were now applauded and repeated as wonders of smartness, and though, sooth to say, they were generally very cutting, and not a little personal, they were humbly received and much admired—our little Lucy was a person of great distinction. And why? Her rich old grandfather was dead; having outlived his son only a few weeks, the shock of whose sudden death speedily brought his old father to the grave. He lived long enough, however, to make a will, by which, true to his vow of not leaving his daughter a dollar, he passed over her, and left the whole of it to her children, four in number. No wonder then that Lucy, with her half million, is now such a sparkling belle with these disinterested folks: and no wonder that she should despise them, and

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let them see that she has not forgotten their former neglect of her. As to their feeling it, when had the worshippers of mammon any feeling? Lucy now was all the "ton," the observed of all observers The two young men who on her former visit bowed to her at her first ball, were now most devotedly in love with her, and spoke of being very old friends of hers. The three who looked at her, averred how very much they had been struck with her beauty that night; and as for her "chaperon" to the assembly, she was never tired of saying how intimate she was with her, and that she had taken her to her first public ball—she gave her dinner and supper parties, borrowed her mantillas, cloaks and dresses for patterns, and made her daughters dress, walk, and *try* to talk like her. How amused at first, and disgusted both first and last Lucy was, no pen can describe. She despised the homage paid to her wealth, far more than she felt the former mortifications inflicted upon her from her want of it, and returned the devotion now paid her by affected airs of indifference, quite foreign to her true character. She had a great disregard for dress, and with a costly wardrobe that any one might borrow from, appeared at their grandest balls in the same simple muslin she wore when there before. All wondered, but none abused—it was a charming eccentricity. She changed her mind about going to the assembly, and sent her French maid to look on in the ladies' dressing-room, carrying two of the largest and most splendid of the half dozen bouquets that had been sent for her acceptance. The donors winced a little when they heard of this, but failed not to call the next day to ask after the headache that had kept her away. She denied the indisposition, and only pleaded a want of inclination to go—they bowed in humility, and sent her more bouquets for the next evening. She sent her cards by her footman in return for the visits that had been paid her, and went to see a sick and poor friend on the same morning; and what in others would have been called insufferable rudeness, was in her "so kind hearted." She even ventured to talk of books that she liked, and what before was "bad taste, blue, pedantic stuff," was now agreeable information, a well filled mind, whereas it was only a well filled purse that dazzled their imaginations. If she was rude, it was only a brusque manner—if she was sarcastic, it was wit—if she dressed plainly, it was such good taste—if she wore gaudy things, it was so stylish—she would not waltz—she would not dance the polka, and half the girls stood still while their partners were clustered round talking to her. True, they were provoked; but there was no use of complaining, for had not Miss Muson half a million of her own, and did not each one of those charming young men hope that he might perhaps be the happy man destined to share it with her—at any rate they would try. But they were doomed to disappointment. Lucy brought her visit to a close, without leaving her heart with any of her disinterested friends—though they offered theirs in exchange by the dozen. She left nothing with them but rejections to her lovers, and jewels to her cousins, and went back to her home quite heart whole to prepare for a visit to Paris, to act there as bridesmaid to her Cousin Harry Winslow's bride, long her most loved friend. Then she bestowed herself and her wealth upon a friend of her cousin's; one who had loved her when she was comparatively poor, and who now rich himself, was hastening home to offer himself to her, when he heard she was expected in France. After rehearsing as groomsman and bridesmaid to their friends, they played the principal parts themselves, and returned home—married. Many a hearty laugh did she enjoy with her cousin and his wife, in relating her two visits to the South.

Is not this a caricature I hear some one say; and in sober sadness I answer, it is not. Do we not every day hear and see of the metamorphoses wrought by wealth? The ugly are beautified, the stupid brightened, the old become youthful; and all by the almighty dollar! Even here in this our own enlightened city, in this Athens of America, with its libraries and athenæums, its colleges and schools, its academies of science and art, even here, where society of a much higher stamp, as regards intellect, information, mind and manners, can be found than in any other city in the Union, wealth can and does stand with many in the first place. The *want* of it does not banish any one from society, as it does in some other places—but the possession of it gives a false value to many a piece of worthless metal, that otherwise would be rejected and thrown out. What we shall become when California's gold is poured out upon us; when all the "diggers and miners" return with their huge lumps of metal transformed into coin, and expect to take their place among the refined and cultivated on the strength of that gold, time only can show. Long may it be with us before wealth is everything, and intellect is sent into the back-ground—long may it be before the "Golden Calf" is created with us to be fallen down to and worshipped, or before gold is everything and worth nothing.

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THE WOMAN HATER.
BY S. D. ANDERSON.
Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Mar 1849; VOL. XV., No. 3.; American Periodicals
pg. 107

THE WOMAN HATER.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"So, Frank, you positively refuse to accompany us to Weston's to-night?" asked Henry Dalton, of his friend, Frank Harrison, as they left the hall from afternoon exercises. "It is young Weston's birth night party, and all the class will be there. Besides, to see Florence, is worth a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Holy Prophet."

"It is because women are to be admitted that I will not go," said his companion. "Nothing now-a-days can be done without women. I expect next to hear of their being elevated to the chair of some of the colleges, and, if they were, I suppose you would justify the proceeding, and cry, as you usually do, 'let the toast be, dear woman!' No, I will not go; I hate women."

"Yes, with a most ancient hatred," replied the other, laughingly. "Now there is Florence Weston, that you would give the blue riband you got at the last examination for. And still you hate the women. Ah! you may talk as you will, but in a mind so filled with the beautiful as yours, (and what so beautiful as woman) there can be no hatred." And he commenced humming the old air of—"My love is like the red, red rose."

"Why, Harry, will you be harping on that silly tale about Florence Weston? You know that I despise the whole sex, and still you continue to lend your aid to the circulation of that scandal. I tell you, if I did not know your perfect insanity on this subject, I would be disposed to find fault with you on this account; but as you love me, do cease those vile, sentimental songs that you are eternally singing. Next to the crying of a child, I detest this love of the sentimental—this sickly, die-away trash. Tom Moore has much to answer for in getting up this pseudo taste in songs."

"And Frank Harrison has shown himself no mean pupil in the line, if I read initials aright. Who is F. H., in Peterson's Magazine, that discourses so masterly of 'Love?' There, you need not blush, it is all out; and Florence thinks it beautiful—but if so bad, why don't *you* correct the taste?"

"Why, I do not pretend to be a saint, and preach to all—one must write something that will please, or he will have no readers; besides, it is fashionable, and one falls in with the current without knowing it. Who has been kind enough to indicate to Miss Weston the paternity of that effort? That was the unkindest cut of all!"

"Why, her brother, I suppose; who so likely? He knows of your devotion to the muses; you and he used to read Byron together! A precious companion for a woman hater. By-the-bye, did you know that Weston is paying his addresses to Miss Colton, quite attentively? 'Take now this ring, it is thine, love.'"

"There, just stop that singing, while I tell you that if anything serious grows out of this, I shall hold you responsible for the offence; your nonsensical songs have done it all."

"Oh, a most grave Newton!" said Dalton, indulging in a burst of merriment; "but let Weston alone, he is gathering the roses in his youth, and not waiting until the cold blasts of autumn have scattered half the perfume, and then have to be content to take the remainder. That will be your case, Frank; some happy fellow will spirit away Florence yet."

"I do not believe in modern prophets, Henry, and if I did, I do not think the mantle has fallen on you; and as for Florence Weston, she is, and always must be, a stranger to me. I extend to her the same general respect I do to the sex; nothing more. I do not like women; not because they are not like us in form and feature, as some think, and ascribe it to personal vanity, but because I think them devoid of principle. You have not forgotten the sad end of poor Singleton, and all for a woman. He was worth a host of heartless coquettes, and yet he fell a victim to their arts. No! no! you cannot change me—I am resolute."

"Well, Harrison, you are a strange compound of contradictions. Young, ardent and enthusiastic, with a soul alive to the sweet emotions of our nature—living in the ideal, and revelling in the enjoyment of the poet's life, and yet flinging from you the poet's greatest prize—woman. I will give you up in despair. You are an enigma, but the key will yet be found to unlock the casket."

"I'll bide my time without a fear as to the result," was the answer; "but here we are at my lodgings, and so farewell. I wish you all happiness to-night, and of that happiness, I suppose, there can be no doubt, when love rules the feast. Give my regards to young Weston."

"Yes, and Florence too," said Dalton, and striking into the air of a favorite song, he passed gaily down the street, his thoughts filled with rainbow visions, and in all sweet woman ruled supreme.

Frank Harrison was the only child of wealthy and indulgent parents, and now had left the paternal residence for the purpose of finishing his course of studies in a sister city. Possessed of a noble and prepossessing appearance, as well as the more engaging charms of the mind, he would have been welcomed into any circle in which his fancy or his vanity could have called him. To him study had been a pleasure rather than a task—but he ever preferred the flowery paths of light literature to the rough and difficult sciences. Still he did not neglect them; but in his moments of leisure and relaxation, he came back to cull the roses of poetical inspiration, and live for a brief time amid the faultless creations of his fancy; and now as he

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sat in that student's room, no better picture could be presented than the arrangement of his chamber. Around the walls were ranged busts of the older masters—Plato and Virgil, and Dante and Homer; and still later, in mingled confusion, Voltaire and Locke, and Newton, and Milton and Byron, and then the works of all these were strewn upon the table of the young dreamer. And now he was seated before that table, his head resting upon his hands, and gazing pensively on the features of a young and fair creature in miniature that was lying before him. The lamp was sinking low, the curtains were closely drawn, and all within was stillness. And where are the dreamer's thoughts? Perhaps with the scenes of his infancy, in the green field of his youth, with the sister that gladdened him in the days of his childhood, and the recollection of whose parting prayer is now stimulating him in the pursuit of fame; perhaps with the companions of his boyhood, the partners of his early joys and cares; but no, he looks up, and re-placing he miniature, he says aloud—

"I'll not believe those who speak of woman's faith; did I not trust all to *her?* and she was faithless, and how I did love that girl—without a fear—without a doubt I trusted all to her; in that one venture all was lost. And she left without a word, she who had so often spoken of love that could I have doubted her voice would have won away all fears; but she took her departure without a sign of farewell to one whom she knew worshipped her."

Here his feelings overcame him, and he rose and paced the apartment with the mood of one who would escape from that bitterest of all sorrows—*to think.* Long and stormy was the struggle for the mastery—but when the stream of his passion had subsided he resumed his seat in silence.

The morning of the day succeeding that on which the party was held, broke upon the earth in beauty and freshness. It seemed as if nature was holding a festival over the charms of the season, and dressed like a bride for the altar, was waiting the gaiety and the song. All was beauty. The rill danced in the sunlight; the notes of the song bird echoed melody from the hill side; the breath of the zephyr came laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers; the merry voices of children, all broke upon the senses of Frank Harrison, as he, in company with a friend, was enjoying the delights of a morning ramble in the country. His companion, like himself, was a young student. Like him, young and enthusiastic, they had become the firmest friends; and now Ernest Leman was the only confidant and adviser of Frank Harrison. The beauty and variety of the scenes through which they were continually passing acted upon the fancy of the friends, and kept up the stream of conversation for a time; but as the walk was extended, they gradually sank into silence, and each seemed occupied with his own thoughts. And when do youth and poetry want companions? To them everything is dressed in the colors of the rainbow, and peopled with the creatures of the fancy. This silence was at length broken by Ernest, who said inquiringly—

"What detained you from Weston's last night, Frank? Dalton said you would be there."

"Oh, that was one of Dalton's jokes. Do you not know him yet, Ernest? He is always bantering me about young Weston's sister, Florence. I am inclined to think he does that to draw attention from the rather particular civilities of himself. Do you not think so?"

"Quite probable, Frank. But what is the reason you absent yourself so much from the company of females; and you are growing worse as you continue among us. I do not mean to flatter, but you are welcome to any circle. Come, Frank, tell me in the name of old friendship, what are the reasons?"

"Well, Ernest, I will trust you, as I know you will sympathize with me; but it is an old story, and one that I fear you, like the world, will not believe. It is fashionable to talk of broken hearts and blighted hopes, but it is also fashionable to connect them always with women, and make man the sufferer, not as one who feels, but one who inflicts the pain. This may often be the case—and I am not the apologist for such conduct; but the shade is not all on that side of the picture. Here let us take a seat beneath this oak, and I will fulfil my promise.

"With the history of my early life you are familiar. I was in youth what the world would call romantic. I was particularly fond of poetry, and loved to call up around me scenes of fancy, bright and beautiful as Calypso and her Golden Isle. My excitable fancy had fashioned forth such a being as I could love, one whom I could talk to—and that converse would be *poetry* and *love.* In this wise I made the current of my life to flow. Of the real world I knew but little. I did not mingle in its busy, stormy scenes. Thus passed the early days of my existence, and this was my character when the time came at which I was to enter college. I left the home of my infancy for the first time, and entered upon the new, and to me dreaded career of public life. Here all was strange. The lessons I had learned from books must be re-read, and the sterner and more practical ones of experience substituted. Of man's character I soon was made the master, in the many exhibitions I saw in the daily walks of life. I soon became, like them, guided by the light of experience, but with woman the case was different. Mingling little with them, I still continued to hold high the standard of female faith. Among the many students entered at C———, none were more universally respected than George Mordant. A sameness of tastes and feelings soon ripened into friendship, and we became firm and constant companions. He was a native of the East, but the illness of an only sister had made a change of climate necessary for her, and he had accompanied her South, and taken up his residence at C———. As was anticipated, the change had proved beneficial, but still they had determined to protract their visit for the time necessary for a completion of one term of collegiate life. After repeated invitations from Mordant to accompany him to his house I did so, and was introduced to his sister. Clara Mordant was all the most fastidious could wish for in female perfection. I will not describe her. Need I tell you I loved her. The long-wished for idol had been gained—the dreams had been realized, and I went home that night a new being. I now felt as if the world had been created

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anew. I saw new beauties in nature, and fairer forms in art. From that time I was a constant visitor at Mordant's. Night after night found me there, drinking in from the voice and eyes of Clara the untold delights of a first love, and I fancied I was not an unwelcome visitor to her. I thought I could detect the tinge of color on her cheek at my coming, and the tremor of her voice at my farewell. The repetition of the praised song made me hope, and all the thousand trifles by which the birth of love is heralded, came upon my spirit sweet as the voice of angels. And I yielded to the young hope without distrust—such was my trust in woman. One by one the bright and fairy wishes of my heart would betray themselves to her, and she, all blushing, would consent, and thus the ties that bound me to her were eternally fixed. Thus wore away their sojourn at C———. No word had as yet been spoken, but the eyes had spoken more truly than words to me the love I hoped for. What need of language to picture the poetry of devotion like mine. To me she was all that was pure in character and action. I had mingled but little in the society of females, and looking on them through the medium of an excited fancy, no marvel that I was trusting. But time flew away, and the hour of parting come. I told her all, and she listened. And though no answer came, still to me the silence was eloquent, and as I pressed her hand, and her head rested upon my bosom, I felt the prize was mine. But she departed, and now came the hours of lonesomeness to me—but still I lived on the sweet hope of the fulfilment of my wishes—and how welcome to me the long-looked-for letter! It is true it did not breathe the deep spirit of my burning passion—but it was a letter from Clara. Another, and another—and then came the *last*. It spoke of brighter prospects for me than the student's sister—told me of the hindrance she feared she would be in the path in which I might be called to act; hinted at a father's displeasure, and a mother's frown, and concluded by bidding me adieu. Oh! the sting of that bitter taunt. The scales fell from my eyes as if by magic, and I saw myself the victim of a *coquette*. I heard from the lips of all around the arts that had been used to catch me—I heard the story narrated of the bantering jest that led Clara to the trial. My feelings had been sported with, and now I was taunted with a want of discernment. Stung as I was by this want of principle in Clara Mordant, I returned her an answer, bidding her farewell forever. Disappointed where I had staked all my affections—pained at the conduct of her brother, and heartily tired of a place that constantly reminded me of her, I obtained leave of absence and came here. Here I have tried, but in vain, to forget the scenes of my early life. The memory of Clara Mordant still clings to me. I have joined in the gay and exciting scenes of a college life, but still that dream and that fair face are by my side. They stand beside me in sickness and in health—in the busy walks of days, and the still hours of night—and when they talk to me of youth and beauty, and solicit me to the dance and the song, they little think what a bitter fount they unseal. But now you know all—if wrong, censure me—if not, at least when all the world blames, I will have the consolation of knowing you understand me."

As he ended there was a pause of some minutes, as if each was fearful of disturbing the chain of thought that bound them to the past. Ernest at last spoke in a tone of voice that betrayed his agitation—

"But why do you let the memory of one so unworthy of the sex, deter you from the enjoyment of the society of the true and the good, or do you think them all alike devoid of principle?"

"No, that would be a libel on the sex I do not wish to be guilty of—but I am fearful of again trusting my happiness in the keeping of any woman. That they are all devoid of principle I do not believe."

"Women, certainly," answered his friend, "have a greater amount of pure feeling than men, and where this is, there cannot be a want of correct principle."

"That women in general have purer feelings than men cannot be denied, and of principle, when that principle is not buried in the mass of vanity and false pride introduced through the medium of a perverted education, and the examples of those by whom they are surrounded. This is the rock on which so many are wrecked—and I fear it will be hard to unite me to the world again."

"I will trust to time to heal the breach between you and the sex," said his friend, and rising, they wended their way back to the city.

Years have passed since then, and Frank Harrison has risen high in the esteem of his fellow men, and enjoyed many gifts of honor from the community among which he has fixed his residence. He is still a bachelor—for in Clara Mordant his heart saw the *beginning* and the *end*.

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THE YOUNG MINISTER'S CHOICE.: CHAPTER I.
BY CLARA MORETON.
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THE YOUNG MINISTER'S CHOICE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"A boat sent forth to sail alone
At midnight on the moonless sea,
A harp whose master-chord is gone;
A wounded bird that has but one
Unbroken wing to soar upon
Are like what I am without thee." MOORE.

ALONE in her chamber, Gertrude Leslie sat, reading in bitterness of spirit the once cherished testimonials of her early love. Years had passed since those glowing words had been penned, and yet the fountains of her heart were stirred as violently as upon their first perusal. Still burned upon its altar shrine the love which years of estrangement had not the power to destroy; and like a guilty creature she hid her face within her hands, when she remembered that her heart was now promised to another.

Too well she knew that no promise bore the power of re-calling that love from the worshipped idol of her youth, and that with false hopes she had deceived herself, as well as the noble and trusting heart now resting its happiness upon hers.

For a long time Gertrude sat motionless, her white hands pressed tightly over her colorless face, and her mind far away in the dreamy past. Sweet memories of that olden time came thronging to her brain, and again she was the guileless, happy child of "long ago" —again in fancy, her light feet crushed the grass of the valley home where her childhood had been passed —again leaning upon the arm of one most tenderly beloved, she strayed along the banks of the moonlit river, her young heart as pure as the clear depths of the stream which reflected the golden gleaming stars of the azure sky. So in her heart did the stars of love then shed round a golden glow, but years had passed, and dimmer, still dimmer had grown their lustre, until at last she had fancied that the light of that early love had died away forever. Vain fancy when those written words had power to waken such strong emotions!

Rising from her seat, Gertrude with a quick impatience tore into shreds letter after letter, and one by one cast them upon the glowing grate before her.

"So perish all memory of the past," she said, "all memory of the misplaced attachment of my youth; yet not misplaced, for he would have been true to me, I know he would, had I been worthy of such love as his once was." For a long time did Gertrude thus commune with her own thoughts—then kneeling beside her couch, her bruised spirit poured itself out in broken words.

Thanks to the Author of our being, that always the prayer of the earnest heart is answered—answered by the serene happiness which ever follows aspirations after truth—by the guiding light which dawns upon the mind—by the renewed strength which gives power to trample down all obstacles, and follow without faltering that beacon ligh .

This light now dawned upon Gertrude's mind, showing her plainly the path of duty which led to her own happiness—the only path which could bring her peace.

Her resolution being once taken she knew no faltering, and that evening, when her affianced husband, Julien Neville, resumed his accustomed seat beside her, in the brilliantly lighted parlors of her father's splendid mansion, she met him, nerved to carry out her firm convictions of duty.

They were alone in those large apartments, filled with every luxury. The light from the massive chandeliers flashed back from polished mirrors and costly frames of rare paintings, and from the gilded cornices of the rich curtains woven in foreign looms which shrouded the lofty windows, and fell in heavy folds to the tufted carpeting, where stainless lilies and glowing roses were blooming side by side in loving rivalry. They were alone—hope beating high in Julien's heart, although the fingers which he essayed to clasp within his own were cold and tremulous. Twice Gertrude had attempted to answer his loving words of greeting, and twice had the echo of her own thoughts died away upon her heart without leaving a vibration to the ear.

"Ah, Julien," at length she gasped, "you will cease to care for me, cease to respect me, and yet I must tell you all."

"Never, my own—my sweetest, I know all that you would say. It has been told me this day, and I have come to urge a speedy union—to offer your father a home with us. Oh! Gertrude, you wronged me by imagining for a moment, that the deep devotion of my heart could ever from such a cause know decay or change."

"My father! Julien, what do you mean? Surely he needs no other home," she said, and her quick eyes glanced over the elegant rooms, and rested in inquiry upon those of her lover.

Julien Neville sighed heavily as he answered—

"I had hoped, my dearest, that your father's misfortunes had already been broken to you, but surely no one could do it more tenderly than myself. Trust in me darling, and do not fear for the future. I have wealth enough for all—more than enough, thank God; and this house, Gertrude, everything herein shall remain untouched. So do not look so wildly, my own, you shall know no change; and your father shall not miss the luxuries to which he has always been accustomed.

"My father! change! misfortunes! you cannot mean, Julien, that he, that *my father* is a bankrupt!"

"You have guessed but too truly, dear Gertrude."

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Overcome by the unexpectedness of the blow, Gertrude buried her head in the cushions of the lounge—refusing all the sympathy which Julien so tenderly proffered. Her heart bled at the thought of her father's disappointments, but not even for one moment did she swerve from her purpose. In days that were past she had deceived herself, but no longer was the calm affection which she had felt for Julien Neville to be mistaken for love. When she raised her face to his it was as he had ever been wont to see it—there was mirrored there no traces of the wild torrent of emotions now deluging her bosom, and Julien gazed with pride upon her queenly beauty. The silence of that moment was broken by these words—

"Julien, you will hate me for what I have to say this night, but it must be said. You must not reproach me—you must not call me fickle until you hear the whole. Oh! Julien, my love for you is but as a sister's love, I cannot be more to you." She veiled her eyes with one hand, as if to hide the anguished expression of her companions face, and continued—

"To you, Julien, I owe a confession which I thought should have died with me. When I was young—scarce sixteen, my mother died. My father could not endure the mournful loneliness of our village home after she had gone, and in the bustle and excitement of business in the city he strove to forget all sad memories. It was then that I parted from Howard Beauchamp, the only child of our village minister. His mother had died in his infancy, and we had been almost constantly together from our childhood. Upon the evening of our parting we exchanged promises of eternal constancy.

"Months passed—his letters brought me the only happiness that I knew, for my father could in no way re-place to me the love which in my mother's death I lost. At length the letters ceased entirely. I heard of his father's death, and of his own illness, and still I wrote, for I could not believe that he was false to me. One day a note was brought to me—the handwriting was strange. I broke the seal, it was from a cousin of his whom I had never seen, but of whom he had often spoken to me as a prodigy of beauty and talent. She wrote me that she had nursed him during his illness—that change of air had been prescribed by the physician, and that he had accompanied her to her Southern home, where it was now his intention to reside. In delicate and sympathizing words she wrote of the transferral of Howard's love from me, to her, his cousin—of their strong attachment for each other, and her earnest wish that I would not tell him that she had written. 'Not for my sake do I write this,' she said, 'but for his, whose happiness is dearer to me than life itself.' There was but one course before me. I summoned all my pride, and wrote to him what I imagined I ought to feel, not what I did. I made no allusion to his cousin. I told him that I loved him no longer; I wrote a great deal that was false, but I fully intended to make it truth. Years passed—we travelled all over the United States, and I heard no more from Howard Beauchamp. When at Newport you saved my life, and added to it the offering of your own, I felt toward you more affection than had been awakened for years; but I was deceived with regard to my true feelings, for Julien they can never be more than those of a sister."

Bitter indeed were these words to Julien Neville—doubly bitter because he knew Gertrude too well to doubt the strength of an attachment which would enable so proud a spirit to endure the mortification of such a confession. Yet with all his disappointment, he could find no heart to blame, even for an instant, the stricken form before him.

"Oh! Gertrude," he said, "nothing can change my love for you, and I will not even ask yours in return. I will strive to be satisfied with a sister's affection, only give me the blessed privilege of ever remaining near you to cherish and protect."

"It cannot be, Julien. I know how free from selfishness your love is; and I know that could you see the wild emotions which the re-called memories of those hours have this day awakened, you would never wish me to be other to you than I am. This must be our last meeting, Julien, unless you will promise not to use one persuasion to induce me to change—not that I fear my own strength, but because every effort which you make will only increase the misery which I now feel."

Hours passed before that promise was given.

Poor Julien Neville! He left Gertrude that night with the full belief that in all the world there was no balm for a heart so wounded as his own.

CHAPTER II.

"Passing away
Is stamped on all we love."

When Gertrude entered her father's library early the next morning, she found him sleeping lethargically in his large arm-chair. Wondering that he should be up so much sooner than his custom—or that he could thus sleep when he knew of his utter ruin, she looked in surprise upon him.

She knew not that all the weary night he had paced the room, weeping in bitter agony over the loss of his worshipped wealth.

Drawing closer to him, she said—"father, I have something to say to you, will you listen?" There was no answering sound, save those of his heavy breathings. Alarmed she took hold of him by the shoulder.

"Father! father!" she screamed.

The piercing tones of her voice aroused him—he started, looked around, passed one hand hurriedly over his eyes, and then with a long sigh sank back in his chair again.

Relieved from her anxiety, Gertrude drew a seat beside him.

"I have come, father, to converse with you about your misfortunes—perhaps they are not so bad as you imagine."

"All is lost! every cent!" replied Mr. Leslie, in a husky tone of voice, "but it will make no difference to you, Gertrude, for Julien is a noble fellow; but it is hard for me in my old age to be dependant upon my child."

"We will not be dependant upon Julien, father—

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we will go back to our old place at Elmwood, and I can teach music and drawing in the village academy, and we shall be as happy as we have ever been here; for father I do not love Julien as I ought to love him, and I have told him so, and we have parted to meet only hereafter as friends."

The words which she had so dreaded to say had now escaped her lips, and her father's stern gaze was fixed steadily upon her.

"Gertrude! what have you done?—taken away my only hope!—turned us both out into the world as beggars! I tell you every cent is gone: beggars! beggars!" he repeated in a low, deep tone. He arose from his seat—his face crimsoning with excitement—stepped but one foot forward, then fell over heavily upon the floor.

Gertrude's screams brought the servants to her. Physicians were immediately summoned, and Mr. Leslie was borne in an unconscious state to his room. They pronounced him in an apoplectic fit, but the usual remedies were tried in vain. Gertrude sat constantly beside him, watching for hours for some sign of returning consciousness. At length the hand which she held moved slightly.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "speak to me once more: do not leave me alone! oh, father! father!"

The agonized tones of her voice seemed to arouse him. His lips moved. She bent her head to listen, and caught the words, "God bless my poor child; God bless thee, Ger——" his lips still moved, but there came no audible sound. Poor Gertrude! She was now *alone*.

CHAPTER III.

"By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the sad wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of man
Is woman won to Heaven."

GERTRUDE LESLIE had applied for the situation of teacher at Elmwood Academy, and had been accepted.

The carriage which had been sent to convey her from the city to the village, stopped in front of the residence which had once been her father's. In surprise she inquired of the driver if that was indeed the dwelling where her room had been engaged.

"Yes, Miss; Squire Thornley was willing to board you, as the gentleman seemed so anxious about it."

"Here then," thought Gertrude, "is another proof of Julien's kindness."

She was right, for finding it impossible to dissuade her from teaching, he had with some difficulty procured the room which he found used to be the one which she had occupied when it had been their own residence. To it he caused to be conveyed her piano and harp, her work-table, her favorite chairs, and many beautiful souvenirs of her city home.

When she entered the room and found herself surrounded by so much that was familiar, it became impossible to control her emotions.

"Oh! Julien," she sobbed, "how can I ever repay you for such kindness?"

A few days passed, and Gertrude was quite at home in the pleasant family of Squire Thornley. Mrs. Thornley was unwearied in her attentions toward the young teacher when she found that her kindness was acknowledged and appreciated

Gertrude's first Sabbath at church was one of her most trying days. Again she sat in her accustomed seat—she knelt upon the very cushion which her mother had pressed. Directly opposite to her was the minister's pew, where Howard had always sat—now a strange face looked upon her from it, and from the pulpit a strange voice grated harshly upon her ears. The fear of God, instead of the love of God was the subject of discourse, and as she listened to the stern doctrines of the preacher, the tears which memories of the past had summoned seem to fall back with a leaden weight upon her heart.

Sabbath after Sabbath passed—the church in the morning, her mother's grave in the afternoon twilight, were her weekly places of resort.

One mild spring morning, when the church windows were all open, and the blue sky and the far-off hills looked like pictures empanelled in the dark walls, and the soft air was laden with the perfume of field flowers and blossoming fruit, and every one seemed light of heart and happy as the birds that poured their warblings forth so melodiously. On this mild Sabbath morning Gertrude sat in her wonted seat, and as she noted the smiling, happy faces about her, her heart murmured to itself of its loneliness and its sorrows. Even while she thus murmured, a deep, musical voice from the pulpit fell upon her ears in the beseeching tones of prayer. She lifted her eyes; it was the same calm, pure face which so long ago she had enshrined within her heart. It were in vain to attempt to tell how wildly that heart throbbed now—none about her could have dreamed of its struggles, for the bowed head was not raised until she had subdued them all. Then in all that church there was but one that noted her compressed and bloodless lips—the singular paleness of her expressive face—the quivering lid, where the crushed tears were still lingering upon the long lashes. That one was Ellen Beauchamp; and though she had no other clue—she guessed rightly, that it was the Gertrude to whom she had written years ago.

The song of praise died away; and Howard Beauchamp arose again in the pulpit. His large, dark eyes were bent upon the volume before him. From its pages he read his text.

"They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Calmly eloquent was the commencement of his discourse, but as he proceeded, his intellectual face glowed with excitement; and as he drew near the close, there was not one within those church walls, who had not imbibed some of the enthusiasm of the speaker.

"And *thus* shall they that sow in tears, reap in joy," he said, as he closed the volume

At this instant his eyes met, for the first time, the tearful eyes of Gertrude, which were upturned to his.

In the consolation which he had been pouring into her heart, the past was well-nigh forgotten—quite forgiven. He stood before her as "the man of God,"

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and her early disappointment—her past trials were the seed which she had sown weeping.

She did not note the sudden pallor which spread over the young clergyman's face, as, staggering back to his seat, he buried his head in his hands, regardless of the open prayer-book which was handed to him by Dr. Brinton, the pastor of that village church. He, attributing his companion's agitation to the excitement of preaching for the first time from the desk where his father had so often stood, finished the morning's services; and Gertrude watched in vain for one more glimpse of the spiritually earnest face of Howard Beauchamp.

At the dinner-table that noon Gertrude learned that Dr. Brinton had accepted the call which had been made him, a few weeks previous, by a congregation in a larger town adjoining Elmwood, and that Mr. Beauchamp would probably be called upon to fill his place. "New trials for me," thought Gertrude; but she knew the arm she leaned upon was strong; and that the first and greatest struggle was over.

CHAPTER IV.

"Father in Heaven! Thou, only Thou, canst sound
The heart's great deep with floods of anguish fill'd,
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore forgive, my Father! if thy child,
Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinn'd in her despair!"

"Now let me strive
With Thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive!
Take me to peace!"

At twilight when Gertrude entered the lonely graveyard, she met Howard Beauchamp just emerging from an avenue of cedars. He paused for a moment, and then advancing, said—

"We were friends once; may I hope that we still are?"

Gertrude could not speak, but she stretched out her hand to answer his greeting.

"Time has brought many changes to both of us," he continued; "in this place of graves, your sainted mother and my revered father sleeps; but since I have become an orphan—alone and desolate in the world, I have heard but little of you, excepting of your marriage; I trust for your sake, Gertrude, that the mourning garments which you now wear are not a widow's weeds."

Gertrude Leslie looked in surprise upon him as she answered—

"I have never been married, Howard; it is for my father that I mourn."

A sudden ray of joy illuminated his fine face, then died away as he said in sad, low tones—

"And you are an orphan too; but oh! not so desolate an one, I trust, as myself."

"And why should I not be, Howard?—the blow which deprived me of my father left me penniless—well-nigh friendless; but you in your cousin's love have found a happiness which I can never hope."

She saw the crimson glow which spread over the marble features of her companion.

"Then you too know of her unfortunate attachment—poor Ellen! I have tried in vain to feel more than a brother's attachment to her; the memory of my youthful love, Gertrude, is too strong to bear to be re-placed even in imagination," said Howard, as he bent his dark eyes searchingly upon hers.

"And you—you Howard—are not you married?" questioned Gertrude, almost breathless, as her eyelids drooped under the steadiness of his gaze.

"No, Gertrude; the vows which I plighted to you were too solemn ever to be broken, even though you gave them back with scornful words and bitter mockings. Do you not remember that on the evening of our parting I promised *ever* to love you, and you alone?"

As Gertrude raised her eyes to answer, she saw the figure of a graceful female gliding toward them in the dim twilight.

"It is my cousin, Ellen Beauchamp," Howard said.

They were leaning upon the marble tomb of Mrs. Leslie; and Ellen advancing stood beside them. Her cheeks were pale and transparent; and the large, brilliant eyes were sunken, yet there were many traces of exceeding beauty.

"You must neither of you curse me, for I have suffered enough," she said.

"Why should we curse *you*, dear Ellen?" said Howard, tenderly—"my poor cousin is not well, Gertrude—she was the most faithful of nurses to me when I was so ill that my life was despaired of, and she has never been well since—we are travelling now with her—her mother and myself, in hopes of restoring her health—poor Ellen."

"Yes, poor Ellen!" echoed the hollow voice of the emaciated form beside him—"poor Ellen needs pity. Gertrude, will you promise to pity me if I tell you all?"

"No, Ellen, not pity; but my heart's warmest sympathy I will offer to you." Tears dropped like rain from Ellen's large eyes as she clasped the hand which Gertrude had extended.

"Oh, Gertrude! I wrote falsely to you when I told you that Howard no longer loved you. I was mad with love for him—so mad that I forgot that you had a heart which could be crushed even as mine is now. Howard! I burned the letters which you penned in your first sickness—I burned all which she wrote to you. I wrote to her, and told her that you loved her not, that you waited but a release from your vows to breathe them to me; and then I told you that she was married, and I showed you the letter which I had goaded her on to write. In the relapse which followed your reading of that letter I would have told you all, but you looked so gently and tenderly upon me I could not bear to tell you what a wretch I was. Has my repentance come too late to either of you? Have I sinned past forgiveness? Oh! believe me, I have suffered enough in the agony of my unloved life—in the memory of those false words, which I fear have perjured my soul forever."

"No, Ellen; not forever. Repentance never comes too late. God will forgive you even as I know Gertrude and myself have already done—have we not, *dear* Gertrude?"

It was the first word of love, and Gertrude bent her head to conceal the warm blushes which crimsoned

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her face; but as she did so, she kissed the delicate hand of Ellen, which she still retained.

When they passed out of the grave-yard, Ellen and Gertrude each leaned upon an arm of Howard Beauchamp—Ellen still "sowing in tears," and Gertrude and Howard "reaping in joy."

Howard Beauchamp purchased Elmwood Park of Squire Thornley; and as Gertrude busily superintended the furnishing of the house, she felt that it was almost wrong for her to be so very happy when she had caused so noble a heart as Julien Neville's so much disappointment.

Months rolled on, and the young clergyman and his bride received a letter of congratulation from Julien. He wrote that he had fortunately found Gertrude's counterpart, and that his suit had proved more successful with this his second love.

They rejoiced that it was so, and Gertrude smiled when she remembered that she had once imagined that the loss of her love had irremediably broken poor Julien's heart.

Ellen Beauchamp refused all invitations to pass the winter with them, and in opposition to the urgent prayers of her mother, and the entreaties of all her friends, she entered a convent at Baltimore; and died the first year of her novitiate a victim to the errors of her early education; for her indulgent mother had been too overweeningly fond of her, to deny, even when a child, her slightest wish. Had it been otherwise, she would have been better enabled to restrain the ungoverned and unhappy attachment of her youth, and the dicipline of that unrequited love would only have made her a more worthy member of the society in which, with her beauty and talents, she would have shone "a bright, particular star."

Mrs. Beauchamp survived her daughter but a short time, and to Howard she left her large fortune.

The poor and the lowly in the village of Elmwood are never weary of blessing their old minister's son, and his gentle and sympathizing wife. Surely they have great reason for love and gratitude; for their cottages have grown more cheerful and comfortable—their children are better clothed and fed; and when any among them are sick, there always you may be sure to find Gertrude Beauchamp, encouraging the invalid with her sweet-toned voice, and ministering in every way to the comfort of the sufferer.

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THE YOUNG WIFE; OR, THE HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.
BY PAUL CREYTON.
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THE YOUNG WIFE;

OR, THE HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Mr. Frederick Stanley lived a life of celibacy until he reached his six-and-twentieth year. Then, having become tired of a life of dissipation, such as bachelors are liable to indulge in, he resolved to marry.

Making choice of a beautiful and worthy girl, whom he devotedly loved, he offered her his hand, and was accepted. The marriage ceremony took place, and the honeymoon passed as delightfully as the fondest lovers could desire.

Thus, my readers will observe, my story commences where stories usually end: that is to say, with marriage. But the days of romance, and of lover's trials, had not altogether passed, as is usually the case; an ordeal of affection and fidelity awaited the fond bride and her devoted husband.

Two months after the marriage, on account of Catharine's feeble health, it was decided by her friends, that she should pass a few weeks in the country. It was a hard blow for Fred; she had become dearer to him than ever, and he could not bear the idea of parting with her for a day. Yet reason prevailed, and his young wife left the city.

The village of A—— was chosen as the place of Catharine's abode, it being a somewhat fashionable place of resort, and the residence of some of her friends. Fred accompanied her thither, and left her with a heavy, lonely heart, to return to his urgent business in the city.

The four weeks the newly married pair were destined to spend apart, were weeks of anxiety and loneliness to Frederick. He felt assured of his wife's affections, but he knew she had a woman's nature, and that she would command the admiration of all. He did not mean to be jealous, but he could not help it. He thought Catharine would forget him; that she would learn to favor others. It might be ungenerous in him to doubt her thus, and foolish too, but such reflections would arise in spite of his better reason.

At the end of the four weeks, leaving his business to take care of itself, Fred hastened to meet his wife in A——, and to conduct her home. He travelled incessantly, and soon arrived within sight of the village. Burning to embrace his wife after so long a separation, he flew to the house of the friend where she was tarrying.

He rang at the door and inquired of the servant if Mrs. Stanley was in. With an indescribable sinking of the heart, he learned that she was absent on an excursion. He felt vexed, grieved, almost angry. Catharine must have expected him, and she was gone!

To divert his mind from the gloomy reflections the event gave rise to, Fred hastened to the nearest hotel. In the sitting room he met a gentleman whom he had a faint recollection of having seen before; but he would not have spoken with him, had not the other advanced and extended his hand with a smile of recognition.

Then it struck Frederick that the stranger was one of his old associates, and a sharer in the dissipations of his bachelor days. He could not remember his name, but he recollected he had been, in times gone by, a rather wild young man, and had had the reputation of being something of a libertine.

"Ah! how are you?" said the bachelor. "Little did I expect to meet you here! What's the news? When did you arrive?"

Frederick answered these questions civilly, and accepted his friend's invitation to take a glass of wine with him in his own apartment.

"You can't imagine how happy I am to see you!" exclaimed the bachelor, filling Frederick's glass a second time. "Drink to the joys of celibacy—to the freedom of single-blessedness! You are the same chap, I see."

"Yes—pretty much," stammered Fred, thinking all the time how he had changed.

"And you've come out here for a society—to try a change of society, I suppose? Well, a fellow soon gets tired of seeing the same ladies every day; we must have a society."

Fred nodded, and sipped his wine.

"By the way," pursued his bachelor acquaintance, "I've had the good fortune to get into the good graces of a most beautiful lady."

"Ah!"

"Yes:—at least I flatter myself that she is not indifferent to me. Yet, should she prove a little cold, I shall have the consolation of knowing that she has a decided preference for me over her silly husband."

"Her husband!" echoed Frederick, beginning to feel interested.

"Certainly—her husband!" repeated the other, smoothing his beard complacently; "for you must know she is married."

"To whom?" interrupted Frederick, eagerly—"what is her husband's name."

"Stanley, I believe—but what the deuce makes you stare so, and look so fierce? Ah! I see! you know Mrs. Stanley; you have a passion for her; you are jealous! ha! ha!"

"Not a bit of it, 'pon my word!" exclaimed Fred, commanding himself, though he could scarce help groaning in despair. "Ha! ha!" and he drank off another glass of wine. "To think of my being jealous! True, I know Mrs. Stanley."

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"By the way," interrupted his bachelor friend, "do you know her husband? He is not with her now, having a good share of confidence in her fidelity. Ha! ha! He didn't reflect, I guess, that she's a woman, or he wouldn't be so silly as to trust her out of his sight."

"'Twas silly in him, I must confess," muttered Fred. "I think I've met him occasionally. But what progress do you make with his wife?"

Fred managed to get off this question with a considerable degree of coolness, although he was burning up with jealous impatience. I leave the reader to imagine his nervous anxiety, as his companion went on to relate his adventures and his success. It seemed that the bachelor had met Catharine frequently, and had succeeded in cultivating her acquaintance to a degree which filled poor Frederick with alarm.

"I am glad to make a confident of you," said the bachelor in conclusion, "for I may need your assistance. You see, I'm dead in love with the woman, and I may be tempted to run away with her, if her silly husband comes to take her away from me too soon. In case of emergency, I can reckon on you, I suppose?"

"Certainly! ha! ha! oh, yes—of course, ha! ha!" said Frederick, "I am your man—to assist you to run away with my own wife," he added, in a tone to himself. "Heaven help me, I shall die—ha! ha! you are one of 'em—glad to see you so spirited. Here's success to you."

And Fred poured another glass of wine down his throat.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "You are a good fellow, 'pon my word. By the way, your name has slipped my mind——"

"Jackson—call me Jackson," said Frederick speaking the first name that came into his head.

"Ah, yes, Jackson—I remember," exclaimed the bachelor. "Here's to your health, Mr. Jackson."

"Thank you—but I must ask you the same question you put to me. Your name."

"Sparkle—Ned Sparkle; accept of my card. Do me the favor to call on me here occasionally. You'll always find Ned happy to see you; he's proud of the acquaintance of Mr. Jackson. Good day, sir, if you must go. Good day—but don't try to rival me in the affections of my dear Mrs. Stanley."

"Oh, no," said Fred, smiling, "Mrs. Stanley shan't suffer from me. She's your's, Ned; and I am your man. Good day."

With a heart bursting with grief, jealousy and anger, the young husband staggered from the hotel, and once more hastened to see his wife.

He was told that she had returned, and that she would see him shortly in the parlor.

Fred sat down to wait for her, and bowed his throbbing head upon his hands. Had his love been less strong, his reason would have been more firm, and he would have been less jealous; but as it was, his heart was almost bursting.

As soon as she was aware of his arrival, Catharine flew to meet her husband. For a moment, as he held her to his heart, he forgot that she might be unfaithful to him, and that his arrival might be unwelcome. Soon, however, his doubts returned, and unclasping the fair arms that encircled his neck, and removing the downy cheek that was pillowed against his own, he said——

"Are you glad to see me, Catharine? Tell me, truly."

"Oh, am I not?" exclaimed the young wife, in accents which seemed to come up from her very heart. "Dear Frederick, this is the happiest day of my life."

Once more the doubting husband embraced her in tenderness. If she truly loved him, he was the happiest man alive; if not, the very deception was delicious.

Fred determined to say nothing to Catharine of Mr. Sparkle, but to let events take their course, hoping soon to be satisfied with regard to his wife's fidelity, without giving her a suspicion of his jealous doubts.

An hour after, Fred had occasion to leave the house. Near the door he met Mr. Ned Sparkle, who was going in.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Jackson," began Ned, "I see you've been to call on the wife of your silly acquaintance, Stanley."

"Just a friendly call."

"Of course—nothing more—ha! ha!"

"Upon my honor," stammered Fred.

"Pshaw, I believe you," exclaimed Sparkle, laughing. "Jackson ain't the man to turn traitor toward his friend Ned. But how is the lady? Did she say anything about me?"

"Oh, no."

"Just so: I knew she wouldn't. These young wives are cautious about committing themselves. Ha! ha! She wouldn't mention my name, I warrant you. But I'm going to call on her, you see—so, *au revoir*. By the way, let me see you at my place this afternoon."

"Thank you. I'll call around. Success to you. We'll talk over the matter after dinner."

"Yes, Jackson, we will, and as you are to be my confident and helper, you shall know all. We'll have a fine time, hauling the lady's silly husband over the coals."

"Ha! ha! he! he!" laughed Stanley, nervously, and with a prodigious effort. "You *are* 'one of 'em,' Ned, and no mistake. Ha! ha!"

And thus they parted: and Fred spent the next half hour in a state of suspense and jealousy, which the thought that Ned Sparkle was at the same time having a pleasant interview with Catharine, was by no means calculated to relieve.

When Stanley returned, he found his wife alone. Mr. Sparkle was gone.

In the presence of his wife, who seemed so happy upon seeing him again, Fred almost forgot that he had doubted her for a moment. He thought it impossible that so fair and pure a creature as she seemed in his eyes, could have so much as a sprinkling of deceit in her nature.

After dinner, Stanley called on Mr. Sparkle at his hotel.

"Ah, Jackson, how are you?" said Ned, shoving him a chair. "Glad to see you—got a few words to say to you in private."

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"Eh? What is it?"

"A mystery which you must explain. Let there be no concealment between friends. It seems to me you've been cracking a joke at my expense; but I can forgive it if you will confess."

"A joke? No!" exclaimed Fred, fearing Sparkle had discovered the relation he bore to Catharine. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, my dear Mr. Jackson," replied Ned, smiling blandly—"absolutely nothing—only, the truth is, I am consumedly jealous of you."

"Of me?"

"Just so. Of you, Mr. Jackson."

"Explain, sir, if you please."

"Oh, certainly. Have the goodness to help yourself to a glass from that bottle of excellent port, as I do. As I was saying, I am jealous of you. You see, as I was going to call on our dear friend, Mrs. Stanley, I met you coming out of the house."

"True."

"And you had seen her?"

"Yes."

"As I supposed. You saw her; you conversed with her; you talked love——"

"No, 'pon my honor!"

"Indeed?"

"It's a fact!"

"Then I can't see what should induce her to say she hadn't seen you. You had but just left her, and she declared you hadn't been there. Mr. Jackson, will you have the goodness to take another glass of wine, and then to explain this mystery?"

"A woman's caprice—coquetry," stammered Fred.

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Sparkle, smiling as cordially as ever, "but I have my opinion. Why, sir, she actually said she didn't know you."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Stanley; "I see you mistake. It's a rich joke. Mrs. Stanley knows me as Albert Fitzwilliams—a name I gave myself when I made her acquaintance, for the romance of the thing—and you spoke of me to her as Mr. Jackson. Of course, she wouldn't know who you meant. Believe me, my dear Ned—(shove the bottle this way, if you please,) you have no cause to be jealous of me—not the least."

"Well, I do believe you now," said Sparkle, taking a long breath. "But I have another cause of uneasiness; a very serious cause."

"No!"

"But I have. You see, our lady's husband has returned for her——"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Fred. "Why, she never mentioned the thing to me!"

"But she told me he had come. If that is a fact, it now becomes a matter of vital importance to know what to do. I believe I shall propose an elopement."

"Excellent! She loves you devotedly, I suppose, and would forsake all for you?"

"There's no doubt about that," said Mr. Sparkle, with a self-satisfied smile. "I'm sure she detests her husband."

"Ah! did she tell you so?"

"Why, not exactly. On the contrary, she spoke as if she was delighted at his arrival. But I see through it all. She only wanted to make me jealous, and bring my love to a focus. I understand these women, Jackson."

"So you do; and the wife of my silly acquaintance Stanley is probably among the number of those you have made your particular study—eh?"

"Yes, and I read her like a book. If her dolt of a husband could read himself as well, he would never have trusted her out of his sight. He'd be surprised if he knew how she laughs at his stupidity—I'm sure he would."

"Ha! ha! you are right, Ned!" laughed Stanley. "But let me give you a word of advice. Your lady's husband, you say, is here. If he should mistrust your intimacy with her, he would probably carry her away before your plans are matured. Therefore, if you have not a complete understanding of the affair with Mrs. Stanley, I would advise you to arrange matters to that effect at once."

"Thank you, Jackson," replied Sparkle, grasping his guest by the hand. "I'll do as much for you some time—for I consider your assistance in this affair as very important. I'm to call on Mrs. Stanley at ten in the morning, when, as sure as my name is Sparkle, I shall succeed in my designs."

Once more the gay bachelor and the wretched husband parted.

During the remainder of that day, Fred was the most miserable man in the world. Doubts of his wife's fidelity were beginning to become rooted in his mind, and he could not drive them away. He could have borne poverty, privations, sickness, even death itself better than the loss of that treasure, which was dearer to him than all the world beside—Catharine's undivided love.

Yet he resolved to conceal from her his suspicions until they were more fully confirmed; and he had strength of mind and force of character sufficient to enable him to dissemble.

At ten on the following morning, Mr. Ned Sparkle made his contemplated visit to Mrs. Stanley. I have not space to describe the interview, which lasted but little more than a quarter of an hour, and resulted rather unfavorably to the plans of the enterprising bachelor.

Scarcely had Sparkle reached his hotel, when he was agreeably surprised at the unceremonious entrance of Mr. Jackson, as he called him, into his apartments.

"Well, you've seen her, I suppose?" said the young husband.

"Certainly."

"And you made a declaration of passion?"

"Well," said Ned, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "I must confess I did."

"And she was very much surprised——"

"Eh? What makes you think so?"

"Why it's perfectly natural," replied Fred, gaily. "She never suspected anything but feelings of friendship on your part, and, when you spoke of love it roused indignation."

"By Heavens!" exclaimed Fred, pettishly, "you are a man of wonderful powers of penetration. You have guessed the circumstances of the case exactly.

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Our lady was surprised, and indignant at first; but when I pressed my suit——"

"When you pressed your suit," interrupted Stanley, smiling, "she became alarmed. She ordered you to leave the house; she threatened to inform her husband, who, she said, would crush such a miserable villain as you beneath his heel; and then finally threw open the door, exclaiming—'that either she or you must leave the room.'"

As Stanley spoke, Mr. Ned Sparkle, forgetting the air of cool and careless indifference he had assumed, sprang to his feet, and stood glaring at Frederick till he had finished speaking.

"Well, Mr. Jackson!" he exclaimed, angrily, "have the goodness to tell me how you learned all this? It can't be guess-work."

"Ha! ha! you haven't imagined then?" replied Fred, gaily, "that I might be concealed in the neat little closet."

"By Heavens!" muttered the enraged Ned, "this is too much. You are a traitor—a spy. You are the paramour of Mrs. Stanley!"

"I beg your pardon for the contradiction," returned Fred, coolly, "but I must inform you that I am *not* the lady's paramour."

"In her closet, and not her paramour!" sneered Sparkle. "Pray, what are you then?"

"Simply her husband," replied Stanley.

"Her husband!" echoed Ned, starting back as if dazzled by a new light that was bursting upon his mental and moral vision—"her husband!" he repeated, in confusion—"impossible."

"Have the condescension to believe me," said Stanley, still perfectly cool. "I am the lady's husband, and more than that, I am her protector. You have insulted her as well as myself, and as a man of honor I feel compelled to punish you as you deserve. Have the goodness to bear with me a moment, while I do myself the pleasure to cowhide you."

And before Mr. Ned Sparkle, who was not naturally dull of comprehension, could understand what Mr. Fred Stanley was about, Mr. Fred Stanley had produced a small leather whip, commonly called a rawhide, from under his coat, and seized him, Mr. Ned Sparkle, by the collar.

"Oh! Mr. Jackson—I protest," stammered the terrified bachelor.

"You can call me Jackson now," said Fred, with a smile, "but after I have cowhided you, you will do me the favor to call me by my right name, Stanley."

So saying, the offended husband commenced applying his rawhide to the shoulders of Mr. Sparkle, and punished him as much as, in his cool judgment, he thought he deserved.

Before Ned thought of making any resistance, it was too late to dream of such a thing.

Stanley was gone; and the disappointed bachelor, after giving way to his resentment and rage in a few harmless, fashionable oaths, concluded to pursue the affair no further, except to apply some healing ointment to his smarting shoulders. An hour afterward he gave orders to have his luggage conveyed as secretly as possible to the cars, resolved to leave town that very day.

Meanwhile Frederick and his beautiful wife, having given their resentment for the insult time to evaporate, were enjoying themselves exceedingly at the wretched libertine's expense. Everything was explained, and they were happy as two children.

Stanley no longer doubted the singleness and devotion of Catharine's heart. Unknown to her he had witnessed her interview with Sparkle, and become so firmly convinced of her love, fidelity and honor, that he never after had the slightest inclination to be jealous.

The happy couple returned to town, and from that time they were justly cited by their acquaintances as living examples of the three great principles which should animate us all—"friendship, love and truth."

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TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.
BY MARY DAVENANT.
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TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"This is slow work," said Allan Seymour, as he pushed aside a law book with which he had been occupied, and gathering his long limbs from beneath his office table, threw himself into a lounging chair and gazed intensely into the fire. "Slow work, indeed," he added, "and I am getting fairly sick of it. But there is no royal road to eminence—nothing but drudge until the end of the chapter. If Marion Lee were not such an angel, and I had not been such a fool as to fall in love with her, I might——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a murmur, and though the reverie of the young barrister continued long, and the shadow grew deeper upon his handsome face, no further sound gave token of its object.

Brightly the glowing fire flashed upon his eye, and darkly frowned down upon him the well-stored book shelves, whose contents were so distasteful to him; loud roared the wind, and louder rattled the passing carriages—he saw and heard them not. For before his mind's eye was stretched a moonlit landscape, above him rustled the boughs of a venerable oak, and beside him murmured a voice he fain would have listened to forever—for it spoke of love and trust to hope—of effort, high and noble effort to reach a goal, and as Allan listened he felt his better nature rise within him, and he had determined, alas! alas! how vainly, to do and to dare all that it prompted.

Allan had then for the first time really loved. He had had flirtations innumerable, for he lived much in the gay world, and many a dashing belle had seen him in her train. Besides his profession, he possessed a small patrimony which had enabled him to live idly and expensively, and on being informed by his guardian that it was nearly spent, he had repaired to Saratoga with the intention of addressing a wealthy but unattractive heiress, who had shown very plainly that she preferred him to her other suitors.

On the evening of his arrival there, his eyes chanced to meet those of Marion Lee bent admiringly upon him. He was struck with her beauty, and with the blush that mantled upon her cheek, as she timidly withdrew her gaze, when she found it was observed. An introduction followed, the heiress was forgotten and offended, and Marion and he loved.

But they had parted unbetrothed. Marion's father, a man of moderate means but elevated character, did not fully approve of his daughter's choice. He had inquired, he said, and heard that the young man was averse to business and fond of pleasure, that he had wasted his patrimony, and what was more his time.

"Let the young man prove that he loves you by his actions, my child," he said. "If two years hence he returns here an industrious hard-working lawyer, you may have him, if you will, but until then you both must be free."

And as all Marion's tears would gain no more, she strove to inspire her lover with the same high hopes and noble aims that animated her own pure bosom, and trusted in his vows of love and constancy, as firmly as in her own. And thus they parted.

Eight months had passed since then—eight months of fitful effort, but still constant love—for Marion was not one to be readily forgotten—but the effort was daily becoming more wearisome, and Allan gradually had yielded at the solicitations of his former companions, to re-enter the gay and dissipated circles he had for a while forsaken. On the evening we have introduced him to our readers, his long reverie was broken in upon by the entrance of one of these friends, if friends such can be called, who after rallying Allan upon his studious habits and love of solitude, insisted upon his accompanying him that evening to a party to which both were invited. Allan, at first refused to go, so after exhausting other arguments, his friend said—

"But I have promised Miss Talbot that you shall be there, and you must go if it is only to oblige her."

"Pob, nonsense, Miss Talbot and I have scarcely spoken for months."

"Did you not speak to her at Mrs. R——'s the other night?"

"For a moment only—she was very civil, to be sure—all things considered," said Allan, musingly.

"And all things considered, Allan Seymour, you are the most insensible fellow in the world, or you would have married that girl long ago—why she has been in love with you for a year at least."

"And eight months of that year I have been in love with another woman. So it is a hopeless business."

"I was in hopes you had gotten over that nonsense—but you are not engaged yet?"

"No, but after two years toiling at my profession we are to be—eight months have gone already—heigh ho!"

"Two year's hard work before you are engaged, and twice two before you are married, and when you are married, what a prospect! I can see you now, Allan, in your threadbare coat, sighing over musty papers in your dingy office, your wife, thin, pale, and shabby, sighing over her children's clothes in her dingy parlor, and the poor brats, fat, ragged, and saucy, wanting a thousand things you can't afford to give them. Poh! it makes me sick."

Allan sighed. He had thought of all this a hundred times, but he smiled sadly as he replied—"but in spite of all this, we will love each other dearly, for Marion is a glorious creature."

"Hem—you know the old proverb, 'when poverty comes in at the door,' &c. I'll wager a cool thousand

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that at the end of two years, you would love Lucretia Talbot just as well as your fair Phillis yonder, for she will love you far better. Look at the two women—here is one ready to break her neck after you, though you show her no civility, while the other, whom you love so dearly will not write you a line in six months, because 'papa says not.' Why, man, if she loved you half as well as Lucretia does, she would have run off with you at the first word, instead of setting you on this miserable probation. I bet she is at this moment flirting with some of her old beaux: so come to Mrs. Lennox's, and flirt with some of your old belles." And Allan at last was persuaded to go.

Miss Talbot, who had sat sullen and silent all the evening, recovered her smiles and animation when Allan addressed her. She invited him to take a seat next her, and though the fair image of the absent Marion often rose beside the image of the plain, dark visage of Miss Talbot, still in the dim distance was the other picture his friend had drawn, beside which even Lucretia grew fair, and the diamonds with which she was loaded, shone with redoubled lustre.

Our hero was, as we have said, eminently handsome; he was also, as handsome men are apt to be, eminently vain. Miss Talbot's devotion after all his coldness, inflated him to such a degree, that when they parted, he thought less of Marion's charms than of his own, and from that time, willingly sought the society where he received such incense.

At first he did not dream of inconstancy to Marion, he was only amusing himself and gratifying his vanity. Soon, however, he found the heiress appropriating his attentions as her right; soon too, her immense fortune excited in his mind a strong desire to grasp the prize he saw others vainly striving after.

True, the heiress was plain, weak-minded, and ill-tempered, while Marion, his still loved Marion, was all beauty, intellect, and goodness. Her form, upbraiding him for his falsehood, suffering from his inconstancy, seemed day and night before him. The struggle was a severe one, between a life of exertion and poverty with her love, and one of indolence and wealth without it. But it ended at last. Money carried the day, and he offered his hand to Lucretia, who at once accepted him as her future husband.

"Tell me, Allan," said Lucretia, one evening at a party, soon after their engagement, when she had withdrawn him from the company to snatch a short tete-a-tete in a dimly lighted conservatory—"what became of the pretty Marion Lee, you flirted with so dreadfully at Saratoga, when you made me so angry with you?"

"Ah—really—ah—I don't know what has become of her," stammered Allan. "What in the world makes you ask?"

"Because I saw a figure in the ball-room that reminded me of her."

"Where? in the name of Heaven, where?"

"Stay, sit still, we have been here but a minute, and it is so delightful to have you all to myself," said Lucretia, drawing him again to her side. "Now you must tell me all about it, love, or I shall be really jealous. Have you never seen her since?"

"Scarcely—what nonsense—how beautiful your hair is dressed."

"Yes. Le Page always does it well. Then you were not in love with her?"

"Never," said Allan, though the falsehood almost choked him.

"Then why were you so devoted to her? and why did you look at her as I have never seen you look since?" said Lucretia, poutingly.

"Because—because—I was a fool. You made me angry, and I flirted with her to worry you."

"And that was all—and you really did not care for her?"

"Never," said Allan, "on my honor." He raised his eyes as he spoke, and just before him screened from Lucretia by an immense flowing Azalia, stood Marion herself—her queen-like figure drawn to its utmost height, her large eyes flashing with indignation, though the rest of her beautiful face expressed both pity and contempt.

She had vanished before he recovered from the shock her appearance had excited, and as it was some time before he was able, under the plea of sudden indisposition to release himself from Lucretia, whose exhibition of fond anxiety made him feel as if he hated her, no trace of Marion could then be seen. At first he was tempted to believe the whole a vision of his brain. But no, it was her living, breathing presence. He had heard a bitter sigh part her lovely lips as she turned so proudly from him—a sigh not so much for her own wrongs as for his degradation, and as soon as he could command himself sufficiently to question his hostess, he learned that Marion had indeed been there, and where she was to be found.

Forgetting everything but the powerful impulse of the moment, he determined at once to see her—but day after day he beseiged the door of her friend's house in vain. He wrote to her—his letters were returned unopened. Accident was, however, at last his friend. She passed him without a sign of recognition, but as she was alone he joined her, and thongh she motioned him away, (for she dared not speak, and could scarcely stand,) he drew her arm firmly within his own, and turning into an unfrequented street, forced her to listen, while he poured forth an incoherent rhapsody, which ended by imploring her to forget the past, and as his better angel, to snatch him from the miserable destiny he had prepared for himself. At last he paused for a reply, but Marion was silent. No answering look of tenderness met his impassioned gaze, or rewarded him for expressions of attachment she knew to be false, and felt to be degrading.

"Cruel Marion!" he exclaimed, passionately, "is it only with cold disdain that you listen while I humble myself before you? while I confess my sin, my sorrow, and the adoration I this moment feel for you? But you have never loved as I have!"

"No, never!" said Marion, struggling to command her voice, which always soft and low, was now scarce louder than a sigh, but gradually gained strength as she proceeded. "How I have loved *you* can scarcely guess. How I have suffered in awaking from my delusion, is only known to him who gave me strength to bear it. It is enough for you to know that I have

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awakened—it is impossible that I can dream again. Farewell, Mr. Seymour. May you be happy with the wife you have so deliberately chosen. My business leads me in another direction"—and with a stately bow she left him, hastened homeward, her strength failing at every step, until she sunk fainting into the arms of the servant, who opened the door to admit her.

For hours Allan wandered through the streets, neither hearing nor seeing anything that passed around him, inwardly cursing his own folly, Marion's pride, and the poverty of both, and it was some days before the spirit of worldliness regained its former empire over his vacillating mind. Restless and unhappy, his only desire seemed now to fix the fate he had chosen, and he urged the completion of his marriage with an impatience, that charmed the willingly deceived Lucretia. In a very few weeks, before Marion had recovered from the illness his falsehood brought upon her, he stood at the altar, vowing to love and to cherish one whose person he disliked, whose character he despised, but whose wealth he hoped would make amends for all the rest.

But Allan was mistaken. He had experienced the charm a highly placed attachment can throw around existence, and he felt the aching void its absence had occasioned. Had his wife's affection for him been less engrossing, he might, perhaps, have sometimes forgotten the golden fetters that bound him, but this was almost impossible. She must share all his pleasures with him, and her presence was enough to render them nugatory. Weak, narrow-minded, pampered, and entirely selfish, her love partook of the selfishness of her nature. It must minister to her own happiness, not to that of its object, and as time went on, Allan (who was naturally amiable, and seldom roused his indolent temper to contend against her violent one) found himself tied to the apron-string of his volatile wife, the alternate slave of her caprices, and of the sensual indulgence, in which alone he found refuge from them.

It was several years after their marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were spending the summer at Sharon Springs, when business connected with some valuable property, owned by Lucretia in the western part of the state of New York, made it necessary that Allan should visit a thriving town in that section to consult his lawyer. Lucretia, who always fancied herself an invalid, was unable, to his great joy, to accompany her husband on the journey.

After a long consultation with his lawyer—a remarkably fine looking and intelligent man, whose knowledge of the intricate points of law connected with the business, had impressed Allan with a high opinion of his powers, he felt somewhat at a loss how to dispose of the rest of the day, when Mr. Aubrey said to him—

"As I am very busy this morning, I regret I will not be able to devote it to you, but if instead of returning to your hotel you will dine with us, my wife will, I am sure, do her best to entertain you."

Allan bowed assentingly, and his host apologizing for leaving him so abruptly, opened a door on the other side of the hall and hurried back to his office.

As the room was empty, Allan had time to look about him. It was plainly, but tastefully furnished, while books, prints, a piano-forte, and some lovely flowers gave it an air of refined domesticity and home enjoyment, that made Allan sigh, as he contrasted it with his own gorgeous drawing-room, so grand, so cheerless, and so seldom occupied. A door leading to the adjoining room was partly open, and a sweet female voice warbling a lay he once had loved, but now could scarcely bear to hear, indicated that there he would probably find the mistress of the mansion. He therefore advanced, and entered the apartment.

It was a dining-room still plainer than the one he left. A child was playing in the vine embowered porch, upon which its large window opened, and beside it sat a lady, simply dressed, sewing and singing so diligently, that she did not hear the stranger enter. Allan stood as if transfixed. It was Marion, young and beautiful as ever, her fair head bowed over her work, while the well-filled basket beside her gave token of her housewifely thrift. In a moment she looked up, and advancing, as to a stranger, bowed courteously.

"Marion!" exclaimed Allan, "do you not know me?"

A spasm of pain contracted her lovely features for an instant, but soon commanding herself, she offered him her hand, and said with kindness, as her eye rested on his altered face—"excuse me, Mr. Seymour, I fear you have been ill, for I did not recognize you."

"Ill at ease, Marion—restless, dissatisfied, unhappy—as I deserve to be," he said, holding her hand in both of his, and regarding her intently.

"Mrs. Seymour is well, I hope?" said Marion, coldly, disengaging her hand and desiring to change the subject.

"Do not speak of her," he answered, vehemently. "Oh Marion! you might have saved me from that fate but you would not. Had you but listened to me when last we met, instead of the worthless sensualist I am, I might with you in some sweet solitude like this, have grown to be honored, useful, distinguished as now I can never be!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Seymour," said Marion, "circumstances do not alter character. In the solitude you would probably sigh as vainly for the wealth that now is yours, as you do for the love you once so wilfully rejected. That love, highly placed and warmly reciprocated, forms my happiness in a life of self-denial and industry, but it never would have sufficed for yours—you surely chose your own portion, and should not murmur, for you have received your reward."

Allan could not reply, but turned for relief to the child who was trying to attract his attention. He satisfied himself by close observation during the remainder of his visit, that what Marion said of her own happiness was strictly true. Mr. Aubrey has since risen both to wealth and political eminence, and his beautiful wife is often the "cynosure of every eye," in the brilliant circles at the capitol. Allan Seymour still vegetates, a grumbling idler, rich in purse, but poor in all that gives to life its real value.

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TWO CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG WIFE.: CHAPTER I.
BY CLARA MORETON.
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TWO CHAPTERS

IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG WIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"When the idea of the marriage tie is taken at its true height—when it is acknowledged as an institution of God, there is found in it so much of self-denial—so much of consecration to another, (these two fine attributes of human nature) the power of devoting and controlling self are so called upon to manifest themselves, that this connexion will always be the most excellent school of amelioration, as well as of great cause of moral development."

MADAME NECKAR DE SAUSSURE.

CHAPTER I.

"HELEN, my love, after you have finished trimming that morning cap for me, I wish you would go around to Annie's, and see how she is getting along with the new servant I sent her yesterday. I feel worried about her, she is so unaccustomed to care, and Hannah's leaving her so suddenly has troubled her, I know, for she looked very much out of spirits last evening, didn't you think so, Mr. Carroll?" she said, turning to her husband.

"She has not looked well to me for some time past," he replied, "and I am afraid now that it is too late, you will find out that I was right in opposing her marrying on so short an acquaintance. Why, I get out of patience whenever I think of it! Such a mere child as she was too!—she had better by far have gone to school three or four years longer. Heigh ho! you women must have your own way, or there is no living in the house with you. I only hope you have not sacrificed your daughter to your——"

"Sacrificed her, Mr. Carroll!—sacrificed! I should like to know what you mean by making use of that word? You had better take the cap up stairs, Helen, to your room, and finish it there."

Helen left the room, and Mrs. Carroll continued—

"I should like to know, as I have said before, what you mean by that word, for I am sure I do not know where the sacrifice was in marrying Annie to a son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, and such a strong attachment existing on both sides. I wish I could see where the *sacrifice* was!"

"Don't get angry, Julia, don't get angry, for when you get angry you are always nervous, and you won't listen to reason—now I wish to talk with you plainly on the subject, without exciting either of us. You know how repeatedly I told you before Annie's marriage, that I thought she was too young to assume the duties and responsibilities of a married life, and I requested again, and again, that the wedding might be deferred for a few years, until they had both seen more of the world, and had more time for studying each others tastes and dispositions, but you were so anxious to secure young Falkner, that——"

"It was no such a thing, Mr. Carroll—you always persist in looking at the matter in a wrong light. As Helen was the oldest, I should have much preferred to have had her settled first, but Mr. Falkner was so urgent for an immediate marriage, and Annie was so gay, that I thought it was the best thing we could do with her."

"Well, well, I hope it will prove so, but if Harry Falkner had been poor, do you think you would to oblige him, have so readily consented to their immediate union?"

"That is a different matter, Mr. Carroll. Of course I would not consent to her leaving her home for a less comfortable one, but look at the luxuries with which she is now surrounded, and which, I am sure, cannot fail of making her contented and happy."

Mr. Carroll made no reply, but he shook his head musingly, as though he doubted the power of elegance and wealth to make a warm-hearted and sensitive young being happy, without deeper and more abiding causes.

And now with this slight introduction to the excellent Mr. Carroll and his worldly-minded wife, let us turn for awhile to Annie Falkner, the subject of the conversation which I have recorded. She had married at the age of sixteen, without forming any correct estimate of the responsibilities which she then assumed. Expecting to find continued in her husband the devoted fondness and passionate tenderness of the lover, she met his first short-comings with sighs and tears. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he could not see any cause for her unhappiness, and when evening after evening he returned to his home to meet with sentimental scenes, he became equally disappointed in his expectations, and grew irritable and morose, not unfrequently answering her tears with cruel and wounding words.

Thus was gradually built up between them a barrier to that intimacy and confidence so essential to happiness in the marriage relation. Mr. Carroll's discerning affection had not been long in ascertaining this, but even he could not determine what had caused this lamentable state of things. When with true fatherly love, he sought the confidence of his daughter, she summoned pride to her aid, and denied the misery which her sad face had caused him to mistrust.

Thus passed the first year of their wedded life, and the second and third glided away, and still no material change.

The world had not failed to remark the coldness which had existed between them—some had observed how closely he watched her when she was unaware, and these called her heartless and unworthy of his

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love: there were others who had seen the tears gleam in her eyes, and the quick heaving of her bosom when he had shown her some unusual attention, and they pitied her, and thought how sad that one so young should be so neglected and deserted.

All this while, neither husband or wife dreamed of the love in each others hearts, which though now smothered, needed only the breath of tenderness to fan into a pure and undying flame.

Meanwhile, Helen Carroll had become attached to a young man, every way worthy of her, but although he possessed a large fortune, Mr. Carroll would not listen to their union. Two years he required at least should be passed before he would consent.

This period had now glided away, and as their love was still steadfast, Mr. Carroll felt himself obliged to yield to their wishes. It was arranged that they should leave immediately after their marriage for their bridal tour, accompanied by some of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll had already made arrangements to go with them as far as Saratoga, and they, as well as Helen, were extremely anxious to have Annie of the party; for her pale cheeks and listless expression were now a source of constant anxiety to the affectionate father.

"I will speak to Henry about it, and let you know soon," was Annie's answer, as she turned from their entreaties, but she had little hope of joining them, for the last few months her husband had seemed to take particular happiness in thwarting her wishes.

That evening when Mr. Falkner entered the supper-room, Annie said in a voice which was meant to be cheerful—

"Helen is to be married the first of the month, Henry, and papa and the rest are very anxious to have me go with them to Saratoga."

"And Charles Nugent too, I suppose."

"Yes, Cousin Charles urged me very much on Helen's account, he is to be one of the groomsmen, but he does not know whether he can leave the city yet."

"He told me to-day that he was going."

"Oh, I am very glad. Do say that we will go too. I do not know when I have anticipated anything so much."

"I shall not go, but you can go, and stay if you choose."

Annie arose from her low seat, cast one imploring glance toward her husband, but his face betrayed no emotion.

"You did not mean that, Henry, *I* am sure you did not," were the words which escaped her lips in tremulous tones.

"I do mean it; and I advise you by all means to go. Helen may need some lessons in matrimonial scenes, and I know of no one more capable of giving them than yourself."

These words wounded her to the heart, but she replied gently—

"I hope Helen will never have the cause for them which I have had."

"Perhaps not, but when a woman marries for money, she must be satisfied with that, and not expect happiness too."

"You wrong Helen if you think she cares for money—she thinks no more of it than I did."

"*No more than you!*" sneered he, in reply, "she could not well think more of it than *you* did—you were both of you too nicely brought up to ever marry a poor man, or I suppose Charles Nugent would have been your choice then, even as he is now.

This was the first hint Annie had ever received of her husband's now settled opinion, for long ago had Henry Falkner come to the conclusion that he had been married for his money and not himself. Several times during the first month of their marriage when he had seen his wife in tears, had this suggested itself to him, and it became a firm conviction, when one morning he stopped at Mr. Carroll's to execute a commission for his wife with regard to a new servant, and finding the waiter at the door he entered unannounced, and overheard through the folding doors the conversation recorded at the commencement of the chapter. Without pausing to execute his errand, he hastened from the house, and from that day he regarded his wife with a jealous eye; but he vainly looked for the rival which he imagined her tears were wasted upon. Months passed, and Charles Nugent returned to his family after an absence of three years. He had always regarded his Cousin Annie as the embodiment of everything lovely or loveable in woman, and when he saw the coldness of her husband he strove by every attention to divert her mind from his neglect. Annie saw, and appreciated his kindness, and Mr. Falkner noticed that she became more fond of society, and that her sad eyes always brightened at her cousin's approach. All this was galling to him in the extreme, and when she proposed accompanying the party, blinded by jealousy, he only saw a wish upon her part to avoid a separation from her cousin, and this provoked him to answer her as he did.

Sinking back upon the lounge, Annie covered her face with both hands. There was a silence of some moments before she arose. Her fingers were locked nervously together, and all color had died away from the before flushed cheeks—even the lips were pallid, and the wild look of the eyes told plainly of the fearful struggles within. An instant she paused beside the table where her husband was sitting, and looking steadily at him, she said in clear tones—"I wish that I had died, Henry—God knows that I wish I could have died before I ever heard such cruel words from you. You would then have been spared the bitter reflection that your unkind, and unjust accusations broke my heart." She turned to leave the room, but not so rapidly that she did not hear his last remark.

"A very good winding up of another sentimental scene, but I have lived long enough to know that hearts are not broken so easily."

Not another speech could he have made which had such an effect upon Annie as this. For the instant she almost hated him, with such power did the tide of outraged love sweep from her bosom all tender recollections.

She had turned to leave the room—her spirit bowed like a reed crushed by the pitiless storm, but now those few words of ridicule had awakened her womanly pride, and lifting her head in the bold consciousness

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of innocence, she trod firmly the space between that room and her own apartment, resolving that she would triumph over her weakness, and revenge herself by showing him that she had lost all care for his love, but when alone, her pride forsook her, and kneeling beside the couch she prayed earnestly that God would enable her to remain unwavering in the path of duty. Ah! why is it that in adversity we always turn to Him of whom in prosperity we are but too forgetful? It is because His ear is ever ready to hear—He pitieth our calamities—His promises console our grief, and as temporal blessings vanish, He manifesteth himself more and more to the spirit that yearneth for communion with Him. All night did Annie, weeping and praying, remain beside her couch. Morning came, and still heavy of heart, she lifted not her head, but strove to shroud her eyes from the sunlight which fell through the embroidered curtains of the windows. The hours stole on, and her maid tapped gently at the door. Annie aroused herself. Casting a glance at a mirror, and meeting the reflection of her still tearful eyes and disheveled hair, she refused her maid admittance, and set down beside her table to commence her own toilette. Mechanically she braided the long, dark tresses, and wound them around her beautiful head, now throbbing with pain from the intense mental excitement of the past night. The last braid was arranged, and she descended the stairs and met her husband in the drawing-room. Her good angel was beside her, and obeying its promptings she drew a seat near him, but her heart seemed frozen when he suddenly arose and left the room without saying one word to her.

Day passed after day, and still Henry Falkner maintained toward his wife a reserve and coldness, which had she trusted in her own strength she would have found it impossible to endure. More than once the idea suggested itself to her, that in her father's house she should find more peace of mind, but she put it from her as a temptation, and sustained by her exalted sentiment of duty, she continued to struggle on through all with the hope of one day convincing her husband of his error.

Helen's wedding day drew near. Annie had declined accompanying them much to the regret of all; but as Mr. Falkner had made no inquiries, he was ignorant of her intentions. He was, therefore, somewhat surprised when at the bridal he ascertained, for the first time, that his wife was not to be of the party. He turned toward her with a smile, and Annie felt repaid for all, as she met the glance. But her disappointment was short-lived, for scarce a moment afterward, when she raised her eyes to her cousin's to answer some trivial question, she met another glance from him which pierced her to the soul.

She was weak, and the re-action from happiness to misery was so sudden that it was more than she could bear. She leaned for support against the window casement, but everything glided mazily before her, and she knew not when reeling she fell into the outstretched arms of her Cousin Charles, who bore her from the room followed by her parents. Mr. Falkner's face was blanched—not with fear, but with anger as he saw Nugent bear the lifeless form of his wife past him, but instead of following them he took his hat and hastily left the house.

When Annie revived, she looked vainly for her husband.

"He must indeed be indifferent to me," she thought, and earnestly she wished that she had never awoke to a new sense of her misery.

In vain they all urged her to alter her determination and to accompany them, saying that change of air and scene would bring her strength—they promised to wait until she was ready, but her resolution was unalterable; and from the windows of the room that used to be her own when care and sorrow were unknown guests to her, she saw the bridal party depart, and from her breast arose a voiceless prayer that God would save her sister from the isolation of heart which she endured.

She returned to her cheerless home to meet still colder looks, and listlessly she wandered from room to room, almost oppressed with the cold elegance which surrounded her, and yearning for something to love in her splendid solitude.

Weeks passed on, the bridal party returned. Like an automaton Annie mingled with them in their gaities, and Mr. Carroll's heart bled as he saw the unhappiness which was but too plainly depicted upon her face.

At length the monotony of the scenes in Mr. Falkner's house was broken by the arrival of a maiden aunt—a sister of his father. Eleanor Falkner soon discovered the unfortunate misunderstanding which existed between her nephew and his young and gentle wife. She made the dispositions of both her study, and was not long in finding out that the cold exterior of each covered warm and loving hearts. Then, actuated by the best of motives, she endeavored to discover the cause of the unhappiness, but though gifted with uncommon discernment, she found this beyond her penetration.

Thus the autumn and winter passed away, and spring came and brought no happiness to Annie's now desponding heart. In the present there was no joy for her—in the future no hope, and wearily the hours lengthened into days, and Annie saw each one depart with a sigh of relief—she was nearer her rest. Her rest! Oh! that in this bright world there should be so much of helpless woe—of crushing misery as to make the young and beautiful yearn for the cold stillness of the dark, deep grave!

CHAPTER II.

On the south side of Mr. Falkner's house, a small wing had been built, which was furnished as a library. Over the window which looked into the yard a beautiful jessamine had been trained by Annie's own hands, and early one morning while busily pruning the vine, and fastening its slender tendrils to the lattice, she heard the gentle voice of Eleanor Falkner as she bade her nephew "good morning."

"Here is something I have brought you to read to me, Henry," she said, as she sat down near him. He took the slip of paper from her hands, reading in the deep tones of his musical voice the poem which was

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one of exquisite grace and beauty, although touchingly sad. As he finished, he said—"this is really beautiful, Aunt Eleanor, and it is in your hand-writing. I did not know that you were a poet before."

"Neither am I, Henry. I would give much to possess the power of expressing the deeper feelings of my heart in song, but so great a privilege is denied me. This I copied from Annie's sketch-book."

"*She* never wrote it, Aunt Eleanor—one so entirely heartless as she is could never have written that."

"Henry, my child, you must let me tell you plainly how you misjudge your wife. Annie is all heart, and I can convince you in a moment that she wrote it, for I have her manuscript with its alterations and additions."

"Oh! it is of no consequence—if she wrote it, she had just been reading a novel, and so imagined herself the heroine."

Poor Aunt Eleanor was sadly puzzled—she was convinced from the manner in which her nephew spoke that he did not love his wife, but how he could help loving her was a mystery.

Meanwhile, Annie beside the lattice had heard every word. How the bright light flashed in her eyes, and the rose-hue stole to, and deepened in her cheeks as she heard him, whose every tone was dear to her, read the lines which she had penned in an hour when her heart was yearning for his love. But ah, how suddenly died away the beautiful color from her face, and the light from her eyes when she heard him call her heartless.

"*Heartless!*" she murmured, as she turned away from the window—"*heartless!* oh, would that I were! Have I not been through enough to make me so? Yet still I bear this wounded, bleeding heart where'er I go, too proud to accept the sympathy offered by those who love me, and too wretched for want of his love to prize any other."

When she reached her chamber she turned the lock of the door, and gave free vent to her tears. The breakfast bell sounded through the hall—she paid no attention to it, and hour by hour the morning glided away, and still Annie communed with her own heart, although bitter and grievous were her communings. It was mid-day when answering a knock at her chamber door, she found her husband standing beside it. He crossed the threshold and closed the door after him. It was the first time for months that he had been within her room, and her heart beat nervously as drawing a chair, he motioned her to sit down. Her first impulse was to throw herself at his feet and plead for the love which she had lost, but there was something so forbidding in the expression of his countenance, that she moved still further from him, and covering her face with her hands, tried vainly to suppress the sobs that were convulsing her.

"I did not come to witness any *scenes*, Mrs. Falkner, but to say to you that as long as you bear my name, I expect you to behave worthily of it. You have several times lately seen fit to absent yourself from your meals without any cause, and in doing so have given occasion for remark among the servants. I sent your maid this morning to your room, and she tells me that you refused her admittance. These things may be the latest approved fashion of novel heroines, but they do not agree with my ideas of the dignity which a woman ought to maintain in her household, and which I shall hereafter look to you for."

A reproachful reply arose to Annie's lips, but she checked it, and said mildly—"I will, if possible, obey your wishes."

"I see no reason why it is not possible—your wishes are all obeyed, 'you are surrounded with every luxury, *and all this, I am sure, cannot fail of making you happy and contented,*'" said Mr. Falkner, in a sarcastic tone of voice, emphasizing the words which he quoted as nearly as he could remember them, from the conversation he had overheard so long ago.

"Cannot fail!" echoed Annie, in a mournful tone of voice—"cannot fail! oh, Henry! what are all these to a woman's heart without love?"

"You made your choice between the two, Mrs. Falkner, and now you must abide by it; but I did not come here to discuss the matter—one thing more I would say. You have denied yourself lately to your cousin, Charles Nugent, it is my wish that you do so no longer. I have already heard it remarked upon, and some have said that I was jealous of his attachment to you—have I ever given you any reason to think me jealous? I wish you to answer me, Mrs. Falkner."

"There can be no jealousy where there is no love, Henry," said Annie, sadly.

"Ahem! very true; you are right, Mrs. Falkner," and crushing his lips between his teeth, Mr. Falkner rose to leave. At the door he was met by a servant with a card. He glanced at it as he handed it to his wife—it was his of whom they had been speaking—"Charles Nugent."

"You will not fail of going down," Mr. Falkner said.

"Oh! Henry, how can I?—you will not be so cruel as to make me go when I feel so very, very wretched."

"I insist upon your going down, Mrs. Falkner—I have no doubt but that you will have a more agreeable interview with him than you have had with me."

Annie did not answer the unkind remark, but rising she bathed her eyes, re-arranged her dress, and followed her husband down stairs.

"Will you not come in, Henry?" she said, with a beseeching look.

"No, I should only be a restraint upon you, madam," and his thin lips curled scornfully, as taking his hat from the stand he turned to leave the house.

"You have been weeping, Annie," said Charles Nugent, when the first salutations were over. His allusion to it brought the tears again to her eyes, and she turned her head that they might escape his notice.

"Poor Annie! will you who deserve so much happiness, never be happy?" he said. Her only answer was a fresh burst of tears, which she in vain tried to check.

"Would you not be happier to go back to your old home again, dear Annie? You do not know how your father grieves for you, for though you will not tell us of your troubles, we can but too truly guess them all.

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Oh! Annie, let me plead with you to leave this life of torture, for that dear home where all will strive to make you happy; answer me, my own sweet cousin, will you not?"

Annie stifled her sobs as she replied in a firm voice,

"If you could see my heart, Charles, you would not ask such a question. I would not leave my husband even were he to treat me cruelly, which he has never done; even did he desire it I would not go, and thank God he has never intimated to me a wish for a legal separation. My only hope now is to die beside him, and if my death should win from him one word of love, then shall I be repaid for all my unhappiness; but do not let us talk on this subject any longer—tell me about yourself, Charles: have you seen Alice Fleming lately?"

"Yes, Annie; I come to tell you this morning that her father has consented to our marriage in the autumn."

Annie's eyes partially reflected the joy which beamed from her cousin's at this announcement, but it died away, and she spoke in earnest tones—"I hope from my heart that your future may be an unclouded one, but it is a serious thing to trust your happiness to the keeping of one, my dear cousin, and it should not be done hastily."

"Nor has it, dear Annie, in our case, for Alice and myself have loved each other from childhood—do you not remember the day on which you told me with blushing cheeks and timid tones, of your engagement to Harry? Well, at the time, I could scarcely refrain from telling you that Alice had promised at some future day to be mine, but as she wished it kept secret I was in honor bound not to mention it, even to you. Mr. Fleming opposed our engagement, and at his wish I finally made the voyage to Canton, with the promise from him that if she continued to love me upon my return, he would no longer oppose our union. I returned to find her true, God bless her! never had I doubted her for a moment, and now——"

"Hush! did you not hear a groan?"

"No, Annie—how wild you look, child, you are nervous—it was only the creaking of a shutter, I imagine."

In vain Charles Nugent tried to convince his cousin that it was a freak of the imagination; and when he parted from her, he noticed the burning color of her cheeks and the brilliant light of her eyes, and thought she must be strangely weak for so slight a cause to have effected her so violently. Trembling in every limb, Annie Falkner dragged herself up the stairs, and weak and exhausted she threw herself upon her couch, moaning to herself—

"I am very ill—I am very ill, and no one to love me." These tones went to the heart of the husband, who was now bending so tenderly over her, while large tear-drops fell upon her face from his eyes like rain.

"Annie, my darling—my own, God knows how I love you." She did not answer, but moaned on—

"I am very ill—I am very ill, and no one to love me."

"Do you not hear me, my sweet wife—my gentle, patient, Annie?"

There was no answer save those moaning words, and they pierced the husband's heart like arrows. He bowed his head beside her pillow—nestling his face to hers, murmuring—

"Oh! God forbid that I have killed her."

As the burning heat of her cheeks met his face, he sprang up wildly, and after pressing his fingers upon her pulse he rushed from the room, and sent immediately for the physician.

Upon his arrival Mr. Falkner's worst fears were confirmed, for his wife was pronounced in a high stage of brain fever. Days passed, and during that time of delirium, had there remained one doubt in the heart of her husband as to the devoted love of his wife, it would have been removed; but only too well was Henry Falkner convinced of the injustice which he had done her. Now how bitterly he re-called all her winning ways—even her tearful hours in their first year of marriage he saw only arose from an excess of love; and he despised himself when he remembered how easily he had admitted the monster suspicion into his breast, and with what cold and cutting words had he checked the tender tones of his pure and guileless bride.

At length there came a day when he was denied admittance to her room. It was the crisis, and only the nurse and physician moved noiselessly through the darkened chamber. In the room without, the father, mother and sister sat motionless—their pale faces and compressed lips telling plainly the agonizing anxiety of the hour. In her chamber, upon her bended knees, Aunt Eleanor prayed earnestly, but in tremulous tones for the life of the frail being in whom the happiness of so many hearts were centered; and bowed in torturing suspense beside the door of the sufferer's apartment, the husband listened if he might catch the breath of his now idolized treasure. There was the sound of a hand upon the door—it opened cautiously, and shut—face to face stood the physician and Mr. Falkner. To Mr. Falkner's earnest gaze—to the eager questioning of his look—the physician shook his head slowly (while the tears started from his eyes) and passed on. Upon the stairs Mr. Carroll overtook him.

"Docter tell me, is there any hope?"

"I fear not! she seems gradually growing weaker, and I think will hardly survive the night." Mr. Carroll's groans pierced the kind physician's heart, and he clasped his hand warmly, as he said—

"I will return in an hour, Mr. Carroll, and in the meantime, it is barely possible there may be some favorable change."

When Mr. Falkner read his answer in the physician's face, he gave no outward signs of the agnoy within. Without even a groan, he passed the threshhold of the chamber, where the angel of death was even now hovering, and bending over her pillow, he pressed his lips wildly to hers. She moved uneasily, and murmured some words in so low a tone, that he could not catch them, although he strained every nerve to hear.

Aunt Eleanor came into the room, and stepped softly to the bed-side. "How is she now, nurse?" she said.

"She is dying, I think," answered the nurse, in a

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whisper, but it fell like a thunder crash upon Mr. Falkner's ears.

"*Dying!*" he said, "*my Annie dying!* Oh, God in Heaven take me too!" There came a gentle answer to those loud wild tones. It was the voice of the invalid.

"Harry, my dear Harry, are you beside me?"

"Yes, darling; thank God she knows me at last."

"And will you love me, dear Harry, when I am gone?"

His sobbing groans—his scalding tears were her only answer."

With a gentle pressure, she drew his face still closer to hers—her sweet eyes closed—her breath swept tremblingly through the masses of hair which shaded his forehead, and the parents, and sister saw through their blinding tears, the smile of joy which rested upon the ashy lips of their stricken one. For one long, weary hour, they still kept watch, and again the physician stood beside them. All eyes were bent anxiously on his face as he bent over the couch, and a thrill of joy, so intense, it seemed but pain, shot through their hearts, as he said—

"A favorable change has indeed taken place—only let this sleep be unbroken, and I think I may promise you, that with the blessing of God, she will recover."

Oh, there were earnest prayers of thankfulness borne to the throne of God that night, and not the least fervent were those of the loving Aunt Eleanor. Days glided on; time no longer passed wearily to the fond and devoted husband: at night he slept beside her couch, her pale, thin hand clasped in his, and though they urged him, he would not leave her for an hour.

And Annie—her dark eyes soon became lustrous with joy, and so serenely happy was the expression of her almost transparent face, that her beauty seemed angelic. When she was able to be removed from room to room in an easy chair, Mr. Carroll seemed crazy with delight, but her husband showed his happiness in a calmer way. Oftentimes he would turn to Annie, with tearful eyes, saying, "oh, tell me again, my own darling wife, that you forgive me all," and she would press her small white hand over his lips, and bid him never to ask that question again, for she had long since forgotten that she had aught to forgive. Then he would bless her, and tell her that she was his better angel, who had taught him the beauty of truth and goodness, and filled his soul with aspirations to become more worthy of her.

When autumn came, Annie was able to be present at the bridal of Alice Fleming and Charles Nugent, but in all that large assemblage of beauty, there was not a lovelier face, or a happier heart, than Annie Falkner's. No wonder that her cousin whispered to his bride, "I do not regret Annie's illness, for her husband has been so devoted, and she so exceedingly happy." He did not know that he had ever been the cause of unhappiness between them; and that his morning's conversation with Annie, to which Mr. Falkner had listened, had caused that return of love, which Annie had so earnestly longed for. But Annie knew all, and she felt that her husband's sufferings had only been equalled by her own.

In after years, she never failed to warn her young friends of the rock on which her happiness was so nearly wrecked, and they, profiting by her experience, were prepared to exchange the passionate worship of the lover, for the calmer sentiments of the husband, without disappointment.

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WILL MATLOCK'S TREE.
BY OLIVER BUCKLEY.
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WILL MATLOCK'S TREE.

BY OLIVER BUCKLEY.

DURING a summer excursion, I stopped one night at a country inn, intending to remain a day or two. On the following morning we requested the landlord to direct us to whatever scenes of interest there might be in the neighborhood. The host—he was cast from the common mould of hosts—of course grew at once eloquent in praise of the surrounding scenery. There was the great hill upon which we might see the sun rise or set, to the very best advantage—there too was the deep glen, and the cave in the rock where the sun could not be seen at any time—the willow brook, where Tradition, a marvelously expert character, had caught numerous trout in days-afore-time—there was the river—the falls—and lastly, "Will Matlock's Tree!"

The mention of these places suggested at once an almost exhaustless *El Dorado* for the pen and pencil. As the sun was already up, we concluded that to ascend the hill would be labor but ill rewarded since in reality it could not be called "in the neighborhood," being at least three miles distant. The "deep glen" we found to be a very pretty, shady place, through which the "willow brook" made its devious way. The romance of the spot, however, was a little cut down by the presence of two lusty negro women, who had come from a neighboring farm-house to the brook-side in the glen, to get out their week's washing. There was a big cauldron suspended between two willow trees, boiling, bubbling and steaming over a huge fire.

And there, too, were several half-dressed urchins bouncing about among the unwashed clothes, as if they also were a part and parcel of the material which was about to undergo its weekly ablution. In short, there was a picturesqueness about the scene, much finer than we had anticipated, not to mention the strong perfume of seeds that rose in a blinding cloud of incense from the great sooty censer. "What a scene for a painter," as the old ladies, bless their dear hearts, are wont to say! But unfortunately neither of us were Wilkies or Mounts, and we were consequently forced to see that glorious bit of immortality fade away, uncaught, with the thousand other splendors of this kaladiescope world. The cave in the rock, I confess was not much, and as to the "falls" on the river, I could not help thinking that it bore strong evidence of having been a mill-dam But the river was certainly very picturesque. As to "Matlock's Tree," it was nothing more than an old lombardy poplar, which stood before the ruined walls of what had been apparently the dwelling of a farmer. The ruins and the river were only divided by a slender wagon-track, and as we sat down on a great stone by the tree, we could hear the water boiling and fretting furiously as it dashed suddenly through a deep, narrow channel.

"Many years ago," commenced our guide, "there lived in this old house one Matlock, a very wicked, cruel-hearted man, whom everybody feared, and nobody loved or trusted, unless, indeed, it was his poor, broken-hearted wife. Frequently there were discovered on the fences and barn-doors, warnings and threats, written with red chalk, and whenever these were found the people were in great dread, for they knew that something evil would befall them. For a long time this was a great mystery, but at last they suspected Matlock; but as they could never prove anything, they dared not indicate their suspicions in any other way than by significant nods and as significant winks.

"In short, nobody loved him, and you may be sure the old adage was not far wrong, when it tells us that there was no love lost. Indeed, he seemed to bear a bitter hatred to everybody, not even excepting his own brother. Never were two men more unlike than were these two Matlocks—one was mild and kind, the other quarrelsome and cruel, one was gentle and friendly to all, the other treated every one as though they were in league against him, when if he had reversed the charge he had come more near the truth, for he was constantly planning some injury to all good, honest people. So unlike were these two brothers that, unfortunately, the neighbors were constantly drawing comparisons between them. This of course had no tendency to soften the disposition of the hard-hearted man, but rather to make him, if possible, more bitter.

"On one occasion there was built a new church in the vicinity, but no sooner was it completed than Matlock began to put in operation one of his most fiendish plots. Now it was well known that his good brother, who was one of the deacons of the church, was much opposed to having it situated on the particular spot where it was located, but was overruled by the other members. Will Matlock being aware of this fact, no sooner saw the house completed than he set about his work of mischief, for you may be sure that in his eyes a church found no favor. Therefore one night, after the fall of a slight snow, having previously possessed himself of a pair of his brother's shoes, he went to his brother's dwelling about midnight in his own boots, and then putting on the others, started from the door and walked straight to the church.

"Having fired it effectually, he walked back to his brother's house, and standing on the door-sill reached round, pushed up one of the window-sashes, threw in the stolen shoes, and then putting on his own boots,

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knocked loudly at the door, giving the alarm of fire! By this time the church was in full blaze, and very soon the innocent brother with a number of the other neighbors was on the spot, endeavoring to extinguish the flames. Will Matlock maliciously pointed out the foot-prints in the snow which led from the deacon's house, and they were readily recognized as the deacon's tracks. In his hurry the innocent brother had thrust his feet into the very shoes which Will but a few minutes before had thrown into the window, so that the very nail-marks were identical in all the tracks. The consequence was that a portion of the people, suspicious and ill-natured, such as every community can boast, more or less, taking the deacon's objections to the situation of the church into consideration, and then the corroborating evidence of the footsteps, which were undeniable, easily fell into the villainous trap. That day the poor man was committed for trial. But vengeance belongs to a higher tribunal, and Will Matlock went not long unrewarded.

"You must know that to this very tree did Matlock keep chained a great, ugly bear—for what purpose no one knew, except that he preferred the company of a wild beast to that of good, Christian people. With this hideous animal would he sport by the hour, while no one else would dare to come within bruin's paw. His wife and child even dared not venture within the circle of his walk. The school-children that had to pass this way always ran at full speed until the place was lost sight of in the turn of the hill yonder. Well, as I was saying, Matlock soon began to reap the reward of his wickedness. In a little while all his horses and cattle died, and he swore vengeance upon his neighbors, because he thought they had poisoned them. It was but a few weeks after his wife was seized with a raging fever, and she died. No doubt the tyrant death was a welcomer companion than her tyrant husband. This affliction it was thought would soften the heart of Matlock, but instead he grew more settled and desperate, and he constantly seemed to carry some dark design under his knit and gloomy brows.

"More and more he made the sulky animal his companion. Even to his little daughter he seldom or never spoke. Yet it was in vain that the friends of her mother endeavored to get the child from him. This of course was attributed to his stubborn spirit. But he had not yet fully paid for his villainy. One day, when he returned from some wicked excursion, he saw the bear standing with his huge paws on the breast of his little girl. The beast had already opened his horrid jaws upon her face, when Matlock with a kick sent him howling to the other side of the tree. With an ugly curse upon his lips, he took up the child in his arms, and turning her from side to side found that she had been fatally injured. He held her for a moment till she breathed her last, and carrying her into the house laid her on the bed. He placed his hand upon her breast, but the heart was silent, and he turned away. Again he sought his grisly companion, the destroyer of his child, and, strange to say, he fondled him as before. But suddenly there was an explosion, and the beast rolled with a howl dead at his master's feet! He was shot through the heart, and Matlock, without a word, threw the pistol aside, and then dragging the dead carcase to the bank of the deep water, dashed it in.

"The next morning, one of the neighbors as he went early to work, saw the wretched man sitting there at the foot of the tree, rattling in his hands the chain which had bound the bear. There was a wild melancholy in his eye, a settled, savage gloom in his countenance, which was terrible to gaze upon. With a sudden whirl of the chain he dashed it fiercely around his neck, and drawing it close arranged the padlock, turned the key and withdrawing it, threw it with all his force away into the noisy stream! There sat Will Matlock, chained!—as cruel a bear as ever had links about his neck! You may think it a strange, improbable story, but it is nevertheless true, my own eyes were witnesses to the fact. Well, there he sat for days, chained, snapping and snarling at everybody who came along, and never eating a morsel, for he refused whatever was thrown to him. The school-children, as they passed along, would throw him a portion of their dinners, but if he took any notice of it at all, it would only be to utter some terrible curse, and cast the alms into the river. There was one little girl who, every morning, when she passed would bestow a great part of what her little basket contained to the miserable man, and although hers was received with no more favor than the rest, still she continued the practice.

"Will Matlock had remained in this situation for nearly a week, and the Sabbath came, but to him the morning ushered in no day of peace. Though exhausted and emaciated, he remained still as untractable as ever. The good people came along to church, and he only glared and gibbered at them. The little children passed to Sunday-school, and the good little girl was among the rest. It was his own niece, the daughter of the brother whom he had so deeply injured! As she was returning home in the afternoon, she approached her miserable uncle still more nearly than she had yet done, and throwing her little Bible down at his feet, ran away out of sight. He glared at it for a moment fiercely, and then snatching it up tore it savagely in two. But He,

> "'Who moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.'

not unwillingly, deserts a poor wretch, even though he be as bad as Will Matlock. In the morning he was found by the neighbors, on his knees, clasping the new testament, part of the little Bible which he had torn, tightly to his breast. They approached him cautiously, and looking in his upturned face, saw that he was dead! On a blank leaf of the book was written in red chalk these words, '*I fired the church—oh, brother—oh, God—forgive me!*'

"Some of the people do indeed say that his own little daughter, being an angel, came down and read to him the beautiful promises of the Saviour from that little torn Bible, and others add that he wrote the acknowledgment of his crime, not in red chalk, but in his own blood! Of that part of the story you may credit what you choose, but all the rest is true, and this is 'Will Matlock's Tree!'"

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